

Power

Of

Revenge

Prologue

Harry Potter stands defiantly on top of the astronomy tower, surrounded by the Scottish countryside upon which Hogwarts lays its claim with its vast grounds and proud turrets. He stares out with unseeing eyes and whispers "not much longer", with that thought he starts to look back on how all of this began just four months ago.

Flashback

He had just come home from platform 93/4 and was stepping out of the car when his uncle had already disregarded the threat from Moody. "Now listen to me boy," he growled, "if you think those freaks can threaten me you are wrong so you better mark my words I tell you. I will not tolerate any of those freaks in the neighbourhood. Aunt Marge is visiting again next week so they better stay away and I hope you behave or I will kill you this time if anything happens."

Harry just didn't care 'Then at least I can be with my parents and Sirius.' He took his trunk out of the boot and dragged it upstairs into his bedroom.

He was depressed and stayed in his room where he spent most of his time crying. Only if his aunt called him for dinner did he stop crying, go downstairs, eat, go back upstairs and began crying again. Even his nights weren't peaceful as Voldemort was doing his best to make sure Harry didn't have a single night without a nightmare.

The Dursley's left him alone the rest of the time, Uncle Vernon could make threats but he knew not to push the limit. Every three days he would send Hedwig with a simple note saying "I'm fine" to Grimmauld place. He did get some letters from his friends but ignored them.

When aunt Marge had first arrived he didn't even care about her insults at meals but after a day or two she was getting bored so she began to disturb him in his room and mocking him when he was crying. "Just like his father, a no good punk." If she would have just left him alone in his room he wouldn't have cared but she kept mocking him and his grieving "He's probably in withdrawal. He probably uses drugs at his school and now he can't get any." And the mocking continued. She didn't understand why he was crying and didn't even care. Dudley was happy enough to help her abusing him mentally and physically until one day at dinner he had enough and snapped.

All the rage. The betrayal, Dumbledore, Voldemort, Fudge and Aunt Marge. It was just too much for him to handle and the Boy Who Lived became dark, releasing the power inside of him that Voldemort had helped create on the night his parents were killed. Something had happened inside of him, he knew he was no ordinary wizard but this was unbelievable. All that raw power he controlled.

Aunt Marge was just finishing another insult about his family when it happened. He stood up from the table his chair clattering on the ground, his face not carrying any emotion. No signs of tears or anger whatsoever. He just stood up from the table looking down. "What's the matter boy had enough?" Marge taunted. He lifted up his gaze to meet hers and she fell off her chair with a loud thump from her massive frame when she saw his eyes. They were eerily green with a roaring green fire inside. The light in the room seemed to vanish and the sunlight was suddenly being blocked out. Only those two green orbs were visible in the complete darkness.

"I warned you boy," Uncle Vernon roared while he stormed towards those two unnatural green glowing orbs. Harry saw him coming in the darkness and stopped him with one hand, picked him up by his collar and swung him through the kitchen wall into the living area. Suddenly the light came back full force and the house erupted in flames.

Aunt Marge was staring fearfully at the boy in front of her. The hatred was clearly showing on his face now. "Do you want to know why I was crying? I'll show you," He said in a voice that barely showed how much hatred he truly felt. He raised his hand and a thump was heard

upstairs. His trunk together with Hedwig's cage came flying from upstairs through the flames and with another move of his hand they disappeared into thin air, all five of them while nr. 4 Privet Drive burnt to the ground.

Harry didn't know how to apparate let alone do forced apparition with three other people. Yet he had done it by sheer willpower.

They stood outside of Gringotts in the middle of the intersection where Diagon Alley met Knockturn Alley. He made the Dursleys, Aunt Marge and his trunk together with Hedwig's cage invisible and petrified them. He began walking into Gringotts while he floated the rest behind him.

Several people were already starting to stare at him when he walked towards one of the counters and began speaking to a goblin. "I would like to open an account please." The goblin looked up from a parchment he was writing on and recognised Harry. "Of course Mr. Potter, please follow me." He walked around the counter and walked towards a door guarded by two goblins and let him in.

Sitting behind a desk in the middle of the room was a goblin Harry recognised. "Griphook, is that you?" Harry asked.

"A yes Mr. Potter, welcome in my office, what kind of matters can I help you with. I am surprised you remember me."

"I am here to hire a low security vault for keeping some dangerous animals in." The four persons were now floating in the air in the main hall.

"May I ask what kind of animals?"

"I would prefer not to disclose that information. How much would it cost me?" Harry asked.

"Five galleons per week, feeding the animals included." Griphook answered. Harry thought it was more than enough but to make the Dursley's and Aunt Marge sorry forever abusing him he was willing to pay it.

“Deal, I would like to deposit them immediately and then I would like to make a visit to my vault.”

“Certainly Mr. Potter, I will accompany you personally. Where are the animals?”

“Waiting outside in the hall.” Harry answered as if it was the most obvious thing in the world. Griphook just shrugged and led Harry towards the door where the cart that would take them to the underground caverns.

Griphook climbed into the cart and waited for Harry to get in. Instead of stepping in, Harry just stood there looking at the door. The Dursleys, Aunt Marge and his trunk became visible when they were already floating above the cart. Griphook was amazed that such a young man could do that without a wand and even more so that he got passed the entrance gates with these people without it being noticed. Gringotts has high security measures. One of these measures is placed on the entrance gates so that anyone who is invisible or disguised with the help of magic is exposed, the magic is nullified when they step through those doors, and even invisibility cloaks stop working. Goblin magic is very powerful and different from human magic. How could it be that such a young man without a wand had found a way around it? Griphook decided he would have to contact his superiors the first chance he got.

Harry placed the four persons and his trunk in the cart and climbed inside. “Oh boy, if the Dursleys could scream right now they would be heard all the way to Surrey.” Harry laughed out loud. Griphook eyed him suspiciously for a second and let the mine cart begin its descent.

“Mind if I ask what is so funny Mr. Potter?”

“Long story Griphook. Maybe I’ll tell it to you someday.” The ride continued downwards for another 10 minutes until it stopped at vault DAC9. “This is the Dangerous Animal Care vault nr. 9” Griphook explained when he saw the confused look on Harry’s face.

Griphook climbed out of the cart stepped in front of the door and pressed a combination of symbols on the door of the vault. A loud click was heard and the door swung open. A dark cavern-like space was revealed. The place was filthy and cold.

“Perfect.” Harry said and levitated his relatives out of the cart and freed them from their petrified state. Aunt Petunia and Dudley began to scream immediately while Aunt Marge was just looking around confused.

Uncle Vernon immediately started threatening Harry “I warned you boy about using your freakish powers, you will be thrown out of school and you will never be welcome in my house again, you ignorant little—”

Harry never heard the rest of the sentence because at that point he threw the Dursley’s and Aunt Marge into the vault very roughly and made Uncle Vernon’s mouth disappear. “Now you listen to me, all of you,” He said pointing at all four of them, barely suppressing his rage that was just boiling beneath the surface. Aunt Petunia and Dudley stopped screaming. “You have mistreated me and insulted my parents who are dead for more than fourteen years as well as myself whenever you could but none of you have ever known what I’ve been through.

“Well, now you will experience everything I had to endure from you and from other people for the rest of your LIFE!” Harry screamed the last part. He began to concentrate and Griphook felt the power radiate from him and took a few steps backwards not knowing what was going to happen. Harry stretched his arms in front of him, closed his eyes and repeated one sentence over and over again in his mind. “I want them to know how I have suffered over and over again.” Harry felt like something click inside of his mind and immediately the four persons inside the vault began to scream. Griphook looked at the scene in front of him while his jaw was hanging open in surprise. Harry looked at the door for a second and it slammed shut with a loud bang that could be heard on several levels of the bank.

“Sir, I must insist you tell me what you just did and why.” Griphook asked.

"If you insist," Harry said, "Those are my muggle relatives, the only relatives I still have. I have lived with them ever since my parents were killed. They treated like I was an obstruction in their lives, they insulted me, insulted my parents, made me do all the work around the house from the day I could do it and mocked me when I was grieving over my godfather. Today I had enough and decided they should see what I have been through. From now on they will have to experience every horrible thing I have been through in my life from my perspective and feel what I felt at that time for the rest of their lives. Everything passes in a matter of minutes, over and over again." Griphook looked shocked. Harry didn't know if it was because of the things the Dursleys did or because of what Harry did.

"If that is what they did to you they deserve nothing less." Griphook replied with a look of disgust on his face "Shall we continue to your personal vault, sir?" He said in his normal voice. Harry nodded and climbed back in the mine cart, Griphook followed and soon the cart was racing through the underground tunnels towards Harry's vault.

Fifteen minutes later the cart slowed down and stopped in front of vault 687. Harry and Griphook climbed out of the cart and stepped in front of the door. "Your key please." Griphook asked. Harry realized his key was still in his trunk. He looked intently at his trunk for a moment and suddenly the trunk opened and his key shot out of it straight into his hand. He handed his key over to Griphook who opened the door. Harry had been withdrawing money from his vault since his eleventh birthday but it looked like the pile was even growing. "Is there any way to see how much money is in my vault?" Harry asked. Griphook nodded and pointed towards a small alcove in the wall. Inside of the alcove was a piece of parchment that showed all the withdrawals and deposits ever made. Written at the top of the parchment was the first deposit: 3,700,000 galleons October 1st 1980. On the bottom of the parchment was the total amount: 6,568,438 galleons. Harry couldn't believe his eyes. "Griphook, how is it possible I have almost twice the original amount, as far as I know nobody has made a deposit into my vault." Harry asked.

"I believe your parents have invested some of your money in various companies plus the interest rate on that amount of money for fifteen

years can make a lot of difference. For the remainder of your assets you will have to speak to one of the managers.” Griphook replied.

“Is there a way to withdraw a lot of money without having to carry it around?”

“Of course Mr. Potter, next to the parchment should be a ring that you can use. You just hold your wand against it, state the amount and say whose account it should be deposited to.”

Harry took the ring and left his vault. The rest of his assets contained his family vault with 642 million galleons in it, Potter Estate, Godric’s Hollow and a castle located in the south of France, and as Harry learned later that day all of the assets from the Black family. His hatred flared again when he learned that Sirius’s had left him with all his assets. “He died because DUMBLEDORE thought it would be best if the prophecy was kept a secret, he will pay for that.” Harry screamed once he was out of Gringotts, it was already past seven so Diagon Alley was mostly deserted.

He stormed off towards the Leaky Cauldron his trunk still floating behind him. Just before he entered the pub he thought it would be best if he dragged his trunk inside, it would raise too much suspicion if he were caught doing magic. Inside he stepped up to Tom the bartender. “Hello there Mr. Potter, what can I do for you?” Tom asked with a toothless grin. Several people looked up from their tables at hearing his name. He cursed Tom but quickly performed some magic so that all people except Tom would forget he was there. “Yes Tom, I would like a room for the rest of the holidays.” Harry replied.

“Of course Mr. Potter, follow me.” Tom picked a key from the wall, picked up Harry’s trunk and walked upstairs while Harry followed. “Here you go Mr. Potter. Room 11, the one you had the previous time you stayed here.” Tom said while he dropped Harry’s trunk in front of the bed.

“Thank you Tom, how much do I owe you?”

“Don’t worry about that Mr. Potter, you can pay me later.”

"Would you mind waking me at nine o'clock?"

"Certainly Mr. Potter." Tom said.

"Oh, and Tom, if anyone asks you didn't see me, not even if Albus Dumbledore asks." Harry said, Tom looked reluctant for a second but complied.

"As you wish Mr. Potter."

That night Harry had his first night of undisturbed sleep in a long time, until Tom woke him up that is. At nine o'clock sharp he knocked on Harry's door to wake him up. Harry had almost reduced Tom to a smear on the wall right there.

"How dare he disturb me the first night of decent sleep I had in a long while." Harry asked himself angrily but silently "Oh yes, I asked him." "You know, people say that when you start talking to yourself your insane." A voice inside his mind answered.

"No, you're not insane when you talk to yourself, it's when you answer you're insane..., okay I'm insane."

"Glad you finally realise it."

"Yeah, when you have been through everything I have that can happen."

"Point taken."

"Mr. Potter, are you awake?" Tom asked, interrupting Harry's private conversation.

"Yes Tom, thank you." Harry replied and heard the host stumble down the hallway and down the stairs. Harry stood up and stepped into the bathroom. After a long shower he stepped in front of the mirror. "I can't go into Diagon Alley like that."

"Indeed you can't" Both the mirror and the voice inside his mind replied.

"Would you shut up," Harry said out loud.

"Alright, if that's what you want." The mirror said angrily and didn't say another word.

"Not you." Harry said angrily.

"If you're here anyway, help me out a little. In which person should I disguise myself?" Harry asked himself.

"Draco Malfoy?" the voice replied.

"Are you trying to make me sick."

"Maybe."

"I think..."

"I doubt that."

"SHUT THE BLOODY HELL UP."

"..."

"That's better."

Harry looked at himself in the mirror and began to change his features. First of all he made his scar disappear, then he made his hair longer and changed it to brown. He made himself two inches taller and instead of emerald green he made his eyes a dark blue. Normally the entire wizarding world would've recognised him but now he believed even Dumbledore wouldn't recognise him.

Meanwhile somewhere in Scotland

Albus Dumbledore was sitting in his office chewing on a sherbet lemon drop. Some instruments had gone off in his office indicating that something was terribly wrong at Privet Drive. He had immediately sent members from the order over to Privet Drive. The fire suddenly

flared green and Minerva McGonnagall stepped out of the grate. "How does the situation look Minerva?" Dumbledore asked.

"Not good Albus, Privet Drive is burnt down to the ground and there is no sign whatsoever from Harry or his relatives, I fear for the worst Albus." She said tears starting to form in her eyes.

"I'm afraid it's something other than an attack from Voldemort. The blood magic protecting Privet Drive is still in place so no Death Eaters could come near Privet Drive, it also means that Harry and Petunia Dursley are still alive" Dumbledore said.

"Then what happened." McGonnagall asked.

"I hope I'm wrong but I think Harry is no longer on the side of light." Dumbledore said aging several decades in mere seconds.

"But Albus, that can't be true, you know Harry would never turn to the dark side." She sobbed.

"I'm not saying he has joined Voldemort but I think he's not going to fight for us anymore Minerva. I will try to contact him, I just hope I'm wrong."

Harry came down the staircase and stepped into the wizarding pub. Tom stepped in front of him "And who might you be." He asked roughly. Harry not immediately realising what he was taking about looked dumbstruck at Tom until he realised he was a lot taller than yesterday, he was almost as tall as Tom now.

"It's me Harry. I'm in disguise." And for a brief moment he let his scar reappear. "Sorry Mr. Potter didn't recognise you there."

"That's alright Tom, that's exactly the point of a disguise."

"Would you like some breakfast sir?" Tom asked as if nothing happened.

"Yes, I would like some eggs and bacon please." Harry said and went to sit in a secluded corner of the dining room. After his dinner that annoying voice was back.

"Hungry." It asked.

"Oh great it's back." Harry muttered.

"Look at you, betrayed by the one you always trusted. Why don't you make him pay and join Voldemort, that alone would give him a stroke." It said.

"Why would I join that psychopath who thinks he is better than anyone else while he is a half-blood himself?" Harry said annoyed at the voice.

"How did you call me?" It hissed

"Tom, is that you." Harry asked in a sickly sweet voice.

"Listen Potter, join me or die." Voldemort hissed angrily.

"Why don't you come and get me Tom." Harry taunted.

"Maybe I will, Potter, maybe I will." Harry had enough and with one thought severed the link that connected him with Voldemort, he wouldn't disturb him any more through his scar.

"I guess I'm not as insane as I thought I was. You know, I think that if I concentrated hard enough I could kill him from here but where would the fun be in that. I want him to suffer and suffer he will." Harry thought feeling his anger starting to flare already.

Tom stared a second at the young man sitting in the corner, blue eyes blazing an eerily green. Tom recomposed himself and put the tray he was carrying in front of him. "Thanks Tom." "

"Would you like some tea Sir?"

"Yes please."

While he ate his breakfast he began to form his plan. Tommy boy had given him an idea. He wanted to deal with Voldemort and at the same time make Dumbledore pay. He already has his own army. The DA, if he played it smart they would stand behind him. Right now he had to buy some supplies. He bought various books in Flourish and Blots, some on animagus transformation, apparition, fencing, duelling, and advanced spell work. He also bought an amulet in Knockturn Alley so that he could perform magic with his wand while he was away from school and some books that covered the dark arts. In the store where he had bought his dragon-hide gloves in his first year he had bought full body armour made from Hungarian Horntail and a training sword. He had decided to cut his stay at the Leaky Cauldron rather short and that he should go and look what was left of Potter Estate. The Goblin who had helped him sort through his assets had told him it was destroyed in the first war.

He left the Leaky Cauldron a few hours later after paying Tom and headed into muggle London and called for the knight bus.

The large violently purple triple-decker bus popped into existence right in front of him. Stan Shunpike opened the doors and began his speech.

“Potter Estate.” Harry said in an annoyed voice.

“Seventeen sickles please.” Stan said, apparently getting the message. Harry was anxious to see how his family had lived and where, but also pissed at He Who Is A Royal Pain In The Arse. Harry paid the fee and the bus started moving with a loud bang.

After about twenty minutes the bus arrived at a huge gate on a small road. “Potter Estate.” Stan announced. Harry got off and walked towards the gates, they opened automatically as Harry approached them and closed immediately after he had passed them. In the distance he could see a huge facade of a marble building standing, seemingly undamaged. “They said it was completely destroyed.” Harry thought amazed. The building was about 250 feet wide and four stories high.

When he approached the entrance door it opened seemingly by itself but when he looked better he could see a house-elf wearing an old pillowcase standing in the doorway.

“Good afternoon master, we have been waiting for you a long time. Is there anything I can do for you?” The elf said in a cheerful voice while she bowed.

“Yes there are a few things: first of all, stop calling me master, it’s just Harry. Second, I thought this place was destroyed, what happened and could you show me around please.” Harry said with a smile plastered on his face.

The elf looked at Harry with huge eyes, nobody had ever said please to her. “O no master, I couldn’t call you by your first name, it is rude for us house-elves to do so. The house was indeed destroyed sir, but the other house-elves and me have rebuilt it since then in the hope that the heir of my former master would return. Please follow me.” The elf said and led Harry through a large entrance hall three stories high decorated with various family tapestries.

Harry thought about all this and started talking to the house elf again. “Who was your former master... what is your name?” Harry asked.

“Tibby sir. Why is master asking my name.”

“So that I can talk with you properly. Now, who was your former master, Tibby.”

“Henry Potter sir, your grandfather.”

Tears started to form in Harry’s eyes. This was the house where his family grew up. The family that was taken from him, he was determined to take revenge on everyone that had helped put him with the Dursleys and had prevented him to grow up in a loving and caring family.

The rest of his vacation was divided in fencing, exploring Potter Estate which has an astounding amount of 49 bedrooms, 3 armoury’s

full of swords, axes... and contemplating over his plan to make all of the people who had used him or defied him pay.

He had taken the Hogwarts express where he had told McGonagall that he had fled Privet Drive because a burglar had been caught and had set the house on fire and had just resumed his normal life. He had transformed the DA into his personal army. He had convinced most of them to join him when he told them everything Voldemort as well as Dumbledore had done to him. The students were disgusted when they were told what Dumbledore had put Harry through. Ron and Hermione had stood by Dumbledore's side but Harry had made them hold their mouths shut about his activities until the time was right.

The DA was now 6000 students strong and was ready to commence the first step. Surprisingly a lot of students from other houses had joined him as well, even Slytherin. Draco Malfoy had even joined him with the explanation that he didn't want to serve Voldemort and still be tortured and because Dumbledore was a crazy old coot. Harry couldn't have agreed more.

End Flashback

"It's time Love." Ginny said bringing him back to the present. Harry cast a sonorous charm on himself and ordered his troops.

"Commence operation Insania!"

Author notes: I know there can never be 6000 students at Hogwarts but you can't really call 250 people an army and then all Hogwarts' students would have to join Harry. If you wish to discuss these things, I have started up a Yahoo group just for this purpose. [groups./group/HPPowerOfBetrayal](http://groups.yahoo.com/group/HPPowerOfBetrayal). Something I wish to very clear about is that now that I posted another story doesn't mean I won't write on PoB anymore, I will continue to write the story but it will be slowed down somewhat. I know that this story looks a lot like Harry's Madness from SilverLocke980 But I assure you that I had the idea for writing this type of fic a while before I read this story and most of the ideas are my own although I have used ideas from other writers as well. I hope they don't mind that I used some of their ideas in this fic, it would never be this (I hope) great story that it is now.

A New Beginning

"Commence operation Insania!"

Cheering was heard from all over the Hogwarts grounds.

"Attention, students of Hogwarts. We are at the dawn of a new beginning. The students who have decided they don't wish to join me, leave the grounds now." He had instructed the DA to tell every student what he was planning to do and the complete story about Voldemort and Dumbledore. The entire faculty had left Hogwarts a few hours ago because Voldemort was attacking Diagon Alley.

Harry saw a couple hundred students leaving the grounds while they were flanked by three-thousand DA members. Amongst them were Ron and Hermione, "Of course." Harry thought, hardly well as Cho Chang, Crabbe, Goyle and some other Gryffindors and Slytherins who would rather support Dumbledore and Voldemort respectively. The rest of the school had joined Harry. His army was now a good fourteen-thousand strong. The rest of the DA was positioned on the border of the Hogwarts grounds.

"Harry, please stop this madness." Someone screamed from the crowd of departing students. It was Hermione Granger. "Annoying little bitch." He rubbed his jaw where she had slapped him two weeks ago when she had figured out what he was planning to do. Harry aimed straight at her, his hand imitating a muggle gun. He made a gesture as if he fired it and a small orb of red energy emerged from his index finger hurtling straight at Hermione who dodged it by an inch. The orb exploded when it made contact with the ground. The rest of the crowd ran toward the gates on the edge of the grounds, and Hermione followed, seemingly getting the message.

Once they had all left the grounds the rest of the DA took their positions on the perimeter of the Hogwarts grounds. Harry picked up a long staff from the ground which resembled a snake with emeralds for eyes. Harry held it above his head and made the emeralds glow briefly which was the signal for the DA to start their slow incantation, a low murmur was heard over the grounds as all the members of the DA started to chant in unison. The rest of the students who didn't

belong to the DA but had decided to join Harry at the last moment were standing in front of the entrance staring in awe at the scene around them.

Harry put his staff on the cold roof of the astronomy tower while Ginny, who was standing behind him, stared at him pensively.

She had become Harry's girlfriend not long after the start of the term. She knew that her feelings had never truly subsided for him but after seeing how powerful he really was she had just ached for him and soon they were together. They were always seen together since then. Once, Ron had caught them kissing and had started threatening Harry to stay away from his little sister, which resulted in him getting slapped by Ginny and Harry throwing him halfway down the corridor they were standing in.

Ginny felt the power radiating from Harry while he focused deeply and the emeralds in the staff started to shine so brightly she had to cover her eyes. A loud rumble was heard over the Hogwarts grounds and the castle started to tremble on its foundations. The sound grew louder as if an earthquake was shaking the castle.

Suddenly everybody felt a jolt and the castle seemed to move. "This is impossible." The students assembled in front of the entrance gates all thought. These students couldn't help but stare shocked at what was happening to the castle. The ground just in front of the wall surrounding the gates started to crack and the ground started to rise.

Hogwarts was moving.

The chanting continued while Hogwarts rose to the sky, slowly but determined. When it was about a hundred feet from the ground, it started to move south. The massive piece of ground started to move over Hogsmeade, taking the lake and the forbidden forest with it, as the creatures in it had joined Harry. He had promised them that no one would hunt, kill or discriminate them, if they joined they were free, and the only thing he asked in return was that they would defend Insania if it was attacked.

Insania. The name was given to it by the members of the DA because that is the description of this plan Harry Potter is executing. Insania meant madness in Latin.

Aragog and the centaurs had joined him immediately, the rest of the creatures couldn't communicate with humans but they weren't in control of the forest anyway. Aragog and the centaurs were. The centaurs had agreed only due to Umbridge actually. She had decided to take revenge on the centaurs for her treatment and had sent ministry officials to capture and mark them. Most of them were delivered back to the ministry in a box, the others had enough brains to stay clear of the centaurs and claim they hadn't found any.

The merpeople had been harder to convince but had agreed eventually, as long as nobody bothered them they were fine with it.

Pieces of earth dropped from the bottom of the floating piece of land destroying The Three Broomsticks as well as the Shrieking Shack. Killing and injuring some of the students who were staring at the display of pure willpower while the emeralds in Harry's staff shone like a beacon and cast the surrounding land in an eerie green glow.

Hogwarts drifted southwest at an amazing speed. When it started to slow down to a halt it was in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean at about 30 degrees longitude.

The chanting stopped and Harry held Hogwarts floating in the air all by himself. The chanting started again but this time it was another incantation.

After about twenty minutes of chanting the water beneath Hogwarts started to bubble and stir. Sweat was starting to form on Harry's brow from the massive amounts of power he was using, but he couldn't give up now or else it would all have been for nothing. Suddenly the top of a mountain surfaced from the water about 1.5 miles from the floating island, and then another one next to it till three more had emerged. They became wider at the base the further they emerged from the water. Till several smaller mountains surfaced. After half an hour of chanting a vast land had emerged from the water, complete with forests, endless fields of grass, mountain chains and lakes. A

massive crater scarred the landscape close to the shore of the fresh created piece of land.

Hogwarts drifted above it and started its descent. Harry had almost collapsed by now.

The crater was exactly the same shape as the floating Hogwarts grounds. A loud crash was heard and the ground trembled from the force of the contact between the two surfaces.

"Inhabitants of Insania, welcome to your new home." Harry shouted trembling and a roar was heard from all the members of the DA. The rest was still too shocked to say anything.

Insania was about 500 square miles in size. As soon as Hogwarts was put down Harry created powerful anti-Apparation wards and anti-portkey wards. He descended the stairs from the astronomy tower and walked down to the entrance hall while Ginny followed. "Are you alright, love?" Ginny asked worried, Harry looked exhausted from the massive amount of power he had used to move Hogwarts. "I'm fine Gin. Just a bit tired but we have some matters to take care of first." Harry said panting.

When he entered the entrance hall, he was greeted with loud cheers of approval, the students had recovered from the display and joined the others.

Harry stood on top of the marble staircase and gestured for everyone to be quiet. "My friends, before we start celebrating, we will have a ceremony to make sure there are no traitors amongst us." Harry said and he conjured something that looked like a marble egg the size of a Quaffle, he then conjured up a brass stand where he placed the egg on. "You will swear loyalty to me while you put your hand on the stone, if you are loyal and have no bad intentions toward me nothing will happen, if you have bad intentions, you will suffer pain that even the Cruciatus cannot match."

Some people squirmed and looked terrified. Neville Longbottom strode up the staircase and placed his hand on the stone.

"What do I say Harry?" He asked without the slightest trace of doubt in his voice. Neville had been one of the first people that joined Harry in his plan and was now one of Harry's high-ranking generals.

"I swear eternal loyalty to Harry Potter, his new empire and all its inhabitants till the day of my demise." Harry said with a slight smile. "Neville has changed so much since I first met him, he is one of the most loyal friends I have, unlike those two traitors Ron and Hermione." Neville did as he was told and stepped back down.

"Everyone who has completed the ritual must go to the Great Hall." Harry said and Neville started walking over to the gate of the Great Hall. "Neville," Harry said and Neville turned around to look at Harry, "would you mind making sure nobody enters the Hall without going through the ritual?" Neville nodded and positioned himself in the doorway. Next was Seamus Finnegan, another one of Harry's most trusted staff. After a few hours of this a fourth year Hufflepuff stepped up toward the stone looking terribly frightened. She placed her hand on the stone and started to speak in a very high pitched voice. "I swea . . . " the sentence was never finished as a loud scream was heard throughout the hall and the girl started to writhe on the floor.

Harry stepped toward her and stopped the pain. The girl stared wide-eyed at him and he used legillimency to search through her mind for the piece of thought that had caused this. He saw that she had doubts about joining him and just when she had touched the stone she had thought "Maybe I should have stayed with Professor Dumbledore." Harry gave her a small smile. "I understand you have doubts, what is your name." Harry said in a soothing voice.

"Amy Harold, sir." Harry laughed for a brief moment. "Please, Harry is my name and I wish for everyone to speak to me by using my first name." Harry said in an encouraging voice, loud enough so that everyone there could hear him.

"Ginny, would you mind taking her to our guestroom?" Harry asked.

"Of course love." Ginny said a bit surprised. Harry helped the girl up and handed her over to Ginny who took her to their private quarters.

The ceremony continued. Draco Malfoy stepped up the stairs and swore his alliance to Harry but nothing happened. Harry knew Malfoy was trustworthy but was still a bit surprised. Draco was one of his tacticians and had become a good friend. "He's a pretty good bloke once you get to know him, he has the guts to show his true nature now that his father is in Azkaban." Harry mused while Draco stepped into the Great Hall.

Flashback

Harry was walking through one of the many Hogwarts corridors. It was the second week of the new term. Draco Malfoy was approaching him from the opposite direction.

"What does the little ferret want this time, he couldn't spare me the headache and keep on avoiding me, could he?" Harry thought, already annoyed by Malfoy's mere presence.

"Potter, can we have a word." Malfoy snarled. Harry was taken aback by this, why would Malfoy want to speak with him?

"Sure Malfoy." Harry sneered and entered a classroom, he wasn't afraid of Malfoy in any way. "What could the little ferret do to me in any way, I can wipe him from existence with a mere thought." Malfoy followed.

"I heard you are building up an army against Dumbledore and Voldemort alike. I would like to join you." Malfoy said in a business like tone.

Harry was just staring at Malfoy in disbelief. This was truly the last thing he had expected. "Why would you want to join me?" Harry asked in a surprised voice.

"Well, now that my father is in Azkaban, I should thank you for that by the way, I have no obligation to the dark lord anymore. I know how he tortures his followers for just serving him and I have no intentions of going through that. Dumbledore is just an old venerable coot who is no match against the dark lord anymore." Malfoy said in a voice of disgust.

Harry thought about this for a second and made his decision. "Alright, I will welcome you in my army on one condition." Malfoy looked doubtful for a second about all this but nodded. "You will call him Voldemort," Malfoy winced, "fearing the name only causes more fear for the being," Harry didn't have a better description for Voldemort, "itself. If you wish to join me, say it." Harry said straightening himself up to his full height and looking very stern.

Malfoy swallowed but nodded nonetheless. "V...,V...,Vo... " Malfoy stammered. Harry let his palms glow a dark blue and started to move them in Malfoy's direction. "Voldemort, Voldemort, alright! No need to threaten me." He said in a very rapid voice. "Since when can you do wandless magic?" Malfoy asked, suddenly curious.

Harry smirked and dropped his palms. "Welcome to the Insania inhabitants." Harry said and extended his hand toward Draco. Draco raised his eyebrows and shook Harry's hand. Harry just smiled knowingly. "Come, I was just on my way to one of our meetings."

End Flashback

Next was another Slytherin, Daphne Greengrass, the moment she touched the orb she began to scream and writhe in pain on the floor. After about ten seconds she was consumed by flames. "If any of you think you can fool me, you should walk away. You just witnessed what happens to people who do not really support me." Harry said in a cold and flat voice and held his hand over the orb. "I have just modified it. If you have doubt you will not suffer, I will judge you personally, those who do not wish to join me, leave." Harry said in a calm voice. Nobody left. "Good." Harry thought.

The rest of the crowd passed without another incident. The crowd was now gathered in the Great Hall and Harry called for silence. "Now that we have cleaned our people from parasites." He said while looking very stern at the crowd, most of them cowered under his gaze except his close friends. "Let the feast begin." He smiled. Immediately two large barrels appeared on one of the tables. One filled to the brim with Fire-Whiskey and the other one full of butterbeer. The elves of Hogwarts had decided to side with Harry thanks to Dobby and the

elves at Potter Estate. Harry had bought 18 barrels of Fire-whiskey and 124 barrels of butterbeer for the celebration alone, together with 52 barrels of sober-up potions which was handed out before people went to bed.

Unlike Tommy-Boy back in England, his men didn't serve him because they feared him. They served him because he was powerful, sure, but they served under his command most of all because he was their friend and equal, not a merciless dictator.

Harry excused himself and walked up toward his private quarters on the fourth floor, the staff room. His highest ranking officers also resided here, they had discussed this earlier and had agreed this was the best location for the moment for them to stay. He stepped in the main room, a large circular space about 30 feet in diameter. On the side of the room was a staircase which led up to the balcony's of the rooms. The tower the room was located in was seven stories high and on of the biggest at Hogwarts. He walked up to the seventh floor and entered the second door. Each floor had three private quarters located on them.

He stepped inside and saw Ginny sitting in a squashy sofa in front of the fire.

"How is she?" He asked while he sat beside her and placed a strong arm around her. He had been working out a lot during the past four months, something that Ginny appreciated a lot.

"Fine, a little shaken but fine. Why did you want to take her up here?" Ginny asked curiously.

"She had suffered a great deal after she touched the orb and saw all the bad memories that happened in her life. She's an orphan much like me, raised in a family who didn't love her. She's so similar to me I couldn't bear to see her suffer like that. I'm going to check up on her and see if she's ok." Harry said in a sad voice. He kissed Ginny softly on the lips, stood up and entered the guestroom.

When he entered the guestroom, she was shivering under the sheets of the bed and was whimpering. Harry went to sit on the side of the bed and placed his hand on her shoulder.

"Are you okay Amy?" He asked softly.

She shook her head. "I'm so cold." She whispered.

Harry wrapped his arms and the blanket around her. "I'm sorry that I caused you so much pain. When I looked at your memories, I couldn't help but see resemblances to what I was like four months ago." Harry choked out and began to sob, thinking of Sirius.

Amy sensed his distress and rubbed his back. "I'm sorry too, Harry." She whispered.

They just sat there for twenty minutes. "How can it be that there is so much suffering in this world?" Harry thought and noticed that Amy had fallen asleep in his arms. "This is just the thing why I am doing this, to stop people from suffering like she has, and like I have." He laid her down and wrapped the blankets around her to make sure she was warm enough. "I won't let something like this happen in my country, ever. I will protect you Amy, I promise." Harry said and he meant it. He had never felt welcome at the Dursleys and Amy had been through the same. "Well, it may be too late for me to have a nice childhood, but it's not too late for her." He thought while he closed the door.

While Harry thought Amy was asleep, she was actually awake and listening to him. Tears filled her eyes. "Thank you Harry." She said softly.

Ginny was still sitting on the sofa but was looking intently at the windowsill on the far side of the room where a black phoenix was perched. "What the..." Harry started to say but was interrupted by a voice inside his head.

"Greetings master. I am sorry to have taken so long to join you." A warm and welcome voice in Harry's mind said. "Who are you?" Harry

asked aloud. Ginny turned her attention to Harry and was looking at him like he was going crazy.

"I am your owl, Hedwig as you like to call me." It said. Harry shook his head, she had disappeared after he had left Privet Drive, he had thought she was killed. "Before you start to explain, would you like to include Ginny in this conversation, I think she wonders if I'm losing it." Harry asked surprised. "Of course." Came the reply.

"Better?" The voice asked. Ginny started to look around wildly. "Apparently." Harry answered. "Gin, it's Hedwig, the black phoenix is Hedwig." Harry said.

"Hmm, Black Phoenix sounds like a good name for my new army. Can't really keep on calling it Dumbledore's Army, now can I?" Harry mused.

Ginny looked at Harry like he was even more crazy than half a minute ago. "What do you mean that's Hedwig? Hedwig is an owl, remember?" Ginny snapped clearly getting annoyed, "And what's this voice inside of my head?"

"It is I, Hedwig. And I'm sitting on your windowsill. When you became the Dark Saviour master, I transformed together with you and evolved into my current state. It took me so long to reach you because I was recuperating from my transformation. I hope you can forgive me for taking so long master." Hedwig said.

"No need to apologize, Hedwig, and please, call me Harry." Harry said and Hedwig nodded. Harry conjured a perch adorned with expensive looking emeralds and Hedwig perched herself on it thanking Harry.

"Well, Gin, I found a new name for our faction. The Black Phoenix. What do you think?" Harry asked Ginny. She thought about it for a second and nodded her approval.

"Well, this has been a tiring day, let's head to bed. There is much to be done tomorrow." Harry said while suppressing a huge yawn. They

both headed into the bedroom and fell asleep immediately enjoying each others company.

Just before Harry fell asleep he had a single thought. "Why did Hedwig call me the Dark Saviour?"

Author notes: Alright, it's finally here, took a little longer than expected. If you wish to discuss things about the story you can always join my group [groups./group/HPPowerOfBetrayal](#). Chapters will be posted first in the group. Reviews are still welcome, if you're not satisfied with the storyline feel free to yell at me. I know Hogwarts could never hold 14,000 students but as I said before you can't call 250 students an army. Well, maybe here in Belgium they would. I know that this story looks a lot like Harry's Madness from SilverLocke980 But I assure you that I had the idea for writing this type of fic a while before I read this story and most of the ideas are my own although I have used ideas from other writers as well. I hope they don't mind that I used some of their ideas in this fic, it would never be this (I hope) great story that it is now. Found a Beta. Want to thank DragZ (Oogies4u) for helping out.

Review responses:

Shadowed rains: I know it's a bit much but I don't care, this is supposed to be a full out war with a lot of casualties and magnificent battles, besides, that's the beauty of fanfiction, you decide the rules, if I say the wizarding population in Britain is around 20 million people then there are that many magical people, you can work out whatever vision you have without having to care about the credibility of the story. And once the game has begun I'm going to need a great number of people for everything I have planned and you have to realize that first years aren't good enough just yet for real battle, so you have to count that at the moment I have about 5000 real soldiers, while they have their purposes in large rituals like this chapter they're not strong enough for wand-to-wand combat with an auror but I can think of something for them.

Quillian: Nope, haven't read it but if I have time I certainly will, I just thought the Dursleys deserved a worse faith than death and seeing Harry's worst memories and magic while living in circumstances that

would make aunt Petunia go insane should do the trick, wouldn't you say so.

Danjana: I'm sorry to hear that but some things aren't what they seem to be, I assure that I have other plans for her instead of her just staying with Harry for all eternity.

Thanks to everyone else who has reviewed:

Illusionaric, karone-sakura, bandgsecurtiyaw

Defensive measures

When Harry awoke the next morning he had already forgotten his question. Yesterday he had moved Hogwarts and had been near exhaustion, today he felt like he could do it twice.

"Tempus," Harry said while holding his wand. A holographic clock told him that it was 8.30 in the morning so he should head down to the Great Hall for breakfast. He was facing the wall away from Ginny, when he turned over he saw her staring intently at him.

"What are you looking at?" he asked looking directly into her eyes.

"You," was the simple answer.

"Why?" he asked while a small grin was spreading across his face.

"I was just wondering how it is possible that you have gained so much power in so little time." She asked very seriously.

"Because Gin, Tom made a fateful mistake 15 years ago," he sighed. Ginny looked puzzled for a moment.

"Why do you call him Tom, I call him like that because he was my companion" she shuddered "for almost a year." She whispered while tears started to form in her eyes.

"Listen Gin, I call him like that because he pretends to be something he's not," he said while placing an arm around her. "Don't think about it, I will make him pay for what he has done to you." He said while his eyes blazed green.

"Easy Luv, everything in its time." She said while her mood returned to normal. "Well, let's get going. Breakfast's in half an hour." He said while he jumped out of bed and stepped into the guestroom to see that Amy was already gone.

At 8:55 Harry entered the Great Hall to see that the four house tables had been replaced by many smaller tables and that houses had

apparently been forgotten. The students still slept in their respective houses but all of that would soon change.

The head table was replaced by a U-shaped table where all the high ranked officers were seated. Harry took a seat in the centre of the table and asked for everyone's attention.

"I hope everybody has celebrated enough for the moment" Harry began and a loud cheering from the crowd confirmed this, "I am sorry to have missed it, but I had some important matters to attend to." A snort was heard from the left and Harry saw that it came from Draco. "And no Draco, not that kind of matters." Everybody laughed now knowing completely well whom Harry shared his bed with while Ginny blushed furiously. Harry winked at her and continued.

"So now that we can start with the preparations for constructing our new nation. I have decided to call our army the Black Phoenix, is that okay with everyone." A loud roar of approval was heard from the crowd, Hedwig appeared above the crowd as on command and settled on Harry's shoulder, everybody looked with awe at it for a minute until Harry spoke again.

"I know some of you have contacted your parents explaining our motives for doing this and that some of them have agreed to join us, for those who haven't, I'm sorry. The parents who have agreed to join us will be picked up in Plymouth tomorrow evening under the cover of darkness. You may now go and explore the land and search for a good spot to build your new homes. I must warn you, when you placed your hand on the Stone of Justice yesterday, as I have decided to call it, I will know if you commit a crime, torture, rob, or whatever else is on that list in my country and you will be punished. I have decided to form this new country to get rid of the corruption of a ministry and the control of other people. I will not tolerate discrimination in any way. Not towards muggle-born witches and wizards, nor any other kind of people or creatures. Now that that has been said, please go and explore your new land." Harry said while smiling like mad. "Will the people at this table please follow me, I would like to have a word with the lot of you."

The crowd filed out of the Great Hall while Harry's high ranking officers followed him up to the former headmaster's office.

Meanwhile, somewhere in England.

The members of the Order of the Phoenix were just apparating to the village of Hogsmeade, right next to the Hogwarts grounds after having spend the night at Grimmauld place treating the injured members. Diagon Alley was completely destroyed, the only thing left standing was Gringotts' Wizarding Bank. Dumbledore was the first one to arrive, McGonagall and Snape followed immediately after him.

The first thing Dumbledore saw was the huge crater that was once Hogwarts. He immediately collapsed. McGonagall rushed to his side and inspected him.

"Severus, we have to get him to HQ immediately, he just had a severe shock." McGonagall said in a solemn tone. Snape just stood there, looking shocked with wide eyes at what was once Hogwarts. He saw some students sitting nearby waving frantically at them.

"What happened?" He sneered at them ignoring the headmaster's condition for the moment.

"It was Harry, sir." Hermione Granger said standing up. She looked like the only person who wasn't too shocked to speak but her eyes were red from crying. "Potter," Snape said surprised. "Potter couldn't have possibly done this", Snape said in his usual sneer.

Hermione just stomped her foot and stomped of towards McGonagall muttering under her breath how an incompetent teacher Snape was. Suddenly a voice interrupted them Snape thought nobody would hear for a while.

"I'm afraid it was indeed Harry, Severus." Albus Dumbledore said while being supported by McGonagall.

"And how do you know that, headmaster?" Snape sneered.

"I can feel it, Severus, I can feel his aura still radiating from a spot above the crater." Suddenly a large figure came running towards them waving frantically.

"What's 'appened here?" Half-giant Rubeus Hagrid asked while panting heavily.

"Potter happened" Snape sneered. "And where were you, you were supposed to keep an eye on things around here while we were gone." He asked sneering some more while raising an eyebrow. He was definitely not in a good mood today.

Hagrid looked ashamed and started shuffling his foot, almost crushing a sobbing student. "I was visiting my brother." He said in a small voice, which isn't easy for him. Grawp was staying in a forest near Beauxbatons after the accident with the centaurs.

The arguing continued and when the rest of the staff arrived they decided to send the students to Beauxbatons and the staff would go back to Grimmauld place to figure out what to do next and to explain what happened to those who hadn't heard the news yet.

"Oh Harry, what have you done." Albus thought when he cast a final glimpse at the crater that was once Hogwarts, School of Witchcraft and Wizardry just before apparating back to Grimmauld place.

Back at Insania, outside the ex-headmaster's office

The group approached the gargoyle that guarded the entrance to the office. Harry wasn't about to guess the password because a lot of things still had to be taken care of today to start wasting time on guessing a password to gain entrance to the old coot's office. Harry just blasted the gargoyle into tiny shards and ascended the staircase.

He was already gathering his powers as he stormed in the office and expected for Fawkes to attack him, alarms to go off and something or someone attacking him, but nothing happened. Harry looked around carefully to make sure no unexpected surprises popped up.

The office was empty from any threats and all the portrait's occupants had seemingly left. Hedwig was still on Harry's shoulder while he stormed into the office, she saw the perch, fluttered over and settled herself on top of it. Harry shrugged and went to sit behind Dumbledore's desk while the band of followers filled the room and conjured up chairs to sit in while the room expanded itself for the occupants.

Harry saw something flicker in the sunlight on the edge of his vision trying to get his attention and turned to look at what it was.

It was the sword of Godric Gryffindor. Reflecting sunlight angrily at Harry as if daring him to touch it. Harry stood up and walked over to the glass cabinet it was laying in. He picked it up defiantly and was immediately attacked by a raw power trying to overwhelm him.

Harry could feel that Godric Gryffindor wasn't pleased with what he had done to Hogwarts.

Suddenly the room shrunk back to its original size, crushing some of the chairs in the process and making the room's occupants jump out of them just in time, the members in the room were being pressed together by the shrinking room.

Hogwarts, was now their enemy.

Harry fought the spirit of Godric Gryffindor inside the sword and lashed out with raw power at it. The sword began to glow scarlet and gold, still trying to overwhelm Harry.

Suddenly the glow disappeared and the sword began to shift shape. The jewellery in the hilt disappeared, the blade became thinner and the tip started to point upwards.

The other people in the room who were still being cramped together stared in awe at the display of raw power.

The fight between Harry and Godric's spirit continued for several minutes. Windows shattered, the walls cracked and the instruments in the office exploded one by one, the other occupants of the room

got the message, scrambled out of the room and started to evacuate Hogwarts, knowing that this would be a full-power battle.

Harry finally drove the spirit out of the sword. He stared at the sword in awe. In his hands was no longer the sword of Godric Gryffindor but a beautiful 40 inch long katana.

Harry stared down at it and noticed an engraving in the hilt:

Harry James Potter

Leader of Insania

Commander of The Black Phoenix

Harry was still staring at the blade when a large piece from the ceiling crushed on Dumbledore's desk and brought him back to the present. He apparated to his quarters, rushed into the bedroom and grabbed his trunk and apparated again onto the grounds about 20 yards away from the entrance gates where the entire population was staring in shock at Hogwarts which was slowly starting to collapse.

The astronomy tower had just collapsed and the North Tower was bound to be next.

Harry summoned his staff. It appeared out of thin air and floated vertically in mid-air, the emeralds in the snake's head glowed briefly when Harry grabbed it, acknowledging its owner.

Harry gathered all the power he possessed and pointed his staff at the collapsing Hogwarts.

He started to concentrate, knowing what was happening. The four founders were determined that they would rather have Hogwarts destroyed than in his control.

Harry disagreed.

Four voices were heard above the noise of the disintegrating Hogwarts castle.

“You will never rule inside these walls, ever.” Four voices roared angrily.

“Yes, I will.” Harry roared back.

The emeralds in the staff glowing so brightly all the bystanders had to cover their eyes.

Everyone could feel the power emanating from Hogwarts as it was fighting back, but everybody could also feel the ever increasing power of Harry Potter who was aiming his staff and the sword at the castle, the sword glowing a bright emerald green.

A muffled roar was heard from the direction of the castle, an unidentified dragon burst from the ground, determined to attack and destroy Harry.

The dragon was a good 12 yards away from Harry, fragments of the lawn raining down from the force of the dragon’s awakening.

It took a few steps forward and leapt into the air with his 100-foot wingspan. It circled above Harry for a couple of seconds flying at awesome speed and began its attack with a giant deafening roar and shot a giant ball of purple fire.

Harry sensed it coming but didn’t recognise the type of destruction that was heading towards him, he did not think it was anything pleasant. Releasing Hogwarts from his grip it immediately started to deteriorate further at a rapid pace.

He dodged the ball of purple fire and immediately had to dodge the dragon himself who dug his claws deep in the ground in an attempt to kill Harry.

Most of the people still around started to scream and run as the dragon made the ground rumble as it continued his assault.

The high-ranking officers immediately started throwing everything from jinxes to unforgivables at the dragon, everything that came to mind was hurled at the dragon but it stayed unaffected.

Harry was on his feet by now and was staring directly into the dragons pure silver eyes, they stood there like statues for a full minute looking intently into each others eyes while volleys of curses still struck the dragon every second. The dragon shifted a little to his left by a powerful bludgeoning curse, hurled at him by five people simultaneously and suddenly stormed towards Harry while Hogwarts crumbled in the background.

“What an amazing sight,” Amy suddenly thought, while she was standing behind Harry, staring at the display of power right in front of her nose.

Harry had enough of this dragon already and banished his staff and gripped the sword firmly with two hands and started pouring power into it until it was glowing from the heat it was emanating.

Harry leaped towards the dragon, blade raised above his head, ready to strike.

Time seemed to slow down as Harry brought the blade down and cut one of the massive beast’s wings off. The dragon that was 75 feet tall crashed down unbalanced onto the ground because of the sudden removal of one of its massive wings. It roared in fury and hurled a pure black streak of fire at Harry who had summoned his staff again and deflected it with a shield.

Suddenly, something caught his eye.

Its massive 35-foot tail slammed into the ground, wounding Amy who was staring at the battle in front of her.

To say that Harry was furious was the understatement of the century.

He poured even more power into his blade until it glowed a blinding white, the grass around Harry was starting to singe from the heat it

was emanating but Harry seemed unaffected. From here the slaughter began.

Harry leapt from the ground aided by magic and sliced a talon from the beast's front left paw, the beast never knew what hit him. Harry was moving so fast everything passed in a blur. He moved behind the beast and cut off its tail, spraying blood and gore everywhere, he then jumped on its back and started moving towards its head at amazing speed, once on top of its head he raised his sword above his head and brought it back down in a swift motion around the beast's head in a graceful arc slicing through both the beast's bulging eyes.

The Dragon roared once more and began blasting great balls of fire in all directions. Harry stopped every last one of them making sure nobody else got hurt and then sliced the dragon's throat.

The beast roared one last time and collapsed from blood loss. Harry stopped the blood flow with a wave of his sword and healed all the beast's cuts. He might have a use for this creature some day.

He looked at Hogwarts, which was still collapsing. Everything above the fourth floor was already destroyed.

He trained his staff and his sword at Hogwarts once more. This time, fuelled by anger and fury, Hogwarts stopped crumbling instantly, but Harry didn't stop there, it was like seeing a muggle movie in reverse, the castle was being restored to its former glory. But not for the reason that Harry planned to keep Hogwarts, oh no, Harry had better plans than that.

Once Hogwarts was back to normal the four founders spoke up again.

"Do you really think you can beat us, silly child." They roared.

Harry was getting angrier by the nanosecond. "No, I don't, I know I will." Harry roared back and began concentrating even harder.

Hogwarts shook on its foundations while Harry's staff and sword glowed a violent emerald green.

The students who hadn't fled were staring at the scene in front of them with awe. First Harry had moved Hogwarts, then he had everyone go through a ritual to ensure everybody's loyalty, he had started to fight against the founders of Hogwarts very powerful spirits, had defeated an unknown type of dragon and was now attacking the founders again and was winning.

"What is going to happen next?" everybody thought. In Neville's opinion it couldn't happen fast enough, he knew Harry could handle everything that was going to be in his path and had decided to always stand by his side.

One month earlier

The DA was having another meeting and was already preparing to move Hogwarts.

Harry walked over to Neville, he was nervous what Neville's reaction to his question would be.

"Neville," Harry began "I want you to be one of my generals once we commence operation Insania. Will you accept this position?"

Neville looked flabbergasted, "Of course Harry, I'd love to," He stammered after he had recomposed himself, "but you know how bad my memory is, what value could I be to your staff?"

Harry knew Neville was a powerful wizard when he wanted to be. He had seen it in the Department of Mysteries, but something was troubling him he decided to take a peek at what could be causing this brain malfunction Neville experienced. He discovered that Lockhart out of all people had cast a memory charm on Neville after his parents were tortured and had caused brain damage, a memory charm at that age could cause serious damage. Harry had used his powers to repair it and suffered from magic-exhaustion for two days after that. Since that day Neville had been a new person. He had sworn that he would follow Harry through the gates of hell and back, he owed him a wizard's debt.

Neville had quickly become the most powerful member of the DA and was starting to form a new personality. It was because of that that Neville's gran had decided to join Harry. If he could cure her Neville she owed him a wizard's debt as well.

Hogwarts and its founders were protesting and fighting against Harry full force.

"You shall not defeat us!"

Harry didn't answer. He could feel he was winning.

The walls of Hogwarts were shaking and cracks were starting to form in them.

Suddenly a cry of despair and defeat was heard.

The founders had lost.

Harry didn't stop aiming his staff and sword at the castle, they still shone a brilliant green and the people around him started wondering why.

A loud snap was heard from the castle, everyone turned to see what the cause of the noise was and saw Hogwarts breaking in two pieces right in front of their eyes. It looked like Hogwarts was being ripped apart, every stone, door, window broke loose from its place.

After five minutes of this every single element Hogwarts was made of and every item that was in the castle floated in the air above a hole in the ground where the dungeons and the chamber of secrets were.

The stones floating in the air flickered briefly as if they were being wiped from existence and were replaced by white marble stones and multiplied.

The floating objects began to circle around the hole like they were caught in a tornado. One by one the marble bricks and other floating objects started to descend creating an entirely new castle.

Layer upon layer the new structure began to take shape.

About twenty minutes later the last tile dropped into place and an entire new castle of pure white marble stood proud on the landscape of Insania.

The Dragons Keep was founded.

All of the population had gathered behind Harry by now and were staring in disbelief at the new structure in front of them and others looking at the unconscious dragon that lay sprawled across the lawn.

Harry's sword and staff ceased to glow and Harry dropped down to one knee panting heavily.

He suddenly remembered Amy who was still injured and got up. He walked over to where she lied and saw Ginny already leaning over her. Harry approached them and took a look at Amy who was still unconscious.

Although they hadn't even spoken to each other Ginny knew Harry would be devastated if anything would happen to Amy. Harry had already sworn to Amy to protect her and Ginny knew why, they had the same kind of childhood. Harry had told her about his childhood and she had been livid and was determined to pay those filthy muggles a visit until she found out what had happened to them. Harry had taken her in yesterday because he knew what it was like to not be loved by your family and to be treated like a freak. Her parents had been muggles and had been reluctant to send her to Hogwarts but Dumbledore had persuaded her parents to let her attend it, so he had immediately taken up the task to protect her with his life.

"Is she alright?" Harry asked Ginny concerned.

"I think so, her injuries aren't too bad, and it looked like she was just knocked unconscious." Ginny said but she still looked worried "We need to get her some medical treatment."

Harry had put up a large hospital wing in the east part of the castle and was about to ask if anybody had taken Newt level healing class

when three more muffled roars were heard and three dragons burst from the ground identical to the first one.

The crowd gathered around Harry started to run away and once again but the high-ranking officers stayed.

“Get out of here, the lot of you.” Harry commanded and aimed his staff at Amy and Ginny transporting them to the hospital wing. “Ginny will know what to do for now.” Harry thought and immediately started pouring energy into his blade while the rest who were still standing besides Harry ran after the crowd, they knew this battle was going to be intense and it wasn’t even noon.

“Today is bound to be an interesting day.” Draco thought as he hurried to get some space between him and Harry who was preparing for battle, only just enough to still be able to help him if he needed some, “Most unlikely.” He smirked as he settled down on the grass to watch the show.

Author: yes, finally, here is the next chapter, I’ve waited a long time for this. I had asked my English teacher to seek out the mistakes in this chapter and it took her quite a while to do so but instead of altering them she just pointed them out, normally I would try to correct all of it but because I can’t wait any longer to post a chapter, so forgive me if there are some mistakes in the chapter, so here it is. Might I remind all of you that reviews are still very welcome.

Thanks to my wonderful beta reader Ekstasis

Review responses:

Shadowed Rains: I tend to read a lot of cannon based stories but I do like to read stories that could never happen in JKR’s world.

Thanks to everybody else who has reviewed:

karone-sakura, laser-jet, gaul1.

A loose cannon

The tree dragons that had just emerged from the ground first looked at the new castle standing behind them and then at the dragon laying on the ground barely breathing and all three of them let out a roar of disapproval simultaneously.

Suddenly all three heads turned towards Harry and the silver eyes glowed a deep blue.

The dragon in the middle suddenly started running towards Harry and Harry was preparing to leap for it while the other two dragons took off and were flying towards Harry.

He was concentrating entirely on the dragon running straight toward him.

The dragon opened its massive beak and started spitting huge balls of red fire at him.

Harry dodged them by leaping to the left and started running towards the approaching dragon.

They both leaped into the air and he brought his sword above his head, ready to bring it down straight on the dragons' massive skull but was rammed in the back by the tail from one of the dragons that had flown behind him.

Harry was knocked to the ground hard and could feel some of his ribs snap.

He looked up and saw that the tree dragons had him closed in.

"There's no way I can fight all three of them at once." He thought and suddenly cracked a wry grin "but that won't stop me from trying."

He straightened himself and let his staff rest on the ground while his blade remained in his other hand. The dragons thought he was surrendering and all three of them opened their beaks to destroy him

together. Harry closed his eyes as if he was waiting for the destructive magic from the dragons to impact and evaporate him.

Just when they were about to release their deadly magic a blinding light as bright as the sun erupted from Harry's staff.

The dragons roared in protest of the blinding light and were momentarily blinded.

Harry's eyes snapped open and he immediately launched himself at the dragon in front of him.

"Reducto" Harry cried and a giant red beam shot towards the dragon hitting its front left paw.

The dragon sensed it coming but it was too late to dodge it and started to spin around as soon as he was hit.

Harry hadn't expected this and as the dragon spun around he saw its tail coming straight towards him but couldn't avoid getting hit by it.

Harry was flying backwards now towards one of the other dragons who could see again by now and he spun around as well thinking they could play a game of ping pong with Harry.

Harry spun around in mid-air and this time he saw the tail coming quickly enough and used his sword to cut off one of the razor sharp spikes attached to it.

The third dragon saw this happening and shot a deep blue ball of magic towards Harry but missed and hit the second dragon instead.

The dragon seemed unaffected by the blast but staggered a bit and glared at the one that had hit him.

Harry landed behind the second dragon and used the opportunity of jumping on its back while it was distracted.

Harry landed on its back and plunged his sword straight into the dragon's back like a knife through butter, even with the dragons strong

hide it couldn't deflect a blow from Harry's magical sword, and through its spine paralyzing it.

The dragon slumped to the ground after a grunt of protest.

The two other dragons glared at him but Harry just shrugged.

"Hey, if you hadn't hit him, he wouldn't have been distracted." Harry said in a casual voice while pointing at the third dragon and standing on top of the second one.

The dragon narrowed its gaze and seemed to plan what to do next.

Harry just stared straight back into the dragon's eyes challenging it to try something, and now it was the same mistake he made by not keeping an eye on the other dragon.

Harry suddenly felt something very hot and powerful hurling towards him from the right, he tried to jump out of the way and raise a shield but it was already too late.

His quickly raised shield faltered after a few seconds of struggle with the massive ball of energy, Harry was already halfway of getting out of the attack's way but it caught him in the legs and hurled him away.

Harry landed with a loud thud about 20 meters away, closer to the crowd that was watching the great battle between man and beast and they all wisely retreated a few hundred meters, he could feel another set of ribs break and his legs felt like they were on fire.

He looked down and saw a few large gashes in them. They were a bloody mess of mangled flesh and blood.

Harry quickly applied some healing magic to them and on his ribs. He wasn't very good at it and only used it in emergencies but his power did help immensely.

"Okay, make sure you don't get hit by their attacks." He thought making a mental note "because it hurts like hell."

The dragons had both taken flight and the first one landed in front of him while the second landed behind him.

The one in front of him spun around and swung his tail in Harry's direction, Harry leaped in the air only to get hit by the tail of the second dragon, he avoided the brunt and while he was trying to get back to the ground aided by his magic only to avoid the massive beak of the first dragon trying to swallow Harry entirely.

The dragon roared its disapproval and opened its beak wide about to hurl another blast of powerful magic at Harry.

Harry seized his opportunity, grabbed his sword in the other direction and hurled it at the dragon, straight into its gaping maw and through its skull, paralyzing it.

As the dragon slumped to the ground its beak closed and Harry couldn't reach his sword anymore, he could try to summon it back but he didn't now if it would work and it would distract him so he was solely dependant on magic right now, something that didn't affect dragons too much.

As Harry moved to sideways so did the dragon and the started circling each other waiting for the other one to make the first move.

As they moved sideways Harry saw a boulder laying behind the dragon the size of a small truck and lifted it using wandless magic.

The dragon didn't notice the boulder slowly starting to rise and hover behind its back.

Suddenly the boulder zoomed towards the dragons head at an unbelievable speed, it hit the dragon on the back of its head as a loud crack was heard.

The dragon stumbled forwards and shook his head, apparently having suffered no injury at all from the large boulder whatsoever.

It glared at Harry and suddenly started to move towards him and Harry braced himself to attack it but halfway it suddenly stumbled and fell flat on his face, seemingly unconscious.

Harry stood there, looking at it intently. After a minute of this, he decided it was safe and approached the dragon and poked it with his staff, no reaction.

He walked to the dragons' side looking for any activity, he looked at the dragons head again and noticed that it was staring intently at him and turned around just a moment too late to notice the tail swatting him away like a fly and hurling him through the air at the new castle.

Everything had happened so fast Harry didn't realize what had happened until he hit the wall at break-neck speed.

He seemed to be glued to the wall for a second as he remained suspended above the ground for 5 seconds and suddenly fell to the ground 15 meters below.

He hit the ground with a dull thud and lost consciousness.

As he started to regain consciousness he was aware of shouts and flashes in the distance and sometimes a deafening roar but it was all blurry and his head felt like it was going to explode.

He blinked a few times and noticed he didn't have his glasses, he summoned them and they flew straight into his hand.

He put them back on and looked around in the distance he saw a fierce battle between hundreds of people and a gigantic dragon, he saw especially one figure throwing hex after hex at the dragon.

A young athletic woman with fiery red hair.

"Ginny" Harry yelled and held his breath as the dragon spat a giant purple streak of flames at her that she narrowly avoided.

Harry felt his anger rising and summoned his staff which appeared in his hand immediately and took flight towards the dragon, without a

broom, as his anger reached a new peak when the dragon grabbed Ginny in one of its paws.

It was only a few moments later that he rammed into the dragon's side so hard and fast that he sent it sailing through the air and it crashed a good few yards away, but to Harry it felt more like hours as he saw in slow motion how the dragon brought Ginny slowly towards its beak and tried to eat her alive.

Normally he should have cracked his skull from the collision with the dragon but he felt no pain, as normal people can't fly on their own to begin with.

The dragon released Ginny and she was flung through the air but Harry recovered fast enough to catch her before she crashed on the ground.

He put her down on the ground "Be right back Gin." He said while turning away from her and leaping in the direction of the dragon that was getting on his feet with a visible effort.

The dragon saw Harry coming and hurled a pure black ball of energy at him but Harry didn't take the trouble to dodge it, fuelled by his anger, he merely swatted it away with his staff and aimed it straight at the dragon and released a beam of pure white energy at the dragon.

The dragon looked frightened for a moment but it was difficult to say, the expression on a dragons' face is pretty hard to read.

The beam connected with the dragon and an earth-shaking explosion shook the perimeter and all the people close to it were thrown back or hurled away.

When the dust finally started to settle three minutes later everybody looked at the spot they had last seen the dragon and Harry.

First they saw the massive head of the dragon emerge from the dust and stare at a spot in front of him.

Several people ran in terror while the ones who had already fought the dragon remained and readied themselves to continue fighting it.

When the dragon was almost entirely visible they noticed someone else standing in front of the dragon looking straight at it.

Harry and the dragon just stood there, glaring at each other, challenging the other to make a move.

Suddenly one of the dragon's legs began to tremble and gave way; the massive beast slumped to the ground with a loud rumble.

Harry sighed in relief as he saw the dragon fall to the ground.

Suddenly a bright red sphere emerged from the dragon and hovered above it.

Harry looked around bewildered and noticed that there were three more spheres, each hovering over a dragon. A blue sphere, a yellow sphere and a green sphere.

The three other spheres floated over to the position of the red one and formed a line.

The spheres started to shape themselves and after a few moments four figures were floating in the sky, all facing Harry.

The four figures glared at him with a look on their face that would kill most people probably on sight, but they didn't faze Harry, he just glared back defiantly.

Harry looked at all of their faces, trying to remember if he recognized them, he looked at the man that had come out of the green sphere and recognized him almost immediately.

"Salazar Slytherin" Harry spat.

"I wondered if you would recognize me Harry Potter" Salazar said evenly.

Harry did recognize Salazar from the statue in the chamber of secrets and so he presumed the other three were Helga Hufflepuff, Rowena Ravenclaw and Godrich Gryffindor.

"Indeed we are." Godrich said and Harry looked at him with a surprised expression on his face.

"How did you know what I was thinking" Harry asked startled.

"I am very powerful in legillimency." Godrich stated.

"And I am very powerful in Occlumency, not even Dumbledore could penetrate my shields." Harry stated angrily.

"You may have more magical power than we have Harry Potter but we have far more skill and expertise than you and Dumbledore combined will have for a long time to come" Rowena said.

"What do you want," Harry asked angrily "if it's a fight you want, a fight you will get." Harry said in a threatening voice while making the emeralds in his staff glow briefly.

"We will fight each other again Harry Potter in the future, you may have concurred Hogwarts and beaten us now but mark my words boy," Godrich said "we will reclaim what is rightfully ours someday." And with that they changed back into spheres and took off at an immense speed.

As soon as they had left Harry sunk down to his knees and breathed a sigh of relief, he didn't believe he could still fight the four of them after his fight with the dragons which the four founders had used to try and destroy him, although he had managed to hide it from Godrich.

Harry heard a scraping sound and looked up only to see the dragon he had just knocked unconscious a few minutes ago stand back up, seemingly unharmed.

It looked at Harry for a second and Harry thought it was about to attack him again.

Just as he was about to gather his remaining strength the dragon bowed its head and approached Harry slowly.

Harry just let the dragon go ahead as it didn't seem to want to attack him and he turned around and saw the other three dragons approach him in the same manner.

When they had finally reached him they stood around him their heads bowed, as if waiting for something.

The dragon in front of him approached him and moved its snout close to Harry's face.

Harry reached out with his hand and patted it on the head.

As soon as Harry touched the Dragons head it took a step backwards, raised its head and roared as loud as it could.

Harry took a cautious step backwards but the roaring stopped and the dragon bowed its head once more and saw that the dragon's eyes had turned the same colour as his own, a startling emerald green.

The other dragons approached him as well and he patted them all on their heads and the same thing occurred.

"Can somebody explain to me what the hell is going on?" Harry asked while looking at the dragon in front of him and he heard a voice starting to speak in his mind.

"This is starting to become a nasty habit of mine," he thought as he listened to the voice.

"Greetings, Master Dragon." The disembodied voice said.

"And who might you be." Harry demanded and saw the confused looks on the surrounding people their faces but decided to ignore them for now.

"I am the dragon standing in front of you," the dragon said.

"I knew that, but who are you." Harry snapped.

"Arakir" was the simple reply.

"Good, now would you mind explaining what all of these things that have happened in the last thirty minutes mean?"

The dragon sighed and started talking.

"Me and my three companions are the last of our race, we are ancient dragons and have struggled for millennia to survive, Wizards have hunted us for our magical properties, a little over a thousand years ago the four of us were captured by the founders of Hogwarts, they thought we would be a good defence for the school and put us into a deep state of hibernation until the time they would need us to defend the school. Today that time had arrived, but instead of letting us handle the situation ourselves the one you called Salazar Slytherin decided to possess one of us and attack you instead, Garanor informs me he had something of a grudge against you."

"Yes, I defeated one of his pets some time ago and possessing another being seems to run in the family." Harry said grimly.

"I see," Arakir said "When you defeated him the three other founders possessed me and my companions in an attempt to destroy you but they failed, the ritual you just witnessed means that you are now our Master, as you have defeated our former masters and freed us from captivity. That is why we have the same eye colour." It concluded.

"Does this satisfy as an answer." Arakir asked.

"Just one more thing," Harry said "why did you call me Master Dragon."

"You will know when the time comes, it is best you discover this on your own." Arakir said.

Harry sighed and wondered what to do with them.

"We could guard your castle" Garanor, the dragon to Harry's left, proposed "as long as you don't stuff us in the ground again."

"Okay," Harry nodded "now I just have to find a name for it."

"Dragon's Keep." The dragon behind Harry suggested, Harry didn't know how but he just felt which dragon was talking to him.

He turned around and faced the dragon. "I like that, and what is your name." Harry asked in a friendly tone.

"Meganos."

Harry nodded and turned to the last dragon that hadn't spoken yet.

"And who are you." Harry asked.

"Sitara, at your service master." It said and the dragon bowed its head.

"Please, just Harry, I don't like it to be called master, it brings back memories that make me angry. I like it more when people talk to me like a friend instead of a superior" It wasn't really master he hated but the way they said it made him think of Dumbledore and how people addressed him, like they were less than him, and he didn't want to be like Dumbledore.

"I believe this is yours by the way." Meganos said and took his sword in her beak that had been tucked beneath one of her wings.

"Sorry about the sword." Harry said, feeling sorry that he had to hurt the dragons when it was the founders that possessed them.

"It is nothing, when they took over our body, the damage was inflicted on their minds, not ours." Meganos explained.

Now Harry understood why the founders hadn't fought him, they probably knew he wouldn't be able to handle them if they had been at their full capacity, but Harry had wounded them, not the dragons. This could be useful information for other encounters.

The dragons nodded and took off towards Dragon's Keep, as it looked like everything that needed to be said had been said.

"If you need one of us, just reach for us with your mind and you will be heard." Arakir added as he flew towards the castle.

Two of them landed in front of the entrance gates and positioned themselves so there was one on each side of the main entrance gate, the other two landed at the corners at the back of the castle.

Harry looked at them for a minute and found the sight reassuring, the four dragons guarding the castle, while most people would have probably found it terrifying.

As he looked at them he noticed that the two pairs seemed to stay relatively close to each other, the two in the front and the two at the rear of the castle, and Harry assumed they were mates, which made him smile for a reason he didn't know.

Someone tapped him on the shoulder and he turned around slowly, already fully aware of whom it was.

"Harry, are you okay." Ginny asked a little concerned "you were talking to those dragons but the conversation seemed to be a little one-sided."

"It was the same as with Hedwig." Harry said and Ginny got a look of comprehension on her face.

"Alright," Harry said addressing the crowd that had gathered around him "now that that's taken care of, may I present to you: Dragon's keep." He said gesturing towards the brand new castle "Quite appropriate, wouldn't you say."

Most of them nodded dumbly and all of them looked a bit frightened by the dragons around the castle.

"I suggest we take a look at our new base of operations." Harry suggested cheerfully and started walking towards the castle.

When he didn't hear the sound of a crowd following him he turned around and saw them all looking at the castle and the dragons and then at him, still not liking the sight of the dragons.

"Come on people, they won't bite, move." He put some power behind the last word and as one the crowd started to walk slowly towards the castle.

As they neared the gates the crowd slowed down a little and created some distance between Harry and them, except Ginny, who walked right next to Harry, unfazed by the dragons, but even Harry's 'Iron Circle' as he liked to call his closest friends, whom where his highest ranking officers, hung back with the crowd, letting Harry walk past the dragons first.

Harry just strode past them. The dragons had lain down, resting and didn't even raise their heads as they passed.

Harry pushed open the giant oak entrance doors on which a gigantic dragon was pictured, it's massive spread wings stretched the entire width of the door and tip of its tail touched the ground while its head nearly touched the frame on top of the door but instead of looking straight ahead, it seemed to look down from the position that it was in and seemed to stare intensely at the crowd entering trough it with two blazing green emerald eyes. Now that the door was open the massive picture was split in two but when it was sealed it looked like it was a door in a single piece instead of two doors. Another thing that surprised some people was that the image didn't move, as did almost every painting, photograph or picture in the wizarding world.

None the less, when the doors were closed the picture was a frightening sight, it seemed to be judging you with its emerald gaze, and who knows, maybe it did.

As they entered the entrance hall they were awestruck by its beauty and vastness, bigger then the Great Hall in the former Hogwarts and in white marble, it was breathtaking.

On the opposite side of the entrance doors was another giant door made of solid oak but without the massive dragon's picture on it, instead, it was just a plain door, the painting that hung above it on the other hand was anything but plain.

On it was a battle scene on which a man with black unruly hair was fighting with a massive dragon with steely blue scales while in the background a castle was collapsing.

"Getting a bit of an ego, eh Potter." Draco Malfoy said while standing next to Harry with an amused expression on his face "Now people can see how our mighty leader fights a dragon on his own while trying to defeat the founders of Hogwarts in a battle of pure willpower every day."

"Sod off, Malfoy." Harry said while laughing, "I like that picture."

"And so do I." Ginny said in a threatening voice with her hands on her hips, while glaring at Draco.

"Alright, alright, can't you people take a joke?" Draco exclaimed while taking a step backwards, fully aware by now of the Weasley temper.

Harry just burst out laughing and so did Ginny a moment later "Oh Draco, you're just too easy, you know that." Harry said.

Draco just stalked off while muttering something about bloody Gryffindors.

"May I have your attention once again." Harry said, addressing the crowd and serious once more "Could you all wait in the Great Hall while I check on a patient in the hospital wing, I have a few things to say before we continue this beautiful day."

The entire crowd filed into the massive hall that also had an enchanted ceiling like the Great Hall in Hogwarts, Harry didn't like imitating the former castle but he had always found the enchanted ceiling something special and he felt himself relax when he looked at it, even when it was stormy outside.

Next to the door leading to the Great Hall were two staircases, one on each side, one leading to the western part of the castle, the other to the eastern part. The entrance gates were on the south side of the castle.

Harry walked up the stairs leading to the west and strode through a corridor with windows on the left, as Ginny looked through them she could see one of the dragons raising its head and yawning, at the end of the corridor the infirmary was located.

“What happened when I was knocked unconscious?” Harry asked Ginny.

“I don’t know everything but after you had transported Amy and me to the infirmary and I gave her some painkilling potions and some first aid I looked out the window too see what was happening only to see you get slammed into the wall. I’m not entirely sure of what happened next but I was furious and just wanted to hurt that dragon and concentrated on being in front of it and suddenly I was, I was just standing in front of it, then I wished I had your staff to fight it and the next moment it was in my hand and the stones glowed for a moment just like they do when you summon it, I fought it for two minutes or so and suddenly it grabbed me and the next moment the staff disappeared.” She said.

“That was the moment I summoned it, it’s peculiar that you could summon it and use it, it was made specifically for me, and I’m supposed to be the only one able to use it. I’ll have to look into it some other time, how is Amy doing.”

“A bit shaken but fine, the dragon broke her arm but it should be healed within an hour or so thanks to Madam Pomphrey’s potions, too bad you couldn’t ask her to join us, it will be difficult to find someone as able as her.”

“I know, but it was too risky.”

“So what happened exactly with those dragons out there?” Ginny asked while still looking at the dragon in front of the gates who had put its head back down and was seemingly sleeping.

"They made me their master because I freed them from slavery to the founders of the school." Harry answered. "They were the figures that were floating in front of me, they possessed the dragons in an attempt to destroy me."

"That explains a lot. But how is it possible that they did all this while they have been dead for a millennium." Ginny said

"My best guess is that they left an echo of their spirits behind that were supposed to protect the castle if it was ever in danger and placed them in various objects around the castle like Gryffindor's sword, something like Tom's diary." What he didn't know was that it wasn't like that at all, but he would find that out pretty soon.

Ginny shuddered "Yes, that cursed thing."

"I'm sorry, I shouldn't have brought that up." Harry said, concern visible in his eyes while looking straight into Ginny's. "Just one more reason for me to destroy that stupid piece of sh..."

A door opened in the distance followed by running footsteps, before Harry could look away from Ginny and see who the person running towards them was they were both tackled to the ground by a black-haired witch with a mended arm.

While that happened more happened in the kitchen at number 12 Grimmauld Place

Severus Snape was not having a good day, the attack on Diagon Alley had been in favour of the Death Eaters, while he had fought with the order he had made sure not to kill any Death Eaters, as much as Dumbledore believed he was loyal to him he was in fact spying for Voldemort and when the order asked him why he didn't tell them something he just gave the excuse that Voldemort doesn't trusts him and doesn't tell him anything. They had lost a lot of civilians and some members of the order were severely wounded.

He was still wounded and Madam Pomphrey who was stationed at Grimmauld place to tend to the wounded was taking care of a small

second degree burn on his arm, he would rather have cured it himself with potions from his dungeon, but having seen that it wasn't there anymore, he reluctantly let Madam Pomphrey take care of it.

As she accidentally touched his Dark Mark, he hissed in agony.

"Watch it Poppy, it's still a bit tender." He snapped

She mumbled a quick sorry and continued to dab his wound with orange paste.

Something else that bothered him was the disappearance of Hogwarts, if he was to believe Albus Potter had done it.

While he always said how much of a weakling the boy was and always humiliated him he always had doubts about the boy, especially sine the night that Voldemort was resurrected. The boy had defeated Voldemort, or at least escaped from him in a duel. Something that only Albus Dumbledore could say. Others had done it before, but none of them lived very long afterwards to tell about it.

Something that he had noticed was that Voldemort was afraid of the boy, even if he tried to hide it, Snape knew it, he could read a person very well and he knew for sure that Voldemort feared the boy, he never tried to duel with the boy in an honest way, he had done it while Potter was injured or was very emotional, but not face to face, at least not yet, instead his master always seemed to think of an excuse, like recruiting more Death Eaters or trying to devise a plan to corner Potter where he would be in the disadvantage.

Maybe he had chosen the wrong side, Voldemort's side, or even Dumbledore's, he would have to think about this, but right now, he needed to rest and drifted of into an unrestful sleep.

Meanwhile in the room next door

"People, we have a very serious situation here." Albus Dumbledore said while addressing all the assembled before him "Hogwarts is no more and several thousands of students are still missing, including Harry Potter, while I don't know what happened exactly, Miss

Granger and Mister Weasley do know, so please listen to what they have to say.”

Hermione stood up and walked to the front of the room to where Dumbledore was standing.

“Yesterday evening after you had left to defend Diagon Alley, Harry went down to Hagrid's hut and suggested that he visit his brother in France while he would keep an eye on the school, Hagrid knew about the special training Harry was getting from Dumbledore and was certain that Harry could keep an eye on the castle and control any situation that might occur.”

“Not now Kingsley, I will explain after Miss Granger has completed her story.” Dumbledore interrupted just as Kingsley Shacklebolt was about to open his mouth to say something, he closed it again and nodded.

Hermione took this as her cue to continue “After Hagrid had left the members of the DA started telling everybody every event from the last five years and how you used him as a weapon and had kept the Prophecy from him all these years, most of them were outraged as they now knew him personally, he has made a lot of friends in the past few months and the DA has grown to spectacular sizes, he has used his fame a bit to pursue some persons to join him but never forced them, if they refused they were told to keep their mouths shut until the time Harry would start his first act, as he liked to call it, by using a enchanted paper, anyone who tried to tell somebody who wasn't supposed to know his secrets, they would lose all control over their body until the parchment was destroyed and that happened the moment Harry initiated his first plan, moving Hogwarts. He set an ultimatum to the students who hadn't joined him yet, join him and swear eternal loyalty to his new nation, Insania, or leave the castle, we tried to reason with him but he almost killed us.”

“Thank you Miss Granger. First of all I wish to clear some things up.” Dumbledore said while looking ancient. “It is as Miss Granger has told us that I have been tutoring Harry since the beginning of the school year, teaching him advanced duelling and Occlumency. I have witnessed Harry's power and at this moment I'm afraid to say that he

is at least as powerful as I am, if not stronger. He is able to perform occlumency, even I cannot penetrate his defences anymore.”

“But why haven’t you seen what he was up to when you were teaching him Occlumency.” Kingsley demanded.

“Unlike Severus, I don’t just barge into someone’s memories before they are fully prepared to handle an assault and I did not just legillimens him from our first session, in the beginning I just tried to penetrate his defences true mere eye contact, but unlike Severus had told me, Mr Potter seemed to be quite able to withstand any minor attacks, I was only in his mind for a split second every time before retreating, not wishing to do the boy any harm and search his secrets and humiliating memories. As for duelling after a week or two Mr Potter was able to even best me once and has become increasingly stronger ever since, although he didn’t beat me again, I assume he was holding back, moving Hogwarts is a perfect example of that, although he had some help doing it. Miss Granger, do you know what they did in order to move Hogwarts.”

“The members of the DA placed themselves on the edge of Hogwart’s territory and started chanting while an eerie green light shone from the astronomy tower. That’s all I now. After that the ground just split open and Hogwarts rose into the air and started floating southwards.”

Suddenly the door burst open and Molly and Arthur stormed in.

Ron who was being grumpy all evening and hadn’t spoken a word since yesterday evening was immediately enveloped in one of Mrs Weasley’s famous bear hugs.

“Oh Ron, I’m so glad you’re okay, where’s Ginny.” Mrs Weasley exclaimed.

“That tramp.” Ron spat “has gone of with Potter and his cronies of to God knows where.”

Smack

Ron staggered back from the slap he had just received from Mrs Weasley.

"How dare you call you sister a name like that," Molly said and started to sob uncontrollably.

"Albus would you mind explaining us what happened." Arthur asked while putting a protective arm around Mrs Weasley's shoulders.

Just as Dumbledore opened his mouth to say something three spheres, one red, one yellow a blue one, shot into the room trough the ceiling and straight into Dumbledore's body.

Dumbledore staggered back and started looking around the room as if looking at something that only he could see.

"Albus, what's wrong and what was that." Minerva Mc Gonnagall asked in a concerned voice.

"Minerva, I don't think I'm alone in here anymore." Albus Dumbledore said while tapping his skull with his finger.

All the people gathered in the room looked at him like he had gone crazy, which seemed very likely after all that had happened in the last 24 hours.

Back in the kitchen

Severus Snape woke with a start after having a very bizarre dream.

He had these kind of dreams from time to time, dreams that told him how miserable his live was, the people he had killed and tortured hunting him in his dreams, unlike what other people thought about him, he didn't like doing these things, he just wanted to be on the winning side, that was his Slytherin nature, but this one had a twist in it, something that had convinced him that what he was about to do was the right choice.

And somewhere in the UK.

“Wormtail, come here.” Voldemort said in a dangerous voice.

A short wizard crawled towards his master’s throne and started kissing the hem of his robe “How can I serve you my lord.”

Voldemort just kicked him away.

“I have been hearing some good news, some of the children of my followers have informed their parents that Potter has turned his back on Dumbledore and has moved Hogwarts, it may be the right time to recruit him, especially if he is so powerful, go and find out if these rumours are true, and if they are, find him.” Voldemort hissed.

Wormtail just nodded and scurried out of the dark room.

Nagini slithered over to her master’s lap and put her head on it.

Voldemort stroked it idly while imagining what the world would be like if he could get Potter to join their side.

“Ah, Harry, what you and I couldn’t do if we worked together.”

Suddenly a green sphere shot through the roof and into Voldemort’s body.

“Hah, my heir, it’s good to see someone living up to my legacy, too bad you’re only a half-blood, but you can’t have everything.” A disembodied voice said.

“How dare you call me a half blood, who are you.” Voldemort hissed as he stood up and looked around the room only to see the image of Salazar Slytherin appear in front of his eyes.

Back in Insania

Everyone was seated at their small separate tables in the Great Hall looking expectantly at Harry who was standing at the head of the U-Shaped table where his Iron Circle was seated at the front of the Hall.

“Alright, now that our new base of operations has been established, a bit sooner than I had expected, and our first defensive measure is in place it is time for the next step, but before we proceed you will notice that the lighting and other things in the castle don’t work just yet, that’s because the power core that will supply this castle and the surrounding homes isn’t formed yet, I will take care of this tomorrow, as I will probably need every bit of strength I have in order to create it and the fight with the founders of Hogwarts has worn me down and a lot still has to be done today.” Harry announced. He saw that some people still didn’t quite understand what had happened earlier.

“Now, if the research team for ‘operation Missouri’ would please join me as well as Neville and Dean we can get started.” Before he left he told Ginny to explain what had happened and to ask one of his other research teams to look into the fact why she could use his staff and move through the wards of the castle, something even Dumbledore would have trouble with even if he was extremely mad.

His research teams were a bunch of people, mostly sixth and seventh year Ravenclaws, who had agreed that they would look into developing ways to combine new ways of mixing muggle technology with magic, at this moment it was mainly weapons technology, Harry knew they would never stand a chance fighting experienced witches and wizards with people who hadn’t even finished their education, and then there were the specially trained Aurors, hit wizards and unspeakables, nobody knew exactly all the things they did in the Department of Mysteries, although now they had a vague idea.

As he walked away from Ginny and towards a door in the back of the Hall, the research team for operation Missouri, Neville and Dean following him, the doors to the Great Hall burst open and a drunk professor Trelawney stumbled in, she had been reinstated as Divination professor, with Firenze teaching the fifth, sixth and seventh years, Harry had been able to convince the centaurs to take Firenze back in the herd, at first they had laughed at him when he had asked to join him, they had said that if he wanted them to do anything he had to defeat the leader of the clan, Magorian, and he had done just that, but instead of taking the place of the leader, as was the tradition he had given it to Firenze, but had told him to wait to take the position until he had initiated his first act, surprisingly Firenze had agreed to

all this, Harry had thought it was far more likely Firenze would support Dumbledore instead of him, but it seemed Firenze would rather spend his time in the forest than being cooped up in the castle. Trelawney hadn't stopped drinking when she was reinstated, and in Harry's opinion, was a much better teacher when she wasn't sober.

"I knew I forgot something." Harry grumbled more to himself than anyone else.

"What is happening around here?" Trelawney slurred. "I was just doing a Tarot reading last night in my tower before everything went black and the next thing I now I wake up in a dungeon filled with the entire contents of my tower, I had to walk around for four hours before I found my way to the Entrance Hall and I saw nobody in the meanwhile I heard noise coming from in here, and I must say Albus has done some remarkable things with this place since the last time I was here, by the way, where is he."

"Figures she ended up there," Harry thought "I focused on putting all the junk I wouldn't need in a dungeon far below the castle."

Several people looked alarmed by the sight of professor Trelawney but Harry just stood there, stony faced. . Having no time at the moment to deal with the drunken professor he tried and reached out with his mind while closing his eyes.

"Arakir, can you here me." Harry asked silently.

"Yes Harry, I can hear you." Arakir replied.

"Could you make it into the Great Hall and take care of a little problem for me and drop it of at Number 12 Grimmauld place, I don't now if you will be able to find it as it is under Fidelius."

"Fidelius only affects humans, so it should be no problem, I will get the location from your mind, this will feel a little strange."

Harry just gave the equivalent of a mental nod. Suddenly he gasped in surprise as he felt something very cold seemingly pierce his skull and search through his memories.

Arakir informed him that he had collected what he needed and was on his way to the Great Hall.

Harry opened his eyes and saw that everyone was staring funnily at him while ignoring Trelawney who was ranting about somebody please telling her what the hell was going on as she didn't see any of the teachers in the Great Hall while all the students were assembled there.

Then they heard the front doors burst open and the ones sitting close to the gates of the Great Hall (although they had all moved away some from the drunk divination professor) saw Arakir crawl through the front gates which were just wide enough for him to get through and scrambled back some more.

Trelawney, who was still too drunk to really realise what was going on, turned around to see what the source of the sound was just to see one of the dragons' claws reach out and grab her, Arakir crawled backwards through the door, turned around and took off with a screaming Trelawney in his front left paw.

"While you're on the main land, would you mind bringing back some wild life, it is awfully quiet out there at the moment, you're free to take one of the other dragons with you, Meganos perhaps." Harry suggested.

"Thank you Harry, it has been a long time since we have flown together." They replied in unison and a split second later Meganos who had been lying down on the other side of the gate, opposite Arakir, took off as well.

"Good, now that we have gotten rid of the next member of Alcoholics Anonymous," most of the muggleborn students chuckled while some laughed out right much to the chagrin of the other people in the room, it was something of a nasty habit Harry had, telling a joke that only the muggleborns and some of the half-bloods understood "we can continue with taking care of some issues. See you in a couple hours Gin." Harry yelled over his shoulder as he walked through the door.

They entered a room where several staircases started, some going up, others going down, they took one of the staircases leading down on their left.

Harry summoned his staff and let the emeralds in it glow, illuminating the staircase in that same eerie glow as when he had transported Hogwarts, strong enough to light up the entire staircase that went straight down, yet it blinded no one.

At the bottom of the stairs a large corridor was located that seemed to stretch on for miles. Doors were located on each side of the corridor, each a good 40 meters apart.

Harry walked past a few of them and entered the fourth door on the right, normally a security check had to be performed in order to get in, a small box next to the door would scan your fingerprints, wand and iris, after this you had to say a password and a voice recognition system would check if it was the person trying to get in, only after all this the door would unlock, the doors would still have to be enchanted to withstand certain attacks, but all that could wait, most of the world didn't even now where they were at the moment.

He had bought most of the security devices a while ago and his research teams had transformed them so they could work on raw magical energy, while the old Hogwarts had enough of that, when the founders were defeated and Hogwarts was transformed, the raw magical energy had disappeared, Harry had anticipated something like this might happen so he had developed a backup plan, but that would have to wait until tomorrow. All of the equipment had made a not so small dent in his vast fortune but he estimated that within the next 26 months his balance would be the same as it was four months ago.

As they entered the room Harry created five spheres of white light and send four of them to a corner in the large room and the fifth one to the centre of the room.

The twelve people following him stared in awe at the research facility in front of them.

On the ceiling the fluorescent lighting wasn't working but it would be soon, there were eight designer posts, for the development of new weapons. This was the 'Special Operations Equipment Research Area', there were three other rooms that would keep themselves busy with this.

Each post was outfitted with a state of the art computer, drawing boards and everything else that the researchers might need. The room looked ready to be used, all they needed was power.

At the back of the room a large workshop was located for building new or enhancing already existing weaponry. Next to the workshop a door led to the test area.

"Alright," Harry said to the research team "show me what you got."

"Right." A sixth year Ravenclaw, Terry Boot, said and walked away from the group and to one of the work posts and hit the on button of the computer but when nothing happened he just looked sheepishly at Harry. "Could you." He asked while looking at Harry and pointing at the computer.

Harry just walked over and pulled the plug out and grabbed it in his hand, he focused and his hand started to glow a faint blue and the computer sprang to life.

"Thanks." Terry mumbled and as soon as it done booting up he picked a small crystal from one of his pockets and placed it in a stand meant for these data crystals, he tapped a few keys and a projector in the middle of the room projected a 3d image of the place to where they were going.

Two months ago Harry knew that they would need more advanced methods then simple drawing boards and the computers of the time, so he had suggested to some of the muggleborns that they would have to device a computer that could run on magical power. In the beginning they had used the room of requirement and requested that it be a room where electrical equipment would work and had used a generator to power the computer, after that they had examined it how they could improve it: make it faster, making it able to store larger

amounts of data and process larger amounts and eventually, how to make it run on raw magical power. Hermione had helped with that, she didn't know the true nature of his plans back then, she just thought Harry was doing it to improve the education at Hogwarts, something she couldn't resist. This was probably the only reason why it had worked in such a short period of time. He had only informed Hermione of what he was doing a week in advance of moving Hogwarts, he knew for sure that if he had told her sooner, she would have found a way around the parchment and would have told Dumbledore.

Terry and Hermione, the two best students in Arithmancy and Ancient Runes, had gotten the job done and the result was beyond their wildest imaginations.

The hardest part had been how to transform a device that ran on electricity into one that ran on magic, after this had been achieved, the rest was easy.

After they had discussed what they were going to do and how they were going to do it, Terry handed Harry six red crystals, Harry released the plug to accept the six crystals and the computer went dead. Another one of the research members handed Harry a seventh crystal. "This is the hologram crystal, just touch it with your wand and say activate." Luna said dreamily.

Luna had been one of the best researchers Harry had, her weird ideas and propositions often offered the solution to a problem or one of the best weapons they could imagine.

Luna had been working on a project of her own since the day she had been assigned a researcher, nobody knew what it was, not even Harry but Luna had promised him that she would inform him of what it was as soon as they had relocated Hogwarts and she could start working on it in earnest, she said it was something she had seen on the television when she had spend a holiday in a muggle hotel.

Harry had never been allowed to watch television at the Dursleys so he probably wouldn't even now what she was talking about if she told him. She had known that Harry had been planning on renovating

Hogwarts as well and had requested him to design an area especially for her to work in, deep below the castle, a dungeon at least as large as the Great Hall, even larger if possible, so Harry had done just that.

He had created a vast dungeon. Twice the size of the current Great Hall, another request of her was that she would need to have a tunnel leading into the mountains where another vast complex would be built, led by Luna. The equipment and security Luna would take care of herself. The only down side of the project was that it would at least take a year to create it, if not longer, but Harry had agreed to it, even if the coming war didn't last a whole year he would still need something to protect his new nation for a long time to come, but he was just very curious about what kind of project Luna was working on that would need so much space.

Something else that had surprised Harry was that you couldn't look into Luna's mind using Legillimency, it was just too frantic, he had once tried to make sure she wasn't a security risk as Dumbledore had once tried to look into her mind, although he didn't dare do it with another student, Harry didn't now why, the old man always had a reason for everything.

The ten research members nodded and wished them luck, giving them some last minute advice should some problems arise.

After a minute or two of this Harry held up his hand and they stepped back.

Harry, Neville and Dean each took hold of the pencil. "You guys ready." Harry asked, but he didn't wait for an answer and just yelled: "Activate." And the three of them disappeared.

The ten others went back upstairs while the five spheres illuminated their way. They went outside and sat down on the lawn facing the lake, waiting for the others to come back, everyone else had also come outside after Ginny had explained what had happened and was doing the same now to the research team of 'operation Missouri'.

Harry, Neville and Dean landed in the bridge of the battleship Missouri that was anchored in Pearl Harbour.

As it was only 4 AM there, the ship, which was now a monument, was completely deserted.

“Alright,” Harry began “I will do the crystals at the back and in the mast, Neville you do the ones on the sides and the front, Dean, you do the one under water and the hologram crystal.” The two of them nodded and Harry handed them the crystals they would need.

The plan was to place six crystals on the ships widest points, one on the bow, one in the back, in the centre of the ship left and right and on the highest point and under the hull. The hologram crystal would be placed on the bottom of the water right beneath the ship and would replace the Missouri so the ship wouldn't be missed by the muggles.

While the other two ran of Harry cast multiple charms on the scene. The same as they had put on the Quidditch cup stadium, so whenever a Muggle would come within 30 meters of the ship they would suddenly remember that they had forgotten something important that they had to do and Harry hung a sign at the visitors entrance saying it was closed for maintenance, every time someone would check why they would remember something like buying a present for someone's birthday or something of the sort.

Harry ran to the back of the ship and placed the crystal on the farthest point of the ship he could reach. Next he put a sticking charm on the crystal and levitated it to the highest point of the ship and attached it there.

Suddenly the world seemed to flicker a bit. Harry thought he had lost his glasses or something of the sort as he started seeing some things double. As he tried to work this out a rope came through the illusion as it was thrown over the rail next to Harry and a soaked Dean emerged from the water.

“Mission accomplished.” Dean saluted.

“At ease soldier.” Harry said with a smirk, Dean just liked to play his army game, he had been named commander of this ship until his new vessel would be completed.

Neville came running towards them. “Everything is in place.” He informed Harry.

Harry nodded and walked towards the centre of the ship.

As soon as he was sure he was standing at the exact centre of the ship he started gathering power and concentrated very hard on sending it to the crystals.

After a full minute of this six beams of bright purple light shot forth from Harry and connected with the crystals, as each beam connected with a crystal five beams from each crystal connected with the other crystals, creating a transportation bubble, as his scientists called it.

As soon as Harry felt that all the connections were established he started pouring more power into the crystals.

After a few moments the three of them felt a jolt and the ship started to rise out of the water till it was a good forty meters above it and continued hovering there.

Harry continued to pour more power into the crystals until they started glowing a bright red as more and more connections shot from one crystal to another until they formed a bright purple bubble, Harry stopped but still held the connections and concentrated hard on a spot above the lake back in Insania.

The ship seemed to dissolve from the sky and then it was gone.

Back in Insania the ship appeared above the lake at exactly the spot Harry had imagined.

He slowly reduced the amount of power in the crystals as one by one the connections disappeared and the ship descended until it was bobbing on the water as the last connections disappeared.

The crowd that had gathered on the shore started clapping loudly. The second plan was a success.

Now the changes had to happen fast so that they could modify the guns to be able to fire on magical energy and also fix the engines so they would run on magical energy.

They had to be in Portsmouth at midnight.

Back at the Order of the Phoenix' headquarters

Albus Dumbledore was in the Library having a conversation with, well, himself. Or so it seemed to everyone else at Grimmauld Place

In fact, he was talking to the three of the four founders of the former Hogwarts.

"No Godrich, I won't just go over there and, force Harry to come back, I don't even know if I could make him do anything at the moment." Albus said for what felt like the hundredth time that night.

"Why not, with us helping you, you are a lot stronger and nearly immortal." Godrich said.

"And so is Harry, he is more powerful than me, he even moved Hogwarts, reshaped it and defeated the four of you in a battle of willpower and in a battle where you had the upper hand, you know how much possessing a dragon enforces your strength and magical power, although it is nearly impossible and very draining after a short while. That is also one of the reasons I'd not wish to challenge Harry right now because you aren't at your best, the battle has drained you, and you need to recover first."

"I don't like to say this Godrich, but I think Albus is right, we have not yet recovered enough to have the strength to battle him again." Helga said

"You have a point there Helga, but don't you think Harry is drained as well, not to mention hurt." Rowena asked.

"I don't think he has as much trouble with it as we do, you know very well that moving Hogwarts one day and fighting the four of us the next isn't something that either one of us could have done, we couldn't possibly use the amounts of power he uses in the same period of time, we would need at least a few days to recover," Godrich said "I'm afraid that if we don't get him back on your side soon Albus, he may become too powerful to deal with, I'm afraid we're going to need the help of the ministry."

"You don't know Cornelius, he'll just make me look bad in the press and try to solve it on his own, causing a lot of people to die in vain." Albus just put his head in his hands and considered his options while the three founders remained silent.

Dumbledore had been curious at first as too were Salazar Slytherin had gone to but after the others had said he had left them somewhere on their way to him in the UK, Dumbledore had a pretty bad feeling he already knew where he had gone, and he didn't like it. If Slytherin had merged with Voldemort, they too would be a force to reckon with.

A slight knock on the door startled him and he asked whomever it was to enter.

Hestia Jones came in hesitantly.

"Sir, I have some disturbing news." She said.

"What is it Hestia." Dumbledore said a little irritated.

"A lot of people have requested portkeys and information about Apparation points for Portsmouth, all going to the same destination, almost all of them are parents and/or close relatives of the missing Hogwarts students."

Dumbledore's irritation immediately turned into curiosity.

"Do you think it has anything to do with Harry?" She asked.

Godrich informed Dumbledore of something he had seen in Harry's mind.

"And you couldn't have said something earlier." Dumbledore snapped at a spot on his right.

Hestia took a surprised step backwards. "Sir, are you feeling okay." She asked concerned.

"I'm fine, just an old man's mind playing tricks with him." Dumbledore sighed.

He picked a ruby from one of his pockets and summoned the order telling them to gather at Headquarters as soon as magic would allow.

At half past nine Harry and five of the ship's most important crew members were standing on the bridge of the ship, while two hundred more were stationed below decks in case they came across some resistance, but Harry was sure even if they did they wouldn't need them, the ship would make sure of that.

"Transportation control, prepare the ship for long distance transportation and initiate procedure, destination: five miles south of Portsmouth." Dean commanded through the intercom unit.

Two decks down Alex, a seventh year Hufflepuff replied an affirmative and asked energy control to power up the transportation drive.

Another affirmative was heard through the intercom originating from a compartment on Alex's left.

Deep down in the bowels of the centre of the ship a bright multicoloured sphere pulsed with power, in a compartment that was enlarged by magic to hold the massive sphere of pure magical power, created by Harry Potter, another example of the things one can do with sheer willpower.

When they had discovered Harry had raw magical power in abundance and regenerated whatever he used in one day over night,

no matter what the amount was and became more powerful each day he used massive amounts of power. They had found a way to use this to supply their various equipments with energy.

After some practice Harry had managed to create small spheres of pure magical power that could easily fuel a car for several days, but the process took a lot of time that wasn't very convenient and they were working on a way to accelerate it. To Power the ship they had decided to use a single large energy source instead of making separate ones for every system.

The compartment was guarded by spells cast by Harry himself and could not be entered except when you had permission from Harry, as well as rune magic and it was nearly indestructible. It had to be, because when the compartment would be damaged and the enlargement spell became unstable and it shrunk the sphere would become unstable as well and could explode, with the size and amount of magical power it possessed it could destroy everything in a radius of a 100 kilometres.

The person in the control room pressed a few buttons and in the power source compartment a buzz was heard and a faint humming of power being transported.

Through a fine crystal tube connected with the sphere, there were several more of these connecting with the sphere at different locations, a bright white substance started to flow towards another compartment in the back of the ship where large crystal cylinders were standing in two rows, one on each side of the ship, each connected with the energy sphere by a fine crystal tube on top of the cylinders.

The third cylinder on the portside started to fill, a lot faster than it would seem possible through such a small tube, if you would do this with water it would probably take hours.

"Transportation cylinder is being charged and is at 45 capacity, it should be at full capacity within the next ten minutes." Energy control announced over the intercom.

“Tell us when it is fully charged.” Dean said through the intercom.

He pressed a button and a virtual image of the ship appeared in front of him, showing the condition of the ship in general and each compartment separately when you touched the part of the ship you wanted to see in detail.

“I’m surprised we have been able to install this much in such a short period of time.” Dean said impressed as he checked various parts of the ship.

“It wasn’t necessary to do all this at once but the modification team insisted on doing as much as possible and it’s better to be safe than sorry.” Harry said pleased as he looked at the 3D Image.

“It’s just too bad that they couldn’t install the shield systems yet, now we still have to rise out of the water before we can transport the ship, and the madar (magical activity detection array) isn’t installed either, I would’ve liked to have it installed already, It probably would’ve been useful tonight.” Dean said as the image flickered back to showing the entire ship while six dots were shown on it, marking the location of the transportation crystals and their condition, red meant that they were dormant, pulsing red that they were charging and purple that they were fully charged.

“Transportation cylinder fully charged.” Energy control interrupted their conversation.

“Transportation room, commence procedure.” Dean commanded.

Down in the transportation room Alex entered an eight-digit code into the transport computer and a world map appeared on his screen while deeper down in the ship six-crystal tubes starting from the bottom of the transportation cylinder and going to the six transportation gems started to fill with the bright white substance.

Back in the bridge the six red dots started pulsing.

Alex touched Europe on the chart and the image zoomed in on Europe, next he touched Britain and it zoomed in on it, then the area

where Portsmouth was located and so on until he had their destination in detail on his screen, he marked the exact spot where they were planning to land and confirmed the order.

“Destination set.” He informed the bridge. Next to him another monitor showed that the stones were fully charged.

“Alright commander, ready when you are.” He informed Dean.

Dean entered a twelve-digit code on the keyboard in front of him and a red button appeared seemingly out of nowhere while the same thing happened simultaneously in the transportation room.

“On my mark,” Dean said “Five, four, three, two, one, zero.” Both dean and Alex pressed the red button in front of them and a siren was heard throughout the ship indicating that the finale transportation phase was initiated and the beams connecting the gems started to appear.

When ninety seconds had passed the huge battleship Missouri was bobbing on the water not far from Portsmouth.

“Engine-room, report.” Dean said through the intercom.

“Modifications to the engine are complete sir and it is ready to go, but we can only use 65 capacity from it, as the engines weren’t build for such speed and power, the final modification will have to happen at Dragon’s Beak, the maximum speed we can reach at the moment is 35 knots, but I wouldn’t recommend doing it for more than half an hour as the engine will rapidly overheat at that speed.”

“It will have to do for now, contact me if any problems arise.” Dean replied and he went over to the helm and took over the controls of the ship from the officer, wanting to be the first to pilot a massive battleship like Missouri run solely on magic. In order for the ship to reach its final capacity the hull needed to be reinforced as well as the propellers, shafts, etc or else the ship would probably bend out of shape as well as the shafts and the propellers could brake, the engine could explode and the entire operation would sink to the bottom, literally.

Dean hit the throttle to 50 and the ship shook a little as the turbines whined and the ship started to move.

Twenty minutes later the ship was anchored a hundred meters from the shore in a bay near the city. It was five minutes to midnight and Harry was anxious to see how many people would eventually join him.

Two minutes before midnight a large group appeared on the shore, some of them lighting their wands, making them easy to spot.

“That’s odd,” Harry thought as he looked at them “why would such a large group arrive at ones while it’s not even midnight.”

The group on the shore, wands drawn, looked around for any sign of Harry or other people. They saw nothing and found this odd.

Alastor Moody’s eye whirled around at an incredible speed searching for any threats until he noticed, to most people it just seemed like a shadow, and to see even that you had too now where it was, the sky was clouded and there where no signs of civilization as the shore on which they were standing was located in a depression of the landscape, so it was very dark, but to Mad Eye Moody the thing that was bobbing on the water was very easy to see, a giant ship and his eye stopped spinning so abruptly it almost popped out of its socket, with both eyes fixed on the ship he tapped Dumbledore’s shoulder whom was standing next to him.

“Albus, I think we have a problem.” Moody said and pointed at a spot right in front of him.

Just as Albus squinted to see what Moody was pointing at the image of Harry Potter appeared in front of them without a sound.

Albus yelped in surprise, something that none of them had ever heard him do, while Moody seemed unaffected.

“Hello everybody, surprised to see you here.” Harry said jovially “how nice of you to come and visit me, but as I recall, you weren’t invited.” Expecting a sharp reply from Snape but he was surprised when he

heard none, although he was fully aware that the potion professor was in the crowd "How were you able to know where I would be."

"Hello Harry, I'm sorry I had to find out that a lot of people requested information how to get here and that they were all related somehow to some missing students, you wouldn't know anything about this by any chance." Albus said while looking straight into Harry's eyes with his piercing blue eyes, devoid of any twinkle at the moment.

"Maybe." Harry replied

While Dumbledore was trying as hard as he could to get into Harry's mind, he just couldn't for some reason, even with Godrich's help, yet he didn't meet any resistance, it seemed like there was nothing to enter, nothing at all.

"Albus, what is happening, why can't we enter his mind?" Godrich asked.

"Haven't got a clue." Albus replied silently.

Suddenly another group of people appeared, this one much larger than the previous.

"Ah, I see my new citizens have arrived. Welcome everybody, I know why you are all here so if you would please come a little closer I will show you the way." Harry said cheerfully.

None of them moved when they saw Dumbledore standing a few meters away from Harry.

"Come on people, you don't have to be afraid of the interfering old guy over here," Harry said while pointing at Dumbledore "he won't hurt you."

"Albus take him out now before they begin joining him, show them that they have to obey you, not him"

Albus nodded and whipped his wand out faster than the eye could see. "I'm sorry Harry, please understand it is for your own safety." Dumbledore said gravely.

"Stupefy." Dumbledore said and the stunner shot forth from Dumbledore's wand and straight at Harry who was just smiling, seemingly unconcerned by the spell heading his way.

Instead of hitting Harry, the stunner just flew straight through him while Harry's image flickered for a second and Dumbledore lowered his head in understanding.

Back on board the Missouri laughter was heard from a room next to the bridge.

Harry Potter stood seemingly on a landscape before a large crowd while in reality he was standing in a plain room just 4 square metres in size.

The Hologram Room had been a magnificent invention, while originally meant for long distance communication Harry had found another purpose for it, deceiving the enemy.

"Cannon number five fully charged." A voice through the intercom announced.

Harry pressed a button on the wall that was seemingly floating in mid-air.

"I'm taking over the control of the cannon from the Hologram Room." Harry said.

"Yes sir." The voice replied.

A console appeared out of nowhere and Harry aimed the cannon.

Albus had realized by now that the man standing in front him was nothing more than a hologram but what he was doing now was a mystery to him.

Harry seemed to be speaking to himself and then started doing something else that Dumbledore couldn't imagine what it was.

Suddenly in the distance a large ship became visible when several powerful lights were lit.

The size of the massive dreadnought didn't bother Albus, the thing that did bother him was the fact that one of the turrets was aimed seemingly straight at him which worried him a slight bit more.

"Harry, stop this, you're turning into a loose cannon." Dumbledore pleaded.

THAT was the wrong phrase to use.

"A loose cannon you see Albus." Harry said raising an eyebrow "I'm not a loose cannon."

Just as he finished the phrase he seemed to press a button and Albus had a feeling what he had just done.

"This is."

A glint in the distance confirmed his suspicions and he raised the most powerful shield he could.

Moments later a huge red beam shot over their heads and missed Dumbledore's shield.

The beam slammed into the gentle slope behind them a good distance away from the crowd creating a gaping hole in the landscape.

Moody was the first one to recover from the sudden attack while the others were still stunned from the display of power.

"Good thing the boy can't aim that well Albus I don't think your shield would have withstood such an attack." Moody said and Albus nodded gravely while Harry smirked.

“Did you really think I wanted to hit you,” Harry said “Where would the fun be in that, I want a fair fight with you Albus, but not now, so don’t try anything stupid to stop me or the next shot will be aimed at you.” Harry warned

The cannon needed two minutes to be charged again but they didn’t know that, and since you can’t read a hologram’s mind, they wouldn’t find out either.

“Now,” Harry yelled addressing the crowd “who wants to join me on my quest to create a world without a corrupt government or insane dark wankers.”

“I will.” Somebody from in Dumbledore’s crowd said.

“Did somebody call me?” Someone else hissed.

Author notes: Wow that was one hell of a long chapter. Anyway, Reviews are still very welcome, and if you don’t review I’ll let my dragons have you for breakfast, (insane laughter). My yahoo group is still open for everyone who wants to join, you can discuss my fics on it as well as everything else that involves HP. Chapters will be posted first in the group. Beta found in DragZ(oogies4u) Thank you.

Review responses:

Shadowed Rains: I know I should give some more detail but I’m bad at it, I never seem to get the words right to describe the scene like I imagine it, sorry.

Jarno: about Ginny, not everything is what it seems. For Hermione I have plans but I haven’t figured them out completely and this happens before HBP so Draco isn’t a DE yet.

Freddie: The chamber of secrets has been destroyed, Harry wants nothing to do with Slytherin and his views, as for RoR rooms, the original has remained in the castle but at the moment nobody knows its location, not even Harry, the room has a mind of its own and not even Harry was able to alter it, as for rituals, they will not use them

very much, they will rely more on technology, opposing forces like Voldemort might use them or maybe Dumbledore.

Thanks to everyone else who has reviewed.

Matt101, DerektheRogue, sta spellsprite, Cragnoc, karone-sakura, Rkhiara, freddie.

Sorry if I forgot anyone.

Let the mighty roar their song

“Now,” Harry yelled addressing the crowd “who wants to join me on my quest to create a world without a corrupt government or insane dark wankers.”

“I will.” Somebody from Dumbledore’s crowd said.

“Did somebody call me?” Someone else hissed.

Harry was stunned, completely taken by surprise, a rare feat these days.

Not only because his life-time nemesis (Harry was adamant about the fact that his life only started when he was eleven) had appeared out of nowhere but the fact that his other life-time nemesis was trying to join him, and it wasn’t something planned, Harry concluded when he saw the shocked faces of Dumbledore, Moody and even Voldemort.

“What have I been smoking lately?” Harry muttered to himself “And where can I get some more, I’m seeing shit that’s not possible. Hell must have frozen over a dozen times.”

“However, if he truly wants to join me he could be very useful, I still need a potions master, some of the things we’ve been trying are just too complicated to brew on our own.” Harry thought.

“You will pay for your treachery Snape.” Voldemort hissed and aimed his wand at Severus Snape, a killing curse on his lips.

“Hey Tom,” Harry yelled “Why don’t you take someone of your own size, like me.”

“You consider yourself as powerful as me Potter, what an insult.” Voldemort hissed angrily and fired a killing curse straight at Harry’s torso, not aware of the fact that the real Harry was standing a hundred meters away.

The spell just flew through Harry and his image flickered a moment or two.

Harry appeared to be pressing on something to his right that only he could see and the image froze.

“I’m going to confront him face to face.” Harry said through the intercom.

“You sure that’s wise,” Dean asked concerned “You used up a lot of energy today already and Voldemort is even more powerful than when you are at your best, you’re not ready to battle him yet.”

“I know that,” Harry snapped “but those people over there need my help, if I don’t go he will kill them all and he will let some of them live just to tell the world how weak and frightened we are of him, if I don’t face him, all will be for naught.”

“You’re more important than all that Harry, without you our country won’t even last more than a month.”

“I’m fully aware of that, just charge the cannon and fire it as soon as you can, just make sure you hit Voldemort.” Harry commanded and prepared to transport himself.

Just before he disappeared he heard a “good luck” through the intercom.

Meanwhile in turret number one

When they had been modifying the ship back home the researchers had twenty minutes left before the ship departed so one scientist had been adamant about modifying a second cannon, this one in the front turret.

The others didn’t feel up to it after working five hours at an incredible pace. The fifty researchers that had been assigned to the task of inventing the systems for the modifications of the ship and then

installing them where knackered but one of them would try to get the cannon done by the time the ship departed.

While he had been so focused on his work he hadn't even noticed that the ship had already opened fire once and as he was working in a space with no windows he hadn't noticed that they had transported the ship already either.

The cannon system was a complex invention and had cost many hours of their spare time but it was all worth it, they had built the first cannon fuelled by raw magical energy.

The storage tank for the cannon was located in the turret instead of below decks. The reason for this was that once you released the energy in it, it first went through a magic amplifying device, increasing the energy a hundred times and it transformed the raw energy in a spell like Reducto, giving the beam that was released a function. The cannons on this ship could only fire the Reducto spell, while the ship of which the construction would start soon would be able to cast seven different spells.

After the MAD the energy shot through a large pipe, the inside of it coated with diamond as no other material was able to withstand this kind of power, it was this that made it dangerous to place the storage tank in the bottom of the ship, the distance it would have to travel to the turret was too large of a risk, if the ship suffered any damage and the pipe broke or had a weakness in it they could blow up part of the ship, and the pipe needed to have the ability to move because when the turret turned in order to aim, the pipe had to move as well.

So they had decided to place the entire system in the turret, the inner wall of the cannon's barrel had been coated in platinum or else the metal would just disintegrate because of the sheer amount of magical power going through it.

Two more of these units would have to be installed in turret number one and two and three more in the turret at the back of the ship.

He had just finished coating the barrel with the platinum and was working on the MAD, the last modifications were done, now he just had to test the system.

He turned the switch on the side of the machine in the ON-position and a soft humming followed by a faint purple glow emanating from the machine assured him that it was fully operational.

He pressed the intercom button. "Bridge, this is researcher Michael, the centre cannon of turret one is modified and ready to go."

Dean, who had been swearing violently for a full minute suddenly stopped dead in his tracks, he rushed to the intercom unit and hit the button rather hard.

"What did you just say?" Dean asked incredulously.

"Cannon number two on turret number one is fully..." Michael repeated.

"I could kiss you." Dean yelled, interrupting him "energy control, give turret number one access to the core. Everyone prepare for battle." Dean commanded.

"Yes sir." It chorused from different parts of the ship.

"Watch out Tommy boy, we've got a few surprises up our sleeve just for you." Dean said wickedly as he saw the energy gauge of the cannons rise. He would soon find out that the second cannon wasn't the only surprise that Voldemort would encounter.

"What is this magic, I can't hit him with a single spell." Voldemort demanded, he had been trying to hit Harry, or what he thought was Harry, with almost every spell he could think of and every time the spell just flew straight through him and the image flickered for a second or two.

"Well, maybe instead of trying to hit Potter I should try to hit something else." Voldemort hissed sadistically and he just pointed his

wand at the Dumbledore's crowd, not even taking the effort to aim a specific target.

"Avada Kedavra"

the sickly green coloured curse flew straight at Tonks who was standing to Dumbledore's left who had known what spell Tom was about to use and had summoned a large rock, the spell hit the rock instead of Tonks and exploded.

"Hey Tom, I told you to take on someone of your own size." Harry yelled, he had appeared just when Voldemort was distracted and fired a powerful bludgeoning curse at Voldemort.

Voldemort was thrown backwards from the surprise attack.

Voldemort landed with a dull thud but was back on his feet within the blink of an eye.

"You'll pay for that Potter." He hissed.

"We'll see about that Tom." Harry shot back.

"Don't call me that, Crucio."

Harry's staff materialised out of thin air and the emeralds in its head glowed briefly. Harry put the head of the snake like staff in the curse's path and it was absorbed.

"Come on Tom, you'll have to do better than that." Harry said mockingly.

"Believe me Potter, I haven't even started." Tom sneered, the dark lord began to focus and a dark aura started to surround him, growing larger and larger until it was several meters in diameter.

Harry swallowed, this wasn't going to be an easy fight and he felt his magic draining rapidly, the construction of the core had taken a lot out of him, if he didn't come up with a strategy soon, he would most likely

be dead within the hour, there was no way he could fight Voldemort in a full-out magical battle right now.

“Let’s see what you can do Potter.” Voldemort said with a hint of anticipation in his voice “Avada Kedavra”

Harry ducked to the right and fired a Reducto spell at Voldemort which just dissipated as soon as it hit the black aura surrounding Voldemort. He was surprised by this but didn’t show it.

“Always starting with the big guns eh Tom, I must say that is a neat trick, the black aura thing.”

Now it was the dark lord that was surprised but he didn’t show it either, he was surprised by the fact that the boy could see auras, only two other were present at the time, Alastor Moody and Albus Dumbledore.

“Sagitto” the dark lord hissed in frustration, he had hoped to confuse Harry by making it look as if his spells couldn’t hit him at all so that he would lose confidence, but the boy had noticed it and now summoning the aura had been for naught, but it would still stop weaker spells from hitting him.

Arrows shot forth from Voldemort’s wand and towards Harry who conjured a blue metallic shield and blocked them, one of the arrows bounced off the shield and hit a Death Eater instead, the crowd was suddenly aware that there were still other enemies beside Harry and Voldemort, they had all been so focused on the battle they had forgotten about the others.

The Death Eaters fired a volley of spells at Dumbledore’s crowd and they immediately returned fire. The third crowd that were supposed to join Harry tonight hesitated a moment or two and then started to attack the Death Eaters as well whom were now greatly outnumbered. Back on board Dean was watching the battle with a pair of magically amplified binoculars and smiled, it was going better than expected and Voldemort’s Death Eaters were fighting a lost battle. A buzzing alerted him that the cannon in turret number two was fully charged.

“Turret control, aim straight at Voldemort but wait until you have a clear shot, if you miss fire the second cannon at him as well, if you do hit him aim at his forces and take out as many as you can.”

He got a quick affirmative in response and could see the turret turn in front of the bridge.

He knew that the cannon wouldn't kill Voldemort, it couldn't, because of the prophecy, but it would hurt like hell.

“Transport vessels, approach the shoreline till you are 200 meters from it and wait there until further notice, you never know we're going to need them.” Dean said and looked at Voldemort through his binoculars, not wanting to miss the moment the cannon hit the sadistic bastard, if it hit him that is.

On the side of the ship two medium-sized vessels departed from the Missouri and headed towards the battle on the shore.

The 200 wizards and witches aboard these vessels were anxious that they were going to battle but they knew that they weren't going to get even closer to it than 200 meters if wasn't necessary, nonetheless, they were all itching to use their new equipment in real combat.

The battle between Harry and Voldemort was fierce, neither of them showing any sign of giving up any time soon but at this point Voldemort had the upper hand.

The Order was still battling with the Death Eaters but was heading towards a glorious victory, so far they had no casualty's on their side, only a couple of wounded while the Death Eaters had already suffered some losses, but most of them were just stunned or incapacitated.

Suddenly Harry caught a shimmer in the distance from out of the corner of his eye and jumped back a few dozen meters aided by his magic.

Voldemort was surprised by this and assumed that Harry was exhausted and tried to stall. He readied himself to deal Harry the final blow but suddenly sensed something very powerful heading his way.

He turned in the direction of the incoming power, trying to determine its source and for once those snake-like were round with fear.

He poured more power in his black aura, hoping that it would at least dissolve part of the powerful and destructive beam.

The beam connected with his aura and a massive power struggle began.

Voldemort countered it with everything he had but it just wasn't enough, slowly but surely the beam that was pounding against his aura gained territory and inched closer towards Voldemort while Harry just stood a few dozen metres farther smirking, sensing that it was unlikely that Voldemort wouldn't get away unscathed from this attack

After half a minute of battling with the beam Voldemort realised he couldn't win and he did the only thing he could do. He let go of the aura, there was no reason anymore for him to waste energy on it when it was useless, and jumped to the left but it didn't do any good.

Because of Voldemort's aura the powerful beam had gathered momentum against it and as soon as Voldemort dissolved the aura that momentum was released in a gigantic explosion that rocked the earth. A cry of terror and pain was heard over the battlefield making everyone on it wince.

The fighting stopped while everybody looked expectantly and hopeful at the small dust cloud that surrounded the spot where Voldemort was last seen.

One part of the crowd was hopeful that Voldemort was destroyed, the other that he was still alive, but two people on the battlefield knew for sure that he wasn't dead, or at least they thought so.

Harry and Dumbledore were both dumbstruck when they saw lord Voldemort lying on the ground, barely breathing, bleeding profusely. The sickly black aura was slowly retreating back into his body, Voldemort was dying.

“ Nice trick Potter,” he spat and coughed up some blood “Channelling your magic into a device and trying to destroy me with it, but it won’t work, I’m not beaten yet.”

Harry suddenly understood why Voldemort was so badly injured. He was supposed to destroy him, or his magic, the ship’s core was part of his magic so it had nearly killed Voldemort, but it wasn’t enough, it would have to come from him directly but Harry knew he didn’t have the power at this moment to do it.

“Yeehaa,” Dean yelled “we hit the son of a bitch right in the face. Good thing we built in those energy buffers or else the ship would’ve probably been blown up instead of snake face.” He added as an afterthought when he looked sideways at a small gauge that was displayed on one of the screen. The gauge showed the energy usage in Kilo Watt (apparently James Watt had been a wizard whom had helped create the Hogwarts Express and after the muggles had used his name as a unit for electrical power, the Wizarding community decided to do the same but for magical power as they had no unit for it, to honour him for making it easier for parents to send their children to Hogwarts) and was scaled from one to twelve. When Voldemort was battling with the beam the indicator had been standing on 10.9 (which lay in the red zone) and had been climbing to 11.5, but right now the indicator going back towards zero, normally the indicator would drop back down to zero in an instant but after the beam had been active for a long period of time the conductors like diamond and platinum stored some of the energy that was being sent through them and it took a minute or two for them to fully discharge. Beneath the energy gauge the temperature was displayed, this indicator was just below the red zone and was creeping back at a very slow pace, at this rate it would take fifteen minutes before they would be able to fire it again.

“I will have to suggest building in a cooling system to our scientists, this is something that can’t happen when we are engaged in a full-scale battle.” Dean mumbled thoughtfully.

A small buzz alerted him that the second cannon was charged up.

“Fire at those Death Eaters and kill as many as you can.” Dean ordered “And get a technician up here to cool that barrel down.”

“What the hell.” Dean muttered as an unearthly green glow came from where the battle on land was still raging on. Once the black aura around Voldemort had fully disappeared something else took its place.

A blinding green glow surrounded Voldemort for a moment or two and the next Voldemort was back on his feet, only this time instead of the sickly black aura a sickly green aura surrounded his body.

“Ah Harry Potter.” The distorted voice of Lord Voldemort said “Not happy to see me.”

“Shit happens Slytherin,” Harry spat “I should say it’s a pleasure to see you so soon again but then I would be lying. I should’ve figured you would join your half-blood heir”
Somewhere high above the city of London

“Harry is in trouble Arakir.” Meganos said as a frightened feeling suddenly overtook her.

“I believe you are right and he needs our help, he is not too far away, we can reach him shortly if we hurry up.” Arakir answered and started accelerating while Meganos followed.

“You won’t be ssso rude after I’m finisshed with you.” Salazar replied angrily in parseltongue as his aura swirled angrily and tried to lash out at Harry.

“You won’t even be able to hisss when I’m done with you.” Harry said back in parseltongue.

“You sssound pretty sssure of that, very well then, let’sss begin.” Salazar said as he conjured a blade from thin air “But I can sense that your power is not nearly as strong as yesterday, at this moment I am more powerful than you and Albus over there even with the help of Helga, Rowena and Godrich.” He continued in English.

“He can sense power levels.” Harry thought alarmed “that can’t be good, he’s more powerful than me at the moment, or he’s just bluffing, this is the founder of Slytherin were talking about.”

“Why didn’t any of you inform me of this,” Albus demanded angrily at the other occupants of his mind.

“Because we didn’t know Albus.” Godrich said a little frightful.

“why?” He demanded.

“Because Salazar has always been the one that relied on power while we relied on experience and skill, he has undergone many rituals to become more powerful but kept all of his doings a secret from us, he wanted to be the most powerful of us four and apparently he has found a way to sense how much magical power a person has at the moment.” Rowena explained.

“That, or he’s just bluffing.” Helga quipped in.

“Somehow I doubt that.” Dumbledore thought and sighed, this could be the day when Evil conquered Good, although he wasn’t really sure on which side Harry was.

He wasn’t on Voldemort’s side, which was evil, and neither was he on his side which he considered good, but he knew that in Harry’s perspective he was good and Albus was something ... else.

When Harry spoke up Albus’ attention was drawn back to the battle.

“Why would I believe you,” Harry asked “you could just as well be bluffing and trying to get me to flee.”

“Only one way to find out.” Salazar smirked evilly as he took on a combat stance.

Harry didn't even bother to take on a duelling stance and attacked right away, if he was indeed weaker than Salazar/Voldemort at the moment he would have to make sure he deals the first blow.

He tapped a plain iron ring on his finger and his sword appeared in his hand, ready to slice through anything in its way.

The sword had been a funny thing, Harry thought, sure, he had been practicing sword fighting over the summer but he had been rather clumsy in it. With the reformed sword of Godrich Gryffindor he could fight like the best, the blade didn't bother him anymore, it seemed like it was just an extension of his arm. It was the same thing with his staff, when he had first seen the thing in the black family vault, standing on a small pedestal. He had immediately thought that it would be an obstruction to use it in combat but he hadn't been able to resist trying it once, just to see how it handled and he was surprised when the emeralds in it glowed briefly and seemed to shimmer afterwards while before he touched the staff they had been dull and lifeless.

Another thing about the sword was that it had been annoying him where he was going to store it while he wasn't using it, he didn't want to walk around with a sword hanging on his belt, it looked silly on him. When he was pondering over this he thought that maybe he could shrink it when suddenly the sword in his hand disappeared. He had looked around bewildered wondering where his sword had gone to when he noticed the ring on his finger. He thought about changing the sword back in its original shape and the next moment the ring had disappeared and the sword reappeared.

Salazar countered with his own sword and lashed out with it at Harry's face who ducked low and swished the sword in a circle aiming Salazar's legs who just jumped into the air and landed some distance away from Harry.

“You’re pretty good with a sword Potter,” Salazar remarked “Now let’s see how good you are with a wand.” He finished as he summoned Voldemort’s wand from where it had fallen on the ground when Voldemort had been struck by the cannon, apparently it had survived the attack.

Harry just summoned his staff from thin air, apparently this surprised Slytherin.

“ Impressive item you got there Potter,” Salazar said as he scrutinized the staff “I’m surprised you’re able to use it as it has been a family heirloom since the day I made it, but I don’t sense my heir signature on you.”

“You may want to thank Tom for that, he apparently shared some of his gifts with me after he tried to kill me.” Harry replied.

Slytherin scowled for a moment and looked at Harry through angry red glowing eyes. “Anyway, I want that artefact back.” He stated.

“Come and get it.” Harry shot back and prepared himself for magical combat but didn’t put his sword away, he was weaker at the moment and he could use every advantage he had, including using his sword to throw curses and slice through his opponents body, the Ministry would hopefully back him up.

“Withdraw that order,” Dean shouted “try to hit Voldemort again and make sure you don’t hit Harry.”

He knew that it wouldn’t have killed Voldemort to hit him with the cannon but it should’ve weakened him considerably, instead it seemed like Voldemort was even stronger now than before he was hit and Dean knew Harry was weakened by the construction of the ship’s core.

Salazar had dissolved his sword and was now throwing curse after curse at Harry who just dodged and deflected them, ducking left and right.

Salazar had cast a powerful shield around him and just stood still while trying to hit Harry with everything he got.

Harry knew that that was a big mistake, now that he knew the core was part of his energy he had tried to sense it and found out that he could, he could feel the energy flowing in the ship and he sensed that the cannon was about to fire again.

The beam shot forth again but this time Salazar was prepared, he dispelled his shield knowing that it wouldn't be able to resist the attack and transformed his wand into a long wooden staff with a shimmering onyx stone on top.

He pointed the staff straight at the beam as if trying to attack but instead he just waited and let it come near him while Harry just stared dumbfounded at his enemy.

“Is he mad or just arrogant.” Harry thought.

The beam connected with the staff, but instead of turning it into dust the staff held the beam in place and it came to an abrupt hold an inch or so in front of it, Salazar was trying to get it under control but it was very powerful and slowly he was pushed back.

Just when Harry thought he would lose he pulled the staff up and it drew the beam with it sending it up into the sky, it shot straight up for a few seconds until it was a good distance away from the ground until Salazar jerked the staff back down and the beam turned back down to earth, heading straight for the Order and the people that should join Harry tonight as they were fighting with some of the last Death Eaters.

Salazar just laughed insanely as he saw the beam closing the distance.

Harry saw it all happening in slow motion, he started to run towards the group, completely forgetting that there were faster ways to reach them in his panick, in the hope that he could stop the destructive magic heading towards them while screaming for them to get out of the way.

Albus Dumbledore hadn't felt this alive in a long time, with the combined powers of the three founders he was stronger than he had been in the past fifty years.

He was fighting seven Death Eaters at the same time while moving so fast the seven men had difficulty following him, and at the same time he was throwing spell after spell taking out one person after another and he didn't even feel the slightest bit tired. All in all, he was having the time of his life.

Then he sensed something powerful heading his way from above and he looked up, he froze when he saw a large red light heading straight towards them. Because of this distraction two Death Eaters managed to hit him with a cutting curse and a petrifying charm but both of them just ricocheted off Dumbledore's personal shield and hit two other Death Eaters instead.

The Death Eaters that had thrown the spells at him wondered what he was looking at and they looked up at well and froze as well.

Harry ran as fast as he could but he realized he wouldn't be able to reach it in time, he aimed his staff at the beam and tried to alter its course but to no avail, it just kept heading straight towards the middle of the crowd.

When the beam was about forty meters above the crowd Harry knew it was too late and tripped over an outcropping and he crashed face first on the ground.

He didn't try to get up, he knew it was too late, instead he waited for the explosion that was bound to accompany the impact of the beam.

But instead of hearing an explosion he heard gasps of surprise from all around him, he looked up to see what had happened and stared in shock at what was happening in front of him.

Albus Dumbledore, once over the initial shock of seeing Harry's weapon heading straight towards him, transformed his wand in a six foot long staff, carved a rune in the ground with it and began chanting

a powerful shield incantation that would protect him from any harm outside of the metallic bleu shield that surrounded, it was also very draining, he just hoped he could maintain it long enough to survive. While anybody outside the shield could only see a bleu metallic sphere he could see everything from the inside and he looked intently at the red energy heading towards him.

At the last possible moment something bleu and metallic, much like his shield shimmered into existence and a massive dragon was suddenly floating above him and beneath the beam.

The dragon flapped its wings and opened its beak while aiming for the beam, he flew straight towards it and seemed to swallow it, the dragon hung suspended in mid-air as the beam just kept coming and the dragon still kept absorbing it.

Harry stood up and looked at it with amazement and whispered a single word "Arakir."

Back on board the Missouri chaos ruled the bridge

Dean was staring at the energy gauge which was currently displaying the power usage to be 12.9 kilowatts and the thing didn't even show that number, the entire console crackled with power as an alarm howled throughout the ship, indicating an energy overload, the barrel that was firing was starting to glow red and the temperature display was flashing a warning signal.

Instead of hitting snake face he had redirected the beam and seemed to be drawing on the ship's core and they had been unable to stop the beam.

"Energy control," Dean shouted "pull the breakers, NOW" he roared the last word through the intercom.

A few decks down a sixth year witch opened a panel in the wall at the back of the room in which the energy control was located and pulled two large levers.

A resounding explosion rocked the ship and turret number one exploded as the MAD, which was already overloaded by the amount of energy being channelled through it exploded from the repercussion of the beam which suddenly snapped in two between Arakir and the ship and was sucked back into the ship, a moment later the energy buffers exploded as well, they were located on the outside of the turret and after being charged up with excess energy from the core that the MAD couldn't process because it was too much, they needed to discharge, but because of the circuit breakers they couldn't send it back to the core, when the MAD exploded the energy that was sent back by the explosion it was just too much for them to handle.

In the control room displays exploded as well as almost all of the energy conductors and circuit breakers, the witch was thrown backwards against the opposite wall and slumped down unconscious.

On the bridge several displays exploded and a large piece of shrapnel pierced the separate shields surrounding it while narrowly missing Dean's head who was staring in shock at the burning turret, he slowly turned around and saw it imbedded in the wall separating the bridge from the holographic chamber and realized how lucky he was.

He shook his head and turned his attention towards the ship and started commanding the people what to do, they immediately shot into action repairing damage to the ship and extinguishing the fires. As the remaining part of the energy was absorbed by Arakir he started to pulse with power and his blue scales shone like a beacon, a few moments later Meganos shimmered into existence as well and the two dragons began to circle each other while flying.

The power pulsing around Arakir reached out and started to envelop Meganos as well while all of the people beneath them stared at them in awe, even Salazar was stunned and could do nothing but stare at the scene before him.

When the power pulsing around Meganos equalled that around Arakir both dragons shot up straight into the air and started hovering a good

two hundred meters above them, they both turned their heads towards Salazar and opened their jaws wide.

Simultaneously a red beam shot forth from both of them, the beams spiralled each other for a short distance and suddenly became one, heading straight towards Salazar, who was still frozen on the spot.

Even if he had been able to think coherently at the moment it would have been unlikely that he would've been able to avoid being hit by it.

It hit him straight in the chest, but instead of detonating on impact it took a sharp turn and didn't impact with the ground but turned back upwards and took Salazar along with it, it headed towards a hill in the distance and just slammed against with Salazar pressed between rock and the energy and he cried out in agony so loud that the people, who were now some distance away from him could hear it as if he was standing no two feet away from them and all of them winced in sympathy, even Harry.

Even now instead of just exploding the beam just kept pushing until the rock gave way and Salazar was used as a drill bit, driving him deeper into the ground.

The screams of agony disappeared but the beam stayed, the next moment everybody was thrown backwards by a powerful explosion that vaporised the hill and caused large waves on the normally peaceful water of the bay and rocked the Missouri.

The smaller vessels that had been dispatched were hit hard as well and their drivers tried with all their might to keep them from tipping over and by some miracle they succeeded. When the men and women on board looked at the shore they could see a large crater where there had previously been a large hill and they cheered, convinced that Voldemort couldn't have survived that, no matter what.

The two dragons that were still hovering in the air suddenly lost their balance and fell down to the earth.

Harry saw this but was still too disoriented from being thrown back to do anything about it, at the very last moment the dragons righted

themselves and flapped their wings a few times and landed slowly on the ground.

The dragons looked at the crater intensely and threw their heads back and gave an almighty roar.

To Harry it sounded like a beautiful song of victory and he listened intently at while lying on the ground.

To the rest of the crowd it didn't sound like a song at all and most of them quickly got up on their feet and scurried away, except for Albus Dumbledore, Alastor Moody who was clutching his arm which was bleeding from a cut while his magic eye was focused on the dragons and his normal eye on Harry.

As Harry listened to the song he felt the aches of the battle disappear and power return to him.

Slowly he got up and stretched feeling everything pop back into place and turned around to face the dragons.

A large smile appeared on his face and he felt at peace as he listened to the dragon's song.

The two stopped and looked straight at Harry with their identical eyes.

"What was that?" Harry asked.

"That was our song of victory." Meganos said through their bond.

"It's beautiful." Harry said and both dragons bowed their head at the praise.

"We are quite tired now but we still have to make it home so we better get going." Arakir said and yawned, the people that had just come a little closer out of curiosity why Harry was having an apparently one-sided conversation with the dragons quickly scurried back when they saw this and thought it was going to attack.

“There’s no need for that,” Harry said “you just go over to the ship, there’s enough room on the aft deck for you I think.” And he pointed towards the ship and looked at it and saw for the first time the inferno that had been the front turret and smoke coming from various parts of the ship and it was slightly tilting to the left but it seemed to be in no imminent danger or else they would’ve shot of an alarm signal although he could hear a distinct whine of the overload alarm.

Harry shot some red sparks from his staff and a minute later two rather large APCs (Armoured Personnel Carriers) arrived on the beach, they were stolen from the American army by another team when Harry, Dean and Neville had transported the Missouri, they could transport up the two hundred people each and could easily cross a short distance over sea.

Neville got out of the carrier first and approached Harry.

“Sweet Merlin Harry, what happened over here.” Neville asked nodding his head towards the smoking crater.

“Not now Neville. I’ll give a full debriefing once we get back home.” Home, he liked to say that word these days “just get the people that want to join us on board the Missouri, I’m going over there to see if I can help.”

Just as Harry was about to leap on Meganos’ back in order to go back to the ship, he didn’t wish to risk transporting himself, he could end up in the middle of a blazing inferno, Dumbledore stepped forward.

“Harry I can’t let you do this.” Dumbledore said and aimed his wand at Harry, knowing for sure this time that it was actually him, but he had no more than just opened his mouth to utter an incantation when Meganos stepped in front of the powerful mage and roared as loud as she could, her beak not three feet away from Dumbledore.

Dumbledore was covered in spittle and had closed his eyes, when he opened them he was staring straight into the beast’s nostrils and looked up a bit seeing the intense emerald gaze scrutinize him.

The nostrils flared and Dumbledore's hat was blown away, Meganos turned around and Harry hopped on her back.

"As you see my companions disagree with your statement so mind your own business." Harry said and smirked "or else my other companion over there," Harry continued while indicating Arakir "will not be so friendly to give a warning first and attack afterwards." "I hope you don't mind staying here a little longer to keep an eye on things over here." Harry addressed Arakir and the dragon just shook its head.

As Harry's words sunk in, they did a moment too late as Meganos' tail knocked him off his feet.

"Alright people, everybody line up." Neville yelled as the people that had been waiting in the APCs vacated them in order to let the people that wanted to join them be transported to the Missouri.

In awe of the dragons the people just complied without hesitation.

Severus Snape was standing in the line as well and looked apprehensive at Neville who was holding a list of people of whom they were sure they were joining them, Neville and Snape had always been hostile towards each other although Harry didn't have the slightest clue why except that Neville had probably set a record in melting cauldrons and botching potions, but even in the very beginning Snape hadn't liked Neville.

"Professor Snape," Harry called and both the Potions Master as Neville looked at Harry in surprise as well as many others that had come along with Neville "I think it might be best if you accompanied me, we have some matters to discuss I believe."

Now Snape looked alarmed at the dragon and swallowed. "On that thing." He asked in a high pitched voice.

Meganos, who had been facing the other way turned around abruptly almost throwing Harry off her back in the process and glared at the man.

“No offence,” Snape said in a voice so high it almost matched Dobby’s when he was excited as he shielded himself with his arms and backed away slowly “but dragons have a nasty reputation of killing every person that tries to mount them.”

Harry hoisted himself back on Meganos’ back properly and addressed him.

“As you can see quite clearly I’m sitting on her back and I’m not roasted, now am I, now stop offending Meganos and get a move on, the Missouri needs me, get on her back now or stay behind and go back to Dumbledore.” Harry said in a harsh voice.

Snape nodded and stopped towards Meganos slowly who crouched low and extended her wing in order to help the potions master on board, although she didn’t like it.

As soon as he was high enough Harry grabbed hold of Severus’ extended arm and hoisted him up onto Meganos’ back.

“I hope you know how to ride this thing.” Snape asked but instead of the usual sneer he looked a bit afraid, something that was totally new for Harry to see “Nope, it’s my first time as well.” Harry grinned and before Snape could reply Meganos took off. “Hold on tight.” Harry yelled and laughed as they picked up speed.

Snape did something he would have never thought would happen in his life as long as he had anything to say about it, he held on to Harry for dear life as the dragon suddenly dived and made a corkscrew before shooting back upwards and flying upside down, but neither of the two fell off, then she dove straight towards the water at high velocity, gave a few strong beats with her wings once they were back upright and landed gracefully on the aft deck of the Missouri.

Snape looked green as he hopped of Meganos back as soon as they had landed. Harry jump of too and landed next to him.

“Wow, that was fantastic, Professor Snape, I didn’t know you could scream like a girl.” Harry said with a smile and started walking towards the bridge and noticed that the tilting was not a s bad as he has first estimated “Please follow me professor, I need to take care of some things and then you and I are going to have a nice and long conversation.”

Snape just followed while grumbling under his breath.

When Harry arrived at the bridge everything seemed to be pretty much under control, several things were still being repaired, Dean was looking intently at a hologram of the ship in the centre of the room that flickered in and out of existence while a mechanic was working furiously on the device that controlled it and was standing on a metal table.

“Hurry up.” Dean growled in annoyance.

The mechanic tapped a crystal with his wand and closed the latch of the devise and it worked properly once more.

“Thank you.” Dean said and began tapping different sections of the ship and a report about each section was shown on a screen next to the device.

Harry coughed and Dean looked at the disturbance.

“Harry, thank Merlin you’re okay.” Dean exclaimed.

“I’m fine,” Harry said “What is the damage.”

“A minor breach in the hull, it is being repaired as we speak, in the meanwhile the pumps can easily handle it, the number one turret is blown up and some people are trying to extinguish the flames as we speak, the energy control room is in ruins, Susan Bones was injured when an explosion occurred in it, the core is still stable but one of the

transportation crystals is damaged, the mechanics are working on it now, we probably won't be able to use the system for a few hours. Most of the energy conductors are ruined, the only thing that's still working is the main power fortunately or else the pumps wouldn't work either." Dean concluded and only then did he notice the person standing behind Harry and Dean immediately drew his wand "What is he doing here."

"Not now," Harry said "first we have to make sure everyone gets on board and we start heading back home. Is the mess hall enlarged to accommodate all of the people joining us."

Dean nodded.

"Good, notify me as soon as everyone is on board." Harry said and mentioned for Snape to follow. He headed towards a door at the back of the bridge and descended a metal ladder, Snape followed and Harry went down another deck.

He walked through a narrow corridor towards the back of the ship and passed by the energy control, sparks lighted the room occasionally as a team of four people did what they could to restore the room. Luckily most of the engineers and mechanics had stayed aboard the ship to say how it functioned and if some improvements had to be made.

Who could've guessed that it was such an unstable system, in the first battle the ship was badly damaged and would probably need a day or two to be fully repaired and other modifications still had to be made.

The ship was no longer tilting so Harry guessed they had repaired the leak.

He entered a door on the right and found himself in his personal quarters, the room was larger than it could possibly be with the outside dimensions of the ship but it contained a second bridge, a meeting area, an office area complete with an ornate oak desk, a very comfortable looking chair behind it, filing cabinets that were contained info and blueprints of the ship and other projects they were

working on, a golden perch with ruby's and emeralds adorning it for Hedwig and a living area, there was a separate bedroom and bathroom. Harry had declined the offer when they proposed all of this but the engineers had been adamant that their commander needed all of this.

He motioned for Snape to take a seat at the table in the meeting area.

They took seats opposite each other. As soon as Harry was seated a loud pop was heard and a high pitched voice spoke.

"Would Harry Potter Sir like something to drink." Dobby asked.

"No thank you Dobby, would you like something Professor." Harry asked.

Snape declined his offer and Dobby disappeared again looking a bit miffed.

"So professor," Harry asked nonchalantly as he put his feet up on the table "why have you decided to join me."

Snape looked straight into Harry's piercing green gaze and was unable to look away and started to tell his reasons.

"Earlier today I had a nightmare, I have a lot of those, I see the people I killed and tortured, I know it was wrong what I was doing but Dumbledore insisted I stay in Voldemort's ranks as a spy, I had no choice, it was either that or be exposed as a spy, something that would surely lead to my demise. But today my nightmare was different, it started just the same as any other but then you showed up and that changed everything, I know I might not have been the nicest person you have met but I meant no ill will towards you," Harry opened his mouth to reply but Snape just kept telling his story "I know that our occlumency lessons were far less than enjoyable but it was how I was supposed to do it by Voldemort, if I would've actually helped you he would've noticed and killed me, even if I had just been civil to you potions class the Slytherins would've reported this and I knew the prophecy, I was the spy that had overheard that night when

Dumbledore interviewed Trelawney, so I knew he would rise again and I had to keep up the appearance as Dumbledore insisted. But after everything I have been through especially the last few months I can't take it any more. I have to kill innocent muggles in order to stay in Voldemort's good graces and at the request of Dumbledore, he doesn't care what happens to me or those people, as it all for the 'greater good'" Snape sighed and closed his eyes as he was finally able to look away from Harry's.

"Yes, the 'greater good'. I've thought a lot about that and I think that Dumbledore has been in control for far too long, he just doesn't realize the value of life, even if it is only on person." Harry concluded with a weary sigh. "But you have not yet convinced me completely that you truly wish to join me so I will have to ask a favour of you," Snape looked apprehensive once more, something that truly didn't show an awful lot of times on the potions master's face but he nodded all the same, realizing there was no turning back now "you will have to lower your occlumency shields and grant me full access to your memories, and you can be sure of it that I will now when you try to hide anything."

He looked totally taken aback by this request. "Do I really have two," he asked like a kid that didn't want to eat its spinach "I have done many things that I'm not proud of."

"Rest assured that I won't make you relive your worst memories," Harry said and saw Snape flinched at the remark "I'm just going to look if joining me is your true intention."

Snape closed his eyes for a second and leaned back thinking about Harry's offer, after a minute or two he opened his eyes again and looked straight in Harry's which were still looking at him in that soul piercing gaze. He nodded and lowered his mental barriers.

He felt Harry entering his mind and wanted to raise his occlumency shields back up immediately but found that he couldn't and slowly images started to flicker before his eyes: hearing the prophecy, Dumbledore asking him to spy on Voldemort, Voldemort telling him to

torture innocent people, Harry in potions class, him teaching Harry Occlumency lessons.

All of a sudden the images stopped and he saw Harry sitting opposite him with an amused smirk on his face.

After a few moments of this Snape lost his patience "What's so funny." He barked.

"The irony," Harry replied and seeing Snape's confused expression he continued "at the Beginning of this summer I hated you with a passion for not helping me when I thought Voldemort was holding Sirius and for many other things but now you will most likely become one of my most trusted officers of my Iron Circle as I like to call them, as a matter of fact I was searching for someone that had a lot of knowledge about potions and now it seems that I have found someone, if you are willing to take the position, I have never forced one of my citizens to do anything and not about to start now."

"Your citizens." Snape asked bewildered.

"You will understand once we get back home, now, are you willing to join my ranks, I know that you might have to work against some of your former associates but you know that I don't harm innocents for fun or otherwise, not when I have any other option."

"Can I think about this for a while." Snape asked just as a small shudder ran through the ship, a moment later a buzz was heard in the chamber and a red light flashed on a console built into the table. Harry tapped a button and the voice of Dean came through.

"Harry, your dragon, Arakir I guess, has returned so I presume that everyone will be on board once the APCs are back on board. Would you mind joining me on the bridge."

"I'll be right there." Harry said and pressed the button, closing the connection.

“I won’t be gone very long,” He informed the potions master “when I return it would be nice to have an answer.”

Snape just nodded and a glass of amber liquid appeared on the table next to him.

“Dobby has good intuition, wouldn’t you say.” Harry said with a smile, stood up and headed towards the door.

As he entered the Hall he noticed the ship wasn’t tilting any more at all and headed back towards the bridge.

When he entered the bridge Dean was still tapping various sections of the ship on the hologram and the fire in turret number one seemed to be under control.

“Commander on the bridge” somebody to his left shouted and a moment later everybody was saluting him.

“At ease” Harry grumbled. Now that order had been more or less restored they had the time to notice him.

Dean just smirked at him. “I know you wanted to train them to be good officers but don’t you think this is a little extreme.” Harry asked.

“Not at all,” Dean said “If I didn’t do it like this the ship wouldn’t be functioning nearly this effective. The repairs are almost done but the transport system will only be repaired in an hour or two and I don’t think it is wise to just float around here, Dumbledore hasn’t interfered up until now with the transports but that doesn’t mean he won’t go and get reinforcements if we stick around.”

“You’re probably right,” Harry said and looked at the shore where several fires were burning, it didn’t look like Dumbledore was leaving before them.

“Is the scanner working.” Harry asked, Dean nodded and affirmative “Make a full scan of the ship and look for tracking charms or anything of the kind, they will know where we are soon enough but now is not

the time, let a team of experts check it manually as well and start up the engines if it's possible and go to our current maximum capacity."

Dean nodded and gave some quick orders to various members on the bridge, the ship shuddered slightly as the propellers began to rotate and began to move.

"So I was what happened to Tommy, do you think were finally rid of him, I doubt even he could've survived that, despite the prophecy."

"I'm sure of it," Harry said and tapped his scar "but the cannons can kill him, as the core is a part of my magic. But a lot of improvements will have to be made before we attempt to hit him with the cannons again, you have seen what happened, the capacity will need to be larger and the buffers need to have a lot more capacity as well as a fail-safe, now they only had to be capable to handle a single gun but the next time it will most likely be three of them, the circuit breakers need to be enhanced and made a lot safer to use, how is Susan by the way."

"Could be worse." Dean answered "Most likely just a concussion and some after effects of the magical blast, although those will most likely be positive."

"Positive in what way." Harry asked bewildered.

"The medics don't know for sure just yet."

"Anything else."

"Not at the moment, the breach in the hull is repaired and the pumps should be about done with pumping the water out of the compartment, the fire in the turret has been extinguished and most of the systems are back online, we just had one other person injured, a mechanic that had been cooling down the gun barrel of turret number two but he has only suffered minor injuries, the shields around the bridge are repaired as well, they were weakened after that piece of metal from the turret was propelled through it" he said and indicated towards the piece of metal that was still stuck in the wall "because of

it the holographic chamber is damaged so we don't have a way to tell the people back home we will be a little later than expected."

"I think I know something to solve that, I'll be going to my quarters now, I'll tell you if it worked but first I'm going to check up on Arakir and Meganos." Harry said and exited the bridge and walked towards the stern.

With both dragons on it, it was a tight squeeze but it was manageable, they were lying down at the moment.

"How are you two doing." Harry asked as he approached them

"Just a little tired," Meganos said "stopping that energy has taken a lot out of us."

"Yes, I wanted to ask something about that. What in Merlin's name happened."

This time it was Arakir who replied as he lifted his head to look at Harry.

"When we felt that you were panicked about something we were flying above London so we decided to get to you as soon as possible, we now know that it was Garanor's former master that frightened you."

"I was not scared, I was just aware the odds were not in our favour." Harry said indignantly.

"Whatever." Arakir said with amusement in his voice "when we arrived it appeared that we were just in time. The only reason we were able to stop it on the other hand was because the energy was a part of your magic, we are able to absorb and use our current master's magic, but the energy was too much for me alone to handle so Meganos helped me to control it, this is something irregular because there has never been a Dragon Master that had two dragons at once, yet you have four. We used our combined strength and send the energy back to its initial target. Everything has turned out fine for

now but we sense that Garanor's former master will become much stronger in the future and Lord Voldemort as well. We are concerned that soon enough they will become more powerful than you eventually." He concluded, his mental voice now deadly serious.

"Then I'll just have to defeat him before that happens," Harry said "anyway, thank you for saving those people's lives."

"It was nothing Harry." Meganos said and laid her head back down.

Harry just nodded and went back to his quarters.

As he entered he saw Snape standing at the back of the room where Harry's desk was located staring at the perch and Hedwig sitting on top of it.

"Quite an impressive animal, isn't it professor." Harry said as he strode towards them startling Snape.

He turned around and faced Harry. "Yes indeed it is, I have met three people that owned one and Albus was one of them but I have never seen or even heard of one that was completely black, May I ask where you found it."

"I didn't, Hagrid did." Seeing the confused look on Snape's face Harry continued "Professor, allow me to introduce you to Hedwig, my owl, she is also the symbol of our army, The Black Phoenix, I don't know how but apparently she felt the need to transform with me a couple of months ago when my power was unleashed, I will probably tell you the entire story after I have heard your answer to my proposal."

Snape sighed, walked around the desk and plopped down in the chair as another glass of fire-whiskey appeared next to him.

He gulped it down entirely and prepared himself to make a decision that would shape the rest of his life.

“I have decided to join you, I have no desire to stay and be manipulated or forced by any of those two fools back in England, I would rather die a free man then live a life of misery while being controlled by Dumbledore or being tortured by Voldemort.”

Harry nodded, picked up a piece of parchment and a quill from the desk, scribbled a quick note on it and gave it to Hedwig. “Deliver this to Ginny and send her my love.” Hedwig thrilled a note that filled Harry with hope and happiness.

“Now that your decision is made I suggest we switch to a first-name basis and I tell you that story Severus.” Harry said with a laugh as he offered his hand to Snape who shook it.

“Very well Harry.” He said awkwardly.

A few hours later he was on the bridge after addressing the people that had joined him, they had gathered in the temporary enlarged mess hall.

Dean had called informed that the transport system was operational again and that the sweep of the ship against tracking charms was complete, the scanner had found none and neither had the experts.

As the transport cylinder was being charged up Harry had only a single thought on his mind and this time it was not something he dreaded.

“I’m going home”

Author notes: Reviews are still very welcome, and if you don’t review I’ll let my dragons have you for breakfast, (insane laughter). My yahoo group is still open for everyone who wants to join, you can discuss my fics on it as well as everything else that involves HP. Chapters will be posted first in the group. I’m looking for another beta reader as well, if you’re interested just write it in a review.

Freddie: I don't think there will be any need for a backup power supply but a good idea all the same as for the final battle that'll be a surprise for which some of you will want to lynch me.

Thanks to everyone else who has reviewed:

vicky0958, bandgsecurtiyaw, karone-sakura, ivan the terrible.

Choices

It has been two weeks since operation Missouri and the inhabitants of Insania have settled down and their new world was taking shape.

A small village was under construction with several houses already completed, a massive marble structure had been erected at the town square, Gringotts Wizarding bank. Harry had persuaded them to build a branch here, everyone had an account there after all.

From a small pub music was heard and laughter from the dockworkers who's shift had been completed.

Giant dragons could be seen flying around with cages bringing wildlife to the new land or others guarding the castle.

Dragon's keep, the tall and impressive marble castle stood proud on the landscape next to a large lake that was now connected with the sea but charmed so that the fresh water in the lake was separated from the salt water of the ocean.

Something that the inhabitants have noticed over the course of the past two weeks is that the weather in Insania always seems to match the mood of its ruler. When Harry is happy and content the weather is beautiful but when a letter from Dumbledore had arrived, delivered by Fawkes, around a week ago with some tracking spells attached to it he had been furious and the weather had instantly changed from calm to a thunderstorm as he walked out of the Hall, Fawkes neck in one hand and the parchment in the other, he had conjured a red envelope and attached it to Fawkes' leg and modified the birds memory so it wouldn't know where Insania was and instructed the dragons that if Fawkes ever came near the island again they could have him as an appetizer.

When Dumbledore heard the note he had nearly fainted, even McGonagall had heard a part of it while she had been in her office.

It contained something like: STOP INTERFERING WITH MY LIFE OLD MAN OR YOU WILL REGRET IT AND IF I EVER SEE THAT TURKEY OF YOURS EVEN REMOTELY CLOSE TO MY

WHEREABOUTS I'LL KILL IT, STUFF IT AND PUT IT ON NAIL IT TO THE WALL AS A TROPHY

A single seemingly muggle cruiser was guarding the entrance to the lake which was now connected to the ocean so that the smaller cruisers could enter Dragon's beak, as the inhabitants called the harbour, because they don't have a transportation drive while the much larger Missouri was patrolling the seas around the island along with several more cruisers, while the Missouri had three turrets these had only one and a single cannon instead of nine, but their fire rate was much higher.

Smoke could be seen rising from the mountains as the blast-furnaces produced metal ore into magically modified steel for the enormous battleship that was being constructed at the shipyard near the castle as well as several transport vessels and heavy-cruisers and for Luna who was working on her project but nobody knew what she was working on, not even the people that were helping her, it had something to do with Luna's safety precautions but every time the scientists and workers left the vast dungeon deep underground they appeared to know nothing about the things they were working on except Luna, Harry had even used Legillimency once on Luna to see what it was, more out of curiosity than anything else, he didn't like it but it was not like he was digging into her personal life, he wasn't about to stoop as low as Dumbledore, but the only thing he had gained from it was a headache, Luna's thoughts were just too hectic to see anything in them.

Harry saw all this through one of the windows of his living quarters in one of the highest towers of Dragon's keep, a large round tower with windows on all sides, his highest ranking officers resided in it and Harry lived on the top floor.

Below this magnificent castle a large network of tunnels and dungeons stretched deep down into the earth, this was where Harry's scientists worked.

All kinds of things were invented here, like mobile phones that worked solely on magical energy and other appliances, but mostly it was war machinery that was being developed at the moment, they were

grossly outnumbered when the war would really begin, there was no point in saying that Insania wouldn't be drawn into the conflict between Voldemort, Dumbledore and the ministry, Voldemort's lifetime nemesis was their leader after all. Harry didn't have a large force, 20000 men and women lived on this island but only 3000 of them were soldiers, the rest were part of the crew on the ships, constructors, scientists or just regular people trying to make a living in this new nation where there was no corruption. All the lies being told to the public. So they didn't have the advantage of large numbers or powerful wizards, not a single Auror or Hit-Wizard had joined Harry, at least none on active duty, just Harry, so they relied on the technology that Harry had helped create.

The Missouri is a prime example of this, while originally a muggle battleship it had been transformed and upgraded, it could shoot powerful beams of pure energy through its nine cannons and other various armaments, had one of the most powerful shields and could reach speeds of 54 knots instead of the original 33.

Right after breakfast he would go down to the dungeons to see the first test of a new weapon his scientists had created.

But right now he had to wake up the sleeping beauty in his bedroom.

As he approached her he just had to stop for a minute and look at her peacefully sleeping.

"How did I ever get to be so lucky." He questioned himself and Hedwig gave a reply as she landed on his shoulder.

"Hush you." Harry said with a laugh.

Suddenly Ginny's eyes opened and she smiled as Harry talked to Hedwig.

"You know, you really shouldn't do that when we have company, people might think you're barmy." Ginny said while suppressing a yawn.

“I’ll just say it’s a side effect from having to spend so much time with you.” Harry said teasingly.

“Oh, now you have to spend time with me.” Ginny said as she threw a pillow at him which Harry caught deftly and threw right back.

“Believe me, you will never have to make me spend time with you.” Harry said as he approached her and gave her a quick kiss on the lips “are you going down with me for breakfast today.”

“No, I think I’ll sleep in.”

“Suit yourself.” Harry said as he walked out of the bedroom and headed towards the Great Hall.

Most of the students had opted to stay at the castle which was large enough to accommodate them all and still they would all have their private living quarters. Some of the new arrivals had also stayed in the castle, like Neville’s grandmother whom had been an unspeakable before she retired and was now helping in some of the research to combine muggle technology with magic, but she didn’t help with creating weapons, more things like the cell phone, Harry had found this an immense improvement, it was much better than somebody’s head suddenly popping into your fireplace while you were having a private moment, and you could be reached everywhere, not just when you were in the vicinity of a grate.

As he entered the Great Hall the noise of early risers eating their breakfast welcomed him, most of them were people who were working the morning shift on the massive battleship or other things, the construction of the ship never stopped as people worked on it 24/7 in three shifts, they needed it as soon as possible, only then would they start with eliminating Voldemort’s forces.

As Harry sat down to eat his breakfast Albus Dumbledore was sitting in the library at number 12 Grimmauld place looking intently at a piece of parchment.

Army is getting stronger everyday, today a new weapon will most likely be completed and the large battleship should be completed within the next two weeks.

Still don't have any idea where we are exactly

Dumbledore nodded grimly and wrote a reply.

Alright, that will be all for now, continue to play your part

Harry had finished his breakfast and was now heading down to warcraft development facility nr. 9

As he approached the door he could see Neville standing in front of the door looking anxiously at Harry.

"C'mon Harry, I can't wait to see it." He said excitedly as Harry approached the security device.

He tapped it with his wand and put his palm flat on the scanner as a small iris opened on top of the device and looked up straight into Harry's eyes and scanned them.

After a few moments a cool female voice spoke up. "Name & password please"

"Harry Potter, 98843784"

"Access granted." The door unlocked and opened on its own.

Harry and Neville entered and saw most of the scientists standing near the back of the room in front of a window while several other were watching intently at monitors that were showing tons of data.

He approached Tom McGuire, a parent from one of Harry's followers whom had decided to help them in their research. He was a tall and imposing man with short brown hair and piercing bleu eyes, he had an aura that told everyone around him that he knew what he was doing and that he didn't like to be contradicted.

“How is it coming along.” Harry asked as he just seemed to appear next to the man while he gave a nod to greet the others around them while Neville was looking through the window in awe.

“The test is was a complete success, we just have to modify the weight to make the backfire more comfortable but it’s operating just fine, would you like to have a go.” He asked amused as he saw Harry turn around abruptly and enter the test area.

Tom saw Harry ask the guy holding the gun something and he handed the weapon over.

Harry examined the weapon and nodded his approval.

Enhancing muggle weapons into magical ones hadn’t been easy, altering the weapon hadn’t been the problem but the power source had been an entirely different matter, they needed to have a magical core or modified bullets, the problem was that bullets were expensive and it wasn’t practical to go to the muggle world every week or so to buy more bullets and modifying them would have to be done by hand, which would take too much time to be practical.

A magical core would’ve been more practical but the only one they knew could create them was Harry and making several thousands of these cores would take weeks.

The breakthrough had come not long after Harry’s dragon fight when they researched Ginny and found that she could do some things that only Harry could, when they looked further into the matter they discovered that when Harry sleeps his energy is not only being restored but it happens at such a fast pace that objects or beings in the neighbourhood get some of this energy as well, once they had discovered this they created a device that would collect the excessive energy from Harry while he was asleep and concentrate it into a core.

They had created it so that the core could fit inside an ammo clip from the gun.

After that another problem popped up, the cores didn't have enough energy to last very long, they could only shoot about forty times before running dry and this was not acceptable.

At first they had tried inserting a MAD into the rifle but because of the device and the energy buffers the gun doubled in weight and this wasn't acceptable either.

They could of course charm it with zero gravity charms but during the first test the shooter was slammed into the wall behind him due to the backfire.

After some careful consideration they had decided that whoever was using the weapon should insert his wand in the gun, wands could amplify magic and their weight was negligible.

Now they had a weapon that could shoot a large amount of magical pellets and it weighs even less than the muggle variant if they're both loaded.

They had successfully modified an M16A2 assault rifle.

Harry aimed at the far side of the test area where a dummy that tried to dodge the shots was standing by.

He opened fire and small red and blue spheres shot forth from the muzzle taking down the dummy after a few seconds of intense dodging.

Harry smirked satisfied and looked at the side of the rifle where you could adjust the type of energy you were firing.

There were five choices, the first one was stun, which Harry had just used, you could shoot 350 stunners with a single clip, the second one was kill, this one you could use for about 20 times and you needed three shots to take down an opponent, the third one was disable, designed for taking down shields or other security measures, you would fire fifty of these, the fourth one was destroy, this mode made the rifle shoot explosive bullets but this function wasn't meant to be used a lot as the energy system would overload after a short while

but you could shoot about a hundred shots before the clip ran out of power. The fifth one was something special, this function shot of a transportation beacon that could be used by the wielder of the gun to be transported to the location of the beacon over a short distance by pressing a button on the side of the gun, excellent for making a quick exit out of a bad situation or crossing a guarded hallway without being noticed as this option was completely silent, the only problem was that this function could only be used four times per clip.

Harry turned a knob and switched the energy to kill.

He aimed once more and squeezed the trigger.

Small purple spheres headed towards the dummy that dodged only three and was hit by the fourth sphere and bursting into flames.

Harry was impressed but not pleased that they couldn't imitate the Avada Kedavra curse, it just took too much power for the core to supply, they had tried to do it with a heavier variant but with disastrous results, you needed to know true hate to be able to pull it off, something that most people didn't possess, some did possess it but they had been transported to the hospital wing afterwards because the gun simply exploded from the energy usage, you would need the energy of four clips to fire only once.

Next a wizard took the place of the dummy and cast a regular shield charm while Harry selected the next option.

He aimed a little to the right of the wizard, on the side of the shield and shot a single round.

The sphere shot forth and attached itself on the side of the invisible shield.

The sphere, which was originally a dull forest green started to pulse and grow brighter and larger. After a few seconds the marble sized sphere had doubled in size while the wizard who had casted the shield was breathing heavily as he tried to maintain the shield.

Another moment or two past and a blue crackle announced that the shield was down while the by now brightly growing green sphere disappeared with a soft pop.

Harry congratulated the wizard for holding the shield up for such a long time and he exited the room.

Now that the initial purpose had proven to be successful two other wizards entered and started doing intricate movements with their wands summoning a very powerful shield, a golden dome appeared and surrounded them.

Harry fired a single round once more and it attached itself to the side of the shield and the process was repeated, only this time when it disappeared with that same soft pop the shield was still standing and the wizard didn't seem to be having any problems maintaining the shield.

Harry aimed again but this time he shot three spheres at the shield which grouped together forming a single sphere the size of a tennis ball before attaching themselves to the shield.

The larger sphere started to pulse and glow brighter while growing to the size of a football.

After five or so seconds a large crack announced that the shield was down and the sphere disappeared with the sound of a cannon being fired.

The two wizards slumped down to the ground from exhaustion while two medi-witches rushed in and checked if they were fine, which they were.

They escorted them out while a wall rose from the ground at the back of the room with a low rumble.

Harry selected the next option on the weapon, destroy.

He squeezed the trigger once more but all that happened was the gun emitting a low buzzing sound that quickly faded away.

“What happened.” Harry demanded the scientists behind the safety glass.

“The core has been depleted.” Tom answered as he pushed a button next to the safety glass so Harry could hear him.

“How are you supposed to know its empty when you are engaged in combat, it could be the difference between life and death.” Harry demanded somewhat frustrated.

“We are working on a display on the side of the weapon that will show you how much power you have left but our priority at the moment was to get the damn things working without exploding in your own face.” Tom returned hotly.

“Oh,” Harry said “alright then, can I get another clip.”

Tom opened the door to the test area and threw Harry a clip which he caught deftly replaced the depleted core with the new one.

He aimed for the wall once more and opened fire.

Glowing red spheres shot towards the wall and slammed three holes the size of a football in the two feet thick wall.

While the weapon was in Destroy mode there were two types of firing.

You had the normal type which shot of one ball of energy every half second and then you had the second option, only one ball on energy was fired in this option but it was ten times more powerful than normally, halfway towards its target the ball would split up into 20 smaller spheres. These spheres dispersed themselves and zoomed towards their target from different angles taking it completely by surprise and with much more damage.

Harry pressed the button for alternative fire and squeezed the trigger. Meanwhile on board Missouri

“What do you think.”

“No idea but he has been acting strangely for the past few hours.” Dean said as he watched a muggle cruise ship bobbing on the water in the distance through his binoculars.

“Do you still think he has engine troubles.”

“Could be but we can’t just go and ask him, can we, they could recognize the ship and we can’t simply obliterate an entire crew when we don’t even know where they are, that ship is huge.”
Two hours earlier on board the muggle cruise ship MV Century.

The captain of the ship, who was a squib from a pureblood wizarding family and had been banned because of that, was reading The Daily Prophet while the rest of the crew was just doing what they were supposed to do, he didn’t need to worry that any of the crew would notice the peculiar paper he was reading as it appeared to be a normal muggle newspaper to non-magical people.

The ship was currently headed back to the Caribbean ocean after being deployed in the Baltic Sea for the past five months.

He looked up from his newspaper, still telling the story of the rebellion Harry Potter had caused and the large reward the government was offering regarding any information that could guide them to his whereabouts, towards the windows expecting to see what he had been seeing for the past few days, a vast open ocean, you can imagine that he was a little surprised when he saw land, and furthermore, a large battleship seemingly guarding it with its guns aiming straight at his ship.

He was about to order a full stop when he realized that none of the crew members were reacting to the possible threat.

“If they aren’t able to see it then it must have something to do with my world,” the captain thought and remained seated, acting like there was nothing wrong “soon the compass will start to act funny and the

left engine will fail, which will result in us getting of course and away from the island due to the powerful current.”

“I’m going down to my cabin to get some rest.” He informed the crew and left without further explanation.

Once he arrived back in his cabin he pulled open a hidden drawer in his desk and pulled out what appeared to be a world chart.

The chart was a special one developed especially for Squibs, it showed all the wizarding societies from around the world, it could be used for when a Squib needed to contact the Wizarding society in a very short notice they could see where the nearest was.

A red dot was blinking on it and he tapped it with his finger.

The chart zoomed in on the area where he was at the moment, the map showed everything within a 200 mile radius and the only thing the map showed was open sea, the map was updated automatically every two weeks and he was sure no government could create such a large landmass in just two weeks and even so, there should be an indication on the map months in advance for a project this scale.

Then all of a sudden his thoughts returned to the article of Harry Potter and the disappearance of Hogwarts.

It didn’t take long to put two and two together, he picked up the phone that was placed on his desk and asked the operator for an outside line to Britain.

He quickly dialled the number and waited, hoping that they were home.

Luckily, or unluckily for Insania, they were.

“John,” the captain said “I need you to contact the ministry and tell them that I know the possible whereabouts of Harry Potter, take a pen and paper and I’ll tell you the coordinates...”

Now he was sitting on the bridge, after calling his friend in England he had caused a malfunction in the auto-pilot, causing it to alter the course of the ship, instead of continuing their course the ship had ground to a halt and the stay were it was using its bow propellers and thrusters to remain at its current position, even two hours later the engineers hadn't fixed the problem, he just hoped the ministry would hurry up, those engineers were bound to fix it within the next hour or two.

Harry was congratulating the scientists on their wonderful job but urged them to complete the display as soon as possible, he was just leaving the room when Luna approached him with that dreamy look on her face.

"Ah Harry, there you are, I was just looking for you." She said "I've been searching you for over an hour but nobody knew where you went."

"That's why we invented these cell phones." Harry said as he took his out of his pocket.

"Yes I know, but I think they're so impersonal, at least a floo call is still face to face." Luna said

Harry sighed but decided not to go further into the discussion which was probably better for his sanity. "Why were you looking for me."

"I wanted to show you something that we are working on." She said.

"You mean I finally get to see the inside of your workshop, last time I tried guns suddenly came out of the wall and almost killed me, I think they must've fired over two thousand rounds at me, it's a good thing I can cast powerful shields." Harry complained.

"Four thousand seven hundred and thirty three bullets actually, sorry about that but there are still some minor bugs in our defence system." Luna replied with a smirk like it was funny.

“Oh yeah, well, if you think that’s so funny I’ll let Arakir have you for breakfast next time those things try to shoot me.” Harry replied.

“Sounds fun.” Luna replied and headed towards the stairs that led down to their own Department of Mysteries, Luna’s department, as everyone liked to call it, because nobody knew what transpired down there, not even the people that worked there.

Suddenly a loud and high pitched tone alerted Harry that someone was trying to reach him on his cell phone, this was something else that needed to be improved, instead of some music playing when somebody tried to reach you this awful ear splitting whine would alert you.

He picked it out of his pocket and pressed the button to accept the call.

“Sir?” a female voice asked and Harry gave an affirmative “The magical observation room has detected a powerful incoming portkey about 25 kilometres north-east of here, the Missouri is already on its way over here, would you like to accompany them when they investigate.”

“Yes I would, notify them at once.” And with that he cut the connection.

“What’s the matter.” Luna asked

“It appears that muggle cruiser wasn’t just having engine troubles, they’ve found us I’m afraid.”

“What muggle cruiser, who’s found us.”

“Later Luna, I’ll stop by your dungeon later.” He yelled as he ran up to the surface.

He ran all the way up to the observation tower where a very powerful telescope had been built so they could see what they could expect should a vessel approach the island.

He barked orders at the men stationed there to aim the telescope in the right direction.

As he peered at the screen he could see a ship coming into focus in the distance, it appeared to be an old sailing vessel with two masts.

“But madam Umbridge, are you sure we don’t need more Aurors, there are a lot of them.” Kingsley Shacklebolt asked Dolores Umbridge while they were standing on the bow of their ship looking towards the island in the distance.

“No, of course not, what can a couple of those brats do, I don’t believe Potter transported Hogwarts, I think that Dumbledore helped and this is some plot against the ministry.”

Shacklebolt just sighed, he knew for sure Harry had done it but he couldn’t disobey her, the ministry also didn’t believe that all the missing persons had gone over to Harry’s side, they just said they fled the country because of the new threat Voldemort posed and Kingsley couldn’t do anything to contradict them on the issue, they needed every spy in the ministry they got at they got at the moment and he couldn’t reveal the existence of the order either.

As the sails were raised magically and the ship started moving towards the island a strange fog appeared and obscured their view, Shacklebolt shuddered and felt something was not right.
On board the Missouri

“Full speed ahead Mr. Thomas.” Harry said and the ships engines roared to life as the ship shuddered and set into motion.

“Won’t they see us coming.” Dean asked.

“Nope, they won’t” Harry said and he smirked as a dense fog seemed to settle around the island and obscure it from view.

“But how are we going to see them.” Dean asked.

Harry just smirked some more and waved his hand in a wide arc in front of him as if to sweep the fog away. The world in front of the windows turned bleu and red. In front of them they saw everything that was solid or alive in red and the ocean was a bright pulsing electric bleu.

“Ooookay” Dean said “you’re going to have to teach me that trick some time.”

“Will do.” Harry said as the ship approached open sea. “Prepare one of the smaller vessels to be deployed, whoever they are, they’re in for a surprise.”

On board the MMS Venture

The wind powered vessel cleaved its way trough the waves on the fog covered ocean, her sails full of wind, although there wasn’t the slightest breeze noticeable.

The ship wasn’t like the Missouri with magically powered engines but wind was created trough an incantation and blew only in the sails, the captain could decide how hard the ship sailed so that it didn’t look suspicious when they encountered muggle fishermen, it would look fairly suspicious when a ship sailed at top speed when there wasn’t the slightest gust of wind to be detected.

“This mist gives me the creeps,” one of the Aurors on deck said “it’s not natural, one moment you can see as far as the horizon and the next you can’t see twenty feet in front of you.”

Kingsley Shacklebolt just grunted in agreement, although he didn’t let it show this mist was giving him the creeps as well, he had a bad feeling about this.

Just as he thought about this the sails started flapping and the ship slowed down, after a moment or two the sails were just hanging slack.

“Why did we stop.” He demanded of the captain.

“Haven’t got a clue,” Edward Johnson replied “the spell’s at full capacity, it must have worn out, I’ll just recast it.”

Just as he took out his wand Kingsley gestured him to be quiet.

“What is it.” Edward whispered.

Then he could hear it too, and it sounded like a motorboat.

Kingsley ran to the bow in the direction of the noise but he couldn’t see anything because of the fog while he yelled to the captain to try and get the spell working.

Suddenly the fog in front of the bow seemed to retreat only to reveal a small inflatable orange motorboat with Harry Potter standing in the front looking like a true captain, his arms folded over his chest in a pitch black captain’s uniform.

“Ha, finally I’ve got you Potter,” Umbridge shrieked from where she was standing next to Kingsley making him wince from the terrible sound. “Stupefy.” She cried and a bolt of red light zoomed towards Harry, only to be deflected by an visible shield that rippled briefly like water when the spell made contact.

“I was going to suggest that you surrender and we would just let you return to the ministry, without your wands and ship of course, but know that I know that she is on board and after the warm welcome I received I’ll just skip that part.” Harry said like he was talking about how nice the weather is “Prepare for battle.” He yelled imperiously, the small boat suddenly turned around and sped of but Kingsley noted that the engine hadn’t been running.

“What did he mean by that.” Umbridge demanded, completely oblivious to the fact.

“It means that thanks to you we’re going to have a battle unless we can get out of here right now, if we don’t I doubt that we’ll be facing a wooden ship.” Kingsley said grimly and ordered everyone on board to cast shields or load the cannons. He knew of course that the rumours

were true, he had seen Harry's ship himself but he had to keep up the appearance in case one of the crew made it out alive and told the ministry that Kingsley had been involved in a secret organisation, it could bring the Order of the Phoenix and all its members in danger. He heard a thump behind him and looked around.

Umbridge was lying on the ground unconscious, Kingsley sighed and walked over to her, he picked her up and decided to dump her below deck but for some reason he couldn't drag her away from the bow, he tried to pull harder but she just wouldn't budge, he cast a detection charm and discovered that a permanent sticking charm had been cast on Umbridge's shoes and feet.

"When did he do this and why." Kingsley demanded to no one in particular.

After about 15 minutes the sails suddenly caught wind again.

"You did it." Kingsley yelled to the captain.

"I didn't do anything..." the captain yelled back but his voice faltered at the end of his sentence and he seemed to stare at a point behind Kingsley, his jaw fell open while he turned as pale as a ghost.

Kingsley turned around and noticed that he could now see for about 5 kilometres and into the distance she lay, bobbing on the water, her guns aimed at their ship.

"Bloody hell." Was all Kingsley could say as his suspicions were confirmed.

The captain got over his surprise and yelled to the Auror whom had taken over the rudder.

"Hard to starboard, full speed ahead, prepare to open fire." He yelled the last thing to the Aurors below deck.

"Shall we open fire sir." The fire control officer asked Harry who was staring at the ship in the distance through the windows on the bridge, wearing a slightly evil smile.

“No,” he said “those poor guys don’t deserve to die today, but she does. FULL SPEED AHEAD.” He bellowed and immediately the engines gave everything they had and the ship started moving forward, straight towards the MMS Venture.

“What is he doing, he could’ve just opened fire from where he was.” Kingsley thought as he saw the massive battleship approach.

“Why don’t you open fire.” Umbridge was yelling at the captain who was standing next to Umbridge on the prow.

The ship was now turned and the guns were aiming straight at the Missouri

“Because he’s not in range of the guns yet, even with magical adaptations the guns only have a reach of 500 metres and not 10000 like his.” He yelled back frustrated as that was the seventh time he had to say that.

The Ministry’s Magical Ships, or MMS for short, were modified vessels from the 19th century, they were stronger, faster and could sail whenever they wanted.

Not only was the ship modified but the guns also.

Instead of having to be reloaded manually by four or five men a single wizard could reload a gun by simply saying the incantation and two times faster than normally, the cannonballs, although they were still heavy iron balls, were engraved with runes, this gave them the ability to fly much farther and they could slightly alter their trajectory to hit the target more accurately. Something else that had been added was that the balls were explosive, as soon as they hit their mark they exploded sending shrapnel flying everywhere killing or injuring the crew of the enemy ship while the explosion itself did a lot of damage on its own, Kingsley’s opinion about these thing was that they were gruesome and should be banned but right now it was all they had, they had tried to create another portkey but it seemed like an anti

Portkey ward had been erected and apparition over such a great distance was just too dangerous.

“Just a little more,” the captain was grumbling under his breath, suddenly he nodded and gave the command.

“Open fire.”

Eight Aurors ignited the fuses simultaneously and a few seconds later explosions rocked the ship.

Kingsley looked expectantly as the projectiles flew towards the steel titan.

They hit the bow exactly as intended and black clouds of smoke obscured the ship from sight, indicating the cannonballs had exploded.

Everyone on board let out cries of joy except the captain, Kingsley and Umbridge.

The captain and Kingsley were thinking that it couldn't be this easy while Umbridge just smiled maliciously.

When the ship emerged from the dense black smoke at full speed it wasn't damaged at all, it didn't seem like they had even inflicted a scratch on it, the only difference seemed to be that it was now even more imposing than before.

Everyone had stopped in mid-yell and stared dumbstruck at the ship that was still heading towards them at full speed.

“Reload the guns and fire at will.” The captain bellowed “Full speed ahead, we may not be able to outrun them but maybe we can buy some time.” He said to Kingsley who just nodded grimly once more.

“What are you planning to do Harry, ram it.” Dean asked frustrated, he was trying to get to Harry for the past five minutes but he just kept staring at that ship and with each passing second his expression grew more malicious.

“Exactly” Harry replied finally.

“Why” Dean asked but Harry didn’t answer this time, instead he just held up his hand on which the sentence ‘I must not tell lies’ was still visible, etched into the flesh for a very long time to come.

“ Oh” Dean simply said and his expression changed from comprehension to hard determination “Nudge her bow” he said to the steersman.

“How fast can that thing go” Kingsley asked a little frightened now.

“I don’t know but estimating on the waves she’s creating I guess she's around thirty knots and accelerating fast.” The captain replied.

“But that’s nearly impossible.”

“Yet he’s doing it. Looks like he’s planning to ram us”

Kingsley just nodded grimly.

“Ram us,” Umbridge shrieked, “get me out of here, get me out of ...”

“How fast can we go” Kingsley asked a little worried while ignoring the cow for now.

“23 tops” the captain replied.

Kingsley just nodded grimly.

“But a ship going that fast can’t turn very well so we might have a chance of avoiding them once or twice.” He said as the guns fired for the fifth time still with the same result.

“Turn her about;” he ordered the steersman who tried to whirl around the wheel, to no avail.

“The rudder’s blocked sir.”

“What do you mean blocked,” he asked and Kingsley thought he heard a slight panicky tone in the captain’s heavy growl “Let me see that.”

The captain ran to the wheel, grabbed it and tried to turn it around with all the force he could muster. Beads of sweat were forming on his forehead, as he gave it up and whipped out his wand.

“Adverto Eurus” He cried. The wheel creaked and groaned as the spell tried to turn it around, but Harry hadn’t blocked the wheel, but the rudder, once the wood couldn’t take the pressure anymore it exploded, sending splinters flying in all directions at great speed, all from sheer pressure.

A rather large piece of wood pierced the steersman’s leg and he fell down on the deck crying in agony.

“It seems that boy has thought of everything.” The captain said gravely, he couldn’t think of anything they could do anymore so he accepted what was about to happen. “Prepare for collision.”

“Is someone going to help me now.” An annoying voice shrieked but Kingsley just waved his wand in the direction of the noise while muttering Silencio, they couldn’t help her, the only thing they could do was cut a hole in the deck or ask Harry for the password to release the spell, he didn’t want to do neither of them right now. “Besides,” Kingsley thought “the world is a better place without her.”

As the fifth round of cannonballs hit the deck of the Missouri Harry growled in annoyance.

“They’re ruining my view, we can’t see through the smoke and I want to see the look on that Umbridge’s face when we ram her.” Harry said and he strode towards the door.

“Harry, what are you going to do.” Dean asked.

“I’m going to do something about it.” He said with a wicked smile and a gleam in his eyes.

He walked across the deck to the front of the ship, and then he was standing on the very tip of the bow waiting for the next round of cannonballs to be fired.

He heard the explosions, the ship was closing in on the Aurors fast, the cannonballs zoomed towards them and Harry raised his palms towards them, as if to catch them.

“Reversio tuum itineris” he started to chant, over and over again, every time he said this sentence a wave a green light rippled across the water and trough the air.

The projectiles where still flying towards the Missouri but every time that green light struck them they seemed to slow down, and they continued to slow down until they finally stopped, one of them inches away from Harry’s face.

But Harry didn’t stop chanting, and when the next wave hit them they started to move backwards, ever so slowly, and whit each hit they started moving faster and faster.

After ten seconds the balls were flying towards the place they came from at high velocity.

To Harry it seemed like this procedure had lasted for twenty minutes, to the rest of the world it was ten seconds, on minute the Cannonballs were going to hit Harry head on, the next, they were flying back to where they came from.

On board the MMS Venture nobody realized what had happened until eight explosions rocked the ship.

The guns below deck exploded as the cannonballs flew back into their barrels. Shrapnel was blown in all directions, cutting trough timber and people alike, three Aurors died instantly while four others were wounded critically.

The aft mast got hit by a particularly large piece of loose metal and snapped.

It happened so fast the mast started to fall a full eight seconds after impact, with a lot of creaking, groaning and breaking of wood it came down and fell right onto the first mast which held the weight but groaned dangerously under the strain while ropes were snapping all around the remaining crew members, hitting and wounding them, while trying desperately to minimize the damage.

Fires started where white hot metal made contact with dry wood while people gave cries of agonizing pain.

The Missouri was now at top speed, waves crashed down on the deck, she was now approaching the wounded and smoking wooden vessel on which small figures scrambled to and fro in an attempt to extinguish the fires and prepare it the best they could for collision, shields were cast, small life boats were being prepared to be lowered into the water should it be necessary.

On the bridge Harry and Dean looked on as their ship cleaved through the waves relentlessly heading straight for her prey.

Now they could see the people clearly and Harry could distinguish Kingsley standing on the aft deck, proud and defiant, unwilling to surrender as the British flag hung proudly in the remaining mast, through his binoculars.

The ship was now just a hundred meters away and the Missouri was speeding towards it at a speed of 27 meters per second.

There was nothing that could stop her now.

Approximately four seconds later they collided.

A roar of noise was heard, timber snapping, metal creaking from the impact, screams of terrified people.

The iron hull crashed into the wooden one while a scream was heard from the smaller vessel as Dolores Umbridge was crushed between them, even with dozens of shields and reinforcement charms cast on it, it snapped like a match under the brute force.

The bow just shattered, sending wood and pieces of iron flying everywhere.

The MMS Venture spun around 180 degrees from the impact, almost tipping over as she listed heavily to starboard, its bow shattered and taking on water by the gallon, people were thrown about like they were rag dolls while the Missouri just sailed on with the mast that had been standing on the Venture's deck seconds before now hanging on the side of the ship and dragged away with it as ropes clung to its deck and with it the captain whom had been constricted in one of the ropes yelling every single swear word he knew while hanging on for his life, if he let go he would be sucked under the ship and in the propellers but the water felt more like concrete at these speeds.

The fog appeared again at a rapid pace and the men on the MMS Venture saw the Missouri disappear into the fog with the mast still from the side of the ship and the captain swearing loudly but nobody could hear him.

The two lifeboats that remained intact were lowered into the water swiftly next to MMS Venture which was now slowly disappearing into the deep sea.

After fifteen minutes all of them were bobbing on the water with the remaining crew of the once proud ship.

The fog limited their visibility to a few dozen metres and slowly the boats drifted away from the sinking ship.

"Tie the boats together," Kingsley ordered "we don't want to get separated in this dense fog."

The still capable men did as they were told, there were only four of them, the rest had been paralyzed so that they wouldn't bleed to death internally or suffer any more than they had to.

“What do we do now.” One of them asked.

“Now we wait.” Kingsley said solemnly “Let’s just hope it’s not to go to Davy Jones’ Locker.”

Harry Potter looked at the holographic map in front of him.

It showed a topographic view of the area where they were sailing

In the centre was a large red dot, this was the MMS Venture, a red cross was hovering above it, next to it were two small grey dots, these were the live boats. Then in a large circle sailing around it, about one and a half miles in diameter, were two black dots, larger than the grey one, and another black dot twice the size of the other ones. These three sailed at the exact same distance from each other, circling around the red dot like killer whales surrounding a school of fish, ready to strike.

On the life boats they were surprised when rays of sunlight suddenly hit their face full force as the fog disappeared faster than you could say Quidditch.

It took a moment or two before their eyes were adjusted to the sunlight but when they were they all sighed in relief, believing that it was over, all but one.

“Sir,” he said and tapped on Kingsley’s shoulder to get his attention.

Kingsley turned around to face the man and saw that he was staring at something to his right, he looked in the same direction and saw the steel giant, her starboard side facing them, and her guns as well.

But when he grabbed a hand-held telescope he noticed that they were aiming not at them but at something slightly ahead of them, he turned around and saw the MMS Venture, drifting a good two hundred meters behind them from the Missouri’s point of view, which had miraculously remained floating this long, and with it he saw them in the distance.

Two other ships.

These were smaller but definitely for military purposes, they had a single turret on the front deck with a single cannon, and they too were aiming for the MMS Venture.
On the bridge of the Missouri.

“Is everyone ready.” Harry asked

“Both Blakeland and Sirius Black are ready to fire sir.” The communications officer informed him.

“All cannons are fully charged sir.” Energy control informed him.

“On my mark, FIRE” he yelled.

The air crackled with power briefly and ship tilted slightly to starboard from the force.

All of a sudden eleven beams of red light erupted from all the turrets pointed at it.

They zoomed towards it faster than the eye could see.

They slammed into the water a good fifteen meters away from the ship.

“Did they miss.” Kingsley wondered as he saw the beams slam into the sea making the water hiss and boil while clouds of vapour slowly made their way toward the sky.

Seconds later he realised they hadn’t missed, in fact, they were right on target.

The MMS Venture seemed to rise out of the water, as if a large bubble of air was pushing it upwards, and the sea rose with it. It kept

going up until a massive red beam shut up from the rising water, taking the vessel with it like it was a toy.

Five hundred meters up into the air it went, then the ship stopped going up abruptly and seemed to absorb the energy of the beam, more and more it did until the ship had the same menacing glow as the beam it connected with, the light became more intense, and then....

It exploded, large pieces of flaming debris were propelled in all directions and rained down into the sea, some close the life boats, the sea rippled from the force of the explosion, rocking them dangerously, they continued outwards and disappeared just a few metres away from the warships.

The energy beam stopped as abruptly as it had started. A loud pop was heard in the distance and the ships all turned away from the floating, burning piece of wreckage that was once the proud MMS Venture.

Seconds later a large object hit the water not ten metres away from the life boats.

Kingsley grumbled as he was soaked by the water that washed over the boat.

He looked at the object that was now bobbing merrily on the water, it was a steel container about a meter long and 20 centimetres in diameter.

He summoned it, caught it in his hands and opened it, inside he found about a dozen pieces of rope and a piece of parchment.

He opened it and started to read.

Let this be a warning for all those who oppose the Black Phoenix or the inhabitants of Insania

We will not tolerate that anyone who has anything to do with the ministry or Albus Dumbledore ever comes near our island

Anyone who wishes to join us may whenever he wants to after he has passed our loyalty test.

Anyone else will undergo the same fate as the ones on the MMS Venture

If any British ministry official ever comes near he will be executed

If anyone on Dumbledore's side comes near he will be tortured, interrogated for information and then executed

If any Death Eaters even come close to coming to this island they will be tortured until the end of eternity

My highest regards to anyone who reads this,

Harry Potter

Commander of the Black Phoenix

Leader of the independent nation of Insania

PS: these ropes are portkeys to the ministry, they will only work once so do not attempt to return with them, the consequences will be dire if you ever do return.

Kingsley quickly made the part about Dumbledore disappear with a discrete movement of his wand and handed the parchment to the rest so they could read it to.

After that they tied a rope around every single person's wrist and said activate, they were pulled away by that familiar hook behind your navel and were dropped unceremoniously in the centre of the entrance lobby of the ministry of magic, right next to a red faced Cornelius Fudge whom had just been bragging about the excellent security at the ministry against the French minister of magic whom was laughing uproariously at the scene in front of him, Aurors, sitting in boats, had been transported straight into the ministry seconds after

their minister had bragged about the anti transportation wards, that was, until he saw the injured.

On the INIS Missouri, Blakeland and Sirius Black a small party was given to celebrate the end of a perfect mission as the three sailed through the channel that separated the lake from the sea.

The three of them sailed in a V-formation with the Missouri up front and the other two flanking her.

“What are we going to do about that cruise ship,” Dean asked Harry as they approached the pier “We know that they had something to do with it.”

“Yes they had indeed, their captain is a squib, apparently he was the one who reported us to the ministry, I had hoped to keep our location a secret for a while longer, at least till the Ekliptika was completed but now we’ll just have to deal with it and hope that our defences will be ready for the next step the Ministry will take. As for the cruise ship, I have already ordered a team to take care of it, we’ll be needing it for our next move.” Harry said and dismissed the issue with a wave of his hand.

“Why do we have to worry about the ministry, you saw what they sent just now, we can handle anything they throw at us with our current ships.” Dean said.

“We can handle the British Ministry of magic, but once the American government finds out that we have this ship and they know our power they will help Fudge because we could be a possible treat to their nation, remember, we are rebels in the United Kingdom. It’s easy for Fudge to say we’re power hungry and plan to take over the world while we can’t contact them and prove them wrong. Even if we have the most powerful ships, they have a whole lot more experience regarding naval warfare, this could’ve even been handled by a single cruiser but we had to make our stand right from the beginning, now we will probably have at least three weeks before anyone will try to confront us again.”

“All right, so Fudge won’t try to attack us anytime soon but he’ll probably try to get the American government involved, and if they ask for information they will probably figure out pretty soon we have this ship and then they’ll attack us, because we are a possible treat to them, and meanwhile Voldemort can do whatever he wants undisturbed, pretty soon they’ll blame us for the muggle massacres.” Dean said.

“I’m afraid it might come to that, that’s why we have to get the Ekliptica in the water as soon as possible, if she roams the seas the Americans won’t be able to ever set a foot in Insania, she will be our primary defence, next to Port Neville.” Harry still sniggered at the name the place had been given, after all, Neville lived practically lived there these days.

The captain on board the MV Century was staring frightfully through his binoculars at the fast approaching Hydrofoil.

While its size was not terrifying, the four large metal cylinders, two on each side of the bridge, gleamed menacingly in the sunlight, each directed in a crude angle towards his ship, the captain noticed someone standing on the bow of the ship. The guy raised his hand for a second or two and the captain thought he was waving at him for a split second, the next the hand went down and the front of the four cylinders’ top exploded, sending something towards his ship.

“I’ve fixed it.” Someone behind the captain cried joyfully just as a large metal object crashed through one of the windows of the bridge.

The last the captain saw before he lost consciousness was a large metal container popping open and a purple mist spreading, making him feel drowsy and incredibly tired.

Within five minutes after the order was given to open fire the entire ship was shrouded in the strange purple fog. After half an hour it had dissolved again and the small boat sped towards the great ship.

Twenty men boarded it, rounding up all of the sleeping crew and obliterating them so they wouldn’t remember anything that had transpired. When they would wake up two days later they would all

remember there had been an explosion on the ship, creating a gaping hole in the hull and sinking it within two hours time, their final coordinates were several hundred miles west of their real position.

After the memory charms had been cast they were put into life boats and steered away from the island, an emergency beacon would activate automatically within the next 24 hours.

After all that had been taken care of a massive tug boat was called in too drag the ship away.

As soon as a line connected the two ships the tug boats' engines roared to life, and slowly the MV Century started to move towards the island of Insania.

After half an hour the group of three ships was sailing two hundred meters from the shore, in front of a tall cliff that was probably more than a hundred meters tall.

The tug boat changed its course and headed straight towards the wall of seemingly solid rock.

When they were less than a boat length away from it the rocky surface shimmered and disappeared, revealing a cave that could easily house two ships the size of the Century.

As the small but powerful boat had guided the behemoth inside, the wall closed behind them. The cave was completely dark for a split second and then there was light again, it didn't seem to have a direct source, and the light just seemed to be coming from everywhere.

After a minute or two the people on board the ship noticed that the water level started to diminish and the three boats were descending to a place below the sea level. Neville didn't look the slightest bit surprised by this, although he had never used the elevator, as most people called it, he knew the place they were going very well, most other people on board the ships had never seen it, only the captain of the tugboat had used the elevator before, the hydrofoil had been completed this morning and had been immediately called into action after the ministry's ship had been taken care of.

The ships kept descending for a full ten minutes until they were a good four hundred meters below sea level.

As the rocky surface disappeared, this time it was in front of them, people gazed at what lay before them.

“Welcome,” Neville said loudly enough for everyone aboard the ships to hear, as his voice reverberated in the cave like space “to Hell’s bay, or as it is called today, Port Neville.”

In front of them lay a vast cave, four square kilometres large, enough to house 25 Iowa-class battleships and have plenty of room to manoeuvre.

In the centre of this grand complex lay a square island with long piers stretching out from all sides.

Neville looked around at this wonderful place, most people would say that its original name suited it just fine. The walls were made of black rock, its dark and cold water was illuminated by that strange light, giving it some of its original colour, a translucent bleu, back.

As soon as the Century was docked Neville hopped onto the pier and walked to the centre of the island, buildings were still being erected on it by construction crews. Maintenance facilities, factories for various ship components, research facilities ...

The barracks on the other hand would not be situated on the reasonably large island, in the very centre of the island a glass column started and reached all the way to the ceiling of the cave, a good hundred and fifty meters above them, in the centre of it a lift was just moving up, while a staircase spiralled around the elevator’s shaft.

As Neville looked up he saw its destination.

A large complex hung from the ceiling, far above him, he could see lights in the many windows of the complex that seemed to reach out towards the ground.

In this complex where the barracks and one of the most important rooms on the island, the War Room.

This room was the nation's headquarters when they were at war.

The underground port would be the last line of defence should Dragon's Keep ever fall. But at the same time it would also be one of the first lines of defence.

This cave could, and would, house the entire fleet of warships the nation of Insania had. Various tunnels departed from the main cavern, leading to different points along the coastal line, these were meant for fast deployment of ships that didn't have a transportation drive to where they were needed, totally there were five other elevators like the one the Century had just used.

The harbour also had its own core, as it didn't want to be dependant on the castle's core, should it ever be attacked they didn't want to depend on a core that was several miles away from them.

As he pressed the button for the elevator, he thought back to the day Harry had first told him about this place.

Harry had brought him to the cave when it had still been under construction and was only the size of the entrance hall, explosion rocked the cave every ten minutes and dust and small rocks fell down from the ceiling.

The reason why they mostly used natural methods instead of just magic for creating large spaces was that if you enlarged a space with magic, like spells or runes, and it got hit by a powerful burst of magic, like the cannons on board their ships, the spell could become unstable, which could even cause the room to shrink to its original size, so when you had a lot of equipment, or people, in it and the spell was negated it could crush everything inside. That was the only reason why Harry liked buildings to be as big as they needed to be, if they were expanded on the inside magically they could become dangerous if they were attacked.

“Why did you bring me here Harry, I don’t get what the construction of this cave’s got to do with me.” Neville asked a little suspicious.

“It’s not the cave I wanted to show you” Harry said and led Neville to a lift in the centre of the cave that led up to the surface.

They entered it and the lift started to ascend.

When it stopped and the doors opened a large green forest was revealed in front of them.

Neville stepped out of the elevator and saw that it was hidden in the trunk of a large oak.

Neville looked around him, marvelling at the beautiful landscape surrounding them, trees as tall as a twelve story building, flowers like Neville had never seen before, and that said something as he had read almost every book in the library that talked about plants and herbology.

“I’ve never seen flowers like this.” Neville commented as he scrutinized one.

“I know,” Harry said “it seems that when we created this new island we created a lot of new kinds of plants, I discovered this place a week or so ago and thought you would be interested since you are so good at herbology, I thought you would like to study them and name them.” Harry said with a smile hinting at all the plants.

“If we are to start a new nation we need to know everything about the land we live on,” Harry said “So I’m setting up a new research department to study these new plants, and I want you to be the head of it, we’ll discuss your pay later on, that is, if you accept the job.”

Neville nodded vigorously.

“I thought so.” Harry said “I’ll leave you now so that you can get to work, if there is anything you need just ask for it downstairs, and they’ll provide it, the complex containing the barracks should be

completed today if I'm not mistaken. If you need the elevator just pull the lowest branch on the tree, alright."

But Neville wasn't listening, he was studying a large pink flower with heart shaped leaves and a gaping maw with sharp teeth in its centre, it snapped shut when a fly flew into it, Neville just muttered fascinating.

Harry took the elevator back knowing he had just made a man's wish come true.

As a bell tolled, signalling the arrival of the elevator, he stepped in and looked around, a few piers were still under construction, and people were swarming over the cruise ship, doing whatever Harry had instructed them to do with it.

He pressed the button for the outside.

The lift shot up fast towards the ceiling, as it passed the compound dangling from the ceiling Neville thought it looked quite beautiful, the Atrium was a large round room with cream coloured walls and in the centre a small garden, courtesy of Neville himself, through large glass windowpanes people could look down and look at the harbour, the ceiling had been enchanted so that it would show the sky above them, Harry had made sure that most of these underground spaces they had were like this, he said it would be depressing not to see the sunlight for several week if you worked down here.

The elevator halted at its destination and Neville stepped out.

In front of him stood a massive greenhouse.

His home.

"Who would ever think that beneath this greenhouse lays the port of the most powerful navy of the world," he knew Harry's doubts if they were capable enough to handle the American navy, but Neville had full confidence in him, that's why he still helped with the military's operations, he was a good commander and Harry needed him from time to time, it was the least he could do.

Meanwhile back in his chambers Harry had just finished writing a letter.

He picked up the quill he had been using and muttered a spell.

The quill jumped back on the parchment on its own and did something that looked like a muggle movie in reverse.

It went over all the words in reverse and seemed to suck all the ink of the parchment.

Once it was done Harry picked it up and handed it to Hedwig, who took it in one of her talons and looked at Harry for instructions.

“You know what to do.” He said to her as he stroked her beautiful feathers.

Hedwig chirped a note in the affirmative and took off in a flash of black flames.

Meanwhile somewhere in London.

A young woman was sitting at a desk scowling furiously because of an Arithmancy equation that just didn't make sense to her.

She skimmed over her parchment and found out why, it seemed that their new professor was not as adequate as professor Vector had been. He had written it down on the blackboard with a fault in it. Since Harry's disappearance she had been going to Beauxbatons for her studies but every evening she was transported back to Grimmauld place for her safety, or so Dumbledore said. Oh, how she cursed that man, making everyone believe he was the embodiment of the light side but he wasn't, Hermione knew now. “Too late” she cursed herself, “let's just hope it's not too late to fix it.”

She quickly made a mental note to confront the professor about it tomorrow.

As she edited the mistake she felt a faint gust of wind.

She looked around for the source, all the windows were closed so they're shouldn't be any wind.

She spotted Hedwig sitting on her bed holding a quill in her beak. "About time." She muttered as she took it from Hedwig "thanks girl, are you going to wait for a reply." Hermione asked the beautiful bird and Hedwig thrilled a note in the affirmative

Hermione walked over to the desk and laid a piece of parchment on the desk while throwing the parchment she had been working on the ground in the process.

She put the quill down on it and whispered: "I solemnly swear that I am up to no good."

The quill sprang to life and started scribbling in Harry's unkempt writing.

She sighed happily, knowing that her decision had been the right one. Four days ago, nr 12 Grimmauld Place

She had been pacing her room restlessly, angry at everyone and everything.

How could she have been so stupid, betraying Harry like that, no wonder he had been so angry with her.

Initially she had thought Harry had lost it, going against Dumbledore like that, why would he do such a thing, Dumbledore was the embodiment of the light side, there was no reason for turning against him.

She was worried sick about him, not knowing where he was or what he was doing, she had gone quiet and stayed in her room most of the time, crying, thinking about her decision.

She looked over to Ginny's bed, where she normally slept, but now, she was with Harry.

"Lucky bastard." Hermione thought angrily.

She had discovered a lot of things recently, mostly about Harry and Dumbledore, using Fred and George's extendable ears.

Apparently something had happened to Harry over the summer, something about Harry's aunt Marjorie and the Dursleys.

She begun to hear more about what had happened to him and even the prophecy, about the ways Dumbledore had manipulated Harry.

After a while she realized Harry had done the right thing, and she had been wrong. She, Hermione Granger, smartest witch attending Hogwarts..., that had attended Hogwarts in the past few centuries and all-around know-it-all, had been dreadfully wrong about something so important for the first time in her life, she almost laughed at the irony, the first time couldn't have come at a worse moment, but instead of laughing she had cried, cried for the friendship she had thrown away.

She couldn't stand the agony any more of knowing that her best friend hated her guts.

She got up from the bed and strode over to the desk purposefully, scribbling down a quick note and tied it to Bernard's paw, a large barn owl Harry had bought her as a present for mastering the ways to make electronic equipment magical, and opened her window.

"Go and find Harry." She whispered desperately to the bird, it seemed to nod its head and took off.

Two days later she had still been crying on her bed, Ron had tried to comfort her in his clumsy oaf kind of way, but it hadn't helped, she knew he had a crush on her but she didn't care, how on earth could she ever love someone that had betrayed his best friend like it was nothing, although she had done pretty much the same she had had her doubts, Ron had not, he was completely convinced Harry had gone mad, the articles in The Daily Scumbucket, AKA the Daily Prophet, made that perfectly clear, Ron was clearly enjoying himself now that he was getting as much attention as the Boy Who Lived.

She had gotten the same opportunity but had looked at Rita Skeeter with disgust when she had talked to Hermione and told her to sod off.

A faint pop alerted her that someone had apparated straight into her room.

She sprung up from where she had been crying, her wand out, and ready to curse anyone who tried to talk to her now while screaming bloody murder.

She quickly found that she was unable to do so as a hand was suddenly clamped over her mouth and she was looking straight into the sparkling emerald green eyes of her former best friend.

She fainted from the shock of seeing him here, right in the middle of the enemies' HQ.

Harry looked at her limb form with some amusement and still a little anger, but he hoped they could sort this out.

He picked her up carefully and carried her to the bed where he lowered her gently.

He wasn't about to cast an enervate charm on her, that would mean she would probably start to scream from shock and faint again afterwards, instead he pulled up the desk chair and just sat there, waiting for her to wake up.

After ten minutes or so she began to stir and her eyes fluttered open.

She looked sideways and saw him sitting there.

A small smile crept upon her face.

"Harry, what are you doing here." She whispered furiously.

"I came here because I got your message," he said in a cold and harsh tone that made the smile on Hermione's face disappear instantly, "I take it you have changed your mind."

Instead of replying she launched herself at Harry and knocked the wind out of him.

But Harry didn't return the embrace.

Once she realised this she slowly let him go, took a few steps back, composed herself and stuck out her hand to help Harry up, but he didn't take it.

Harry seemed to float back upright and was standing before her, towering over her like a massive piece of unmovable rock.

"Talk." He said in that same harsh and cold voice, it was so formal and commanding that it didn't seem like they had ever been friends.

"Oh Harry," she said and sighed "has our friendship been completely destroyed that we have to talk like this."

"I'll give you my verdict after I heard and explanation for your behaviour." He said still in that chilling voice but for the next sentence he said the tone was quite different, maybe it was even vulnerable "You hurt me Hermione, bad" he said, although his tone had changed his posture of his facial expression had not, it was still unmovable "I didn't deserve what you did to me, I have always stood by your side and vice versa, why did you throw that away. Because of HIM. He doesn't deserve you, or was it our meddling old coot." At the end his voice had gone back to harsh and cold.

"I honestly don't know what to think of it, joining you just wasn't the logical thing to do." She said in a very weak voice.

"Maybe not, but what did your feeling tell you." Harry asked and his voice softened a bit "Hermione and her logic." Harry thought faintly amused.

"It told me otherwise," she said and couldn't control herself anymore, she launched herself at Harry once more, uncontrollable sobs

wracked her body “Oh Harry, I’m so sorry, can you ever forgive me.” She managed to croak out between her sobs.

This time Harry responded and took her in his arms. “Already done.” He said.

Dear Hermione,

We’ve discussed your request and you’re welcome to come over here and join us.

Pack everything you need and try to nick everything that could be useful, if Dumbledore or anyone else figures out what you’re doing’ just yell for Hedwig and she’ll take care of it, Make sure you don’t forget anything.

Should you see Dumbledore do not, I repeat, DO NOT look into his eyes.

If you have doubts about doing this, then don’t do it. Remember, there will be no turning back after this.

Whatever your decision is, you will always have a spot here that will be waiting for you.

H.P.

“Like I would ever change my mind about this.” She thought as she opened her trunk.

She just dumped everything she needed in it, no time to neatly place it in there, the trunk had already been enlarged so that all her books would fit into it.

After her room had been cleared of everything that was hers, she snuck down to the Black family library, she knew that there were several old tomes that might be useful.

It was a good thing that her parents were safe, they had moved to the states right after Harry had moved Hogwarts, Dumbledore had

insisted on it and Hermione had been living at Grimmauld place ever since, whether it was for her parents safety or so that Dumbledore could keep an eye on her she didn't know, but she suspected it was the latter.

As she was looking through the books, several were already in her pocket, she had enlarged it and put a weightless charm on it back in fifth year, the door to the library suddenly burst open and professor Dumbledore walked in together with professor McGonagall.

"I don't think you should go through with this Albus, it's just wrong." Minerva McGonagall said.

"Hello Miss Granger, I didn't expect to see you down here, feeling better I see." Dumbledore said in his jovial voice and McGonagall froze on the spot.

Hermione, who had picked the first book she could get her hands on from its shelf and was now leafing through it without registering what she was reading, just nodded absentmindedly.

"Interesting book you have there, doing some research I presume." Dumbledore asked with a hint of amusement in his voice and his eyes twinkling merrily.

Hermione, who finally noticed what she was looking at, started to blush furiously.

Of all the books in the library she had chosen the wizarding counterpart of the Kamasutra.

"If you'll excuse us then, Minerva and I are expected somewhere." He said and strode out of the library, McGonagall falling in stride behind as she cast a concerned look at Hermione, she knew something was up.

Hermione was too embarrassed to do anything but nod dumbly as the two professors left.

She quickly shoved the offending book back in its place and continued her search for interesting books.

After half an hour she had everything she needed and headed back up to her room, as she opened the door and entered she sensed that something was wrong, she smelled something that reminded her of Fire-Whiskey.

As she turned towards the bed she yelped in surprise, on it was Ron Weasley.

“Ron,” she yelled, outraged “What the bloody hell are you doing in my room.”

“Waiting for you.” He slurred out “Want some.” He said as he waved a bottle of Fire-Whiskey around wildly.

“No I don’t want some,” she said indignantly “now get out of my room.”

She was starting to be irritated, first it had been the fame that had gotten him, after that it had been girls, now it was alcohol. He snuck out of Grimmauld place every night and went to the Leaky Cauldron or another pub where he would be mobbed by people who wanted to know him and bought him drinks, he didn’t even think about the risk he was taking, a Death Eater could easily capture him but they didn’t appear to have any interest in him, unlike the ministry, Voldemort knew precisely what had happened at Hogwarts and the fact that his two best friends had been left behind hadn’t gone unnoticed so they were no longer an important target, plus, Ron was probably lucky that he was always surrounded by people.

“Have you been to the Leaky Cauldron again.” She demanded.

He just nodded, seized her arm and pulled her down on the bed.

“Ron, what are you doing.” She demanded.

“What I have wanted to do for a long while.” He murmured as he pinned her down on the bed.

“Get of me,” she yelled and she started to trash wildly, in the hope she could shake him off. “No Ron please, don’t do this.”

“Shut up.” he growled and cast a silencing charm on her mouth.

“ Please, someone help me” she screamed mentally as she continued to trash around, Ron hit her in the face hard and her head throbbed so hard she thought it was about to split in half, it was so bad she forgot what Ron was doing to her momentarily.

Moments later Hedwig burst into the room, after she saw the two lying on the bed and the red mark on Hermione’s cheek she swooped down towards the tall redhead and dug her talons deep into his shoulders.

He hissed in pain and tried to grab Hedwig in order to let her go, but Hedwig just lifted him up and away from Hermione, flew in a tight circle around the room and let him go.

He flew straight into Hermione’s door and crashed through, landing in the hallway.

Hedwig lowered her tail towards Hermione, indicating that she should grab a hold of it. She recovered quickly enough, drew a piece of parchment from her inside pocket and dropped it on the bed, grabbed her trunk and held on tightly to Hedwig’s tail feathers.

Dumbledore burst into the room just as both Hedwig and Hermione disappeared in a burst of flames.

The expression on Dumbledore’s face was a sad and angry one, he looked in the hallway and saw Ron lying there, knocked unconscious.

Molly Weasley came running toward him, asking what the noise was all about while Mrs Black made her presence known downstairs.

“I’m afraid that Miss Granger has left us.” Dumbledore said gravely.

“Do you mean she’s ...” Molly said in a frightful voice as she spotted her son lying on the ground “Did he...”

“No Molly, she’s not dead, apparently she has gone over to Harry’s side, or so I presume.” He said in a reassuring manner “But I have no idea what young Mister Weasley is doing here.”

He conjured a spray of cold water from his wand and doused Ron with it.

“ Mister Weasley, welcome to the land of conscious minds.” Dumbledore said as he helped him up on his feet.

“Thanks mom,” he said as he addressed Dumbledore “and hello there professor Dumbledore.” He said as he turned around and faced Molly Weasley, but as he turned around he lost his balance and crashed into her.

“Ronald Weasley,” she yelled at the top of her lungs, so hard that Dumbledore was tempted to put his beard in his ears “You’d better explain what’s going on. NOW”

Hermione arrived thirty minutes later at the front doors of the former Hogwarts castle.

She slumped down from exhaustion and just lay there on the grass.

She closed her eyes for a minute and thanked Hedwig again for doing what she had done.

She sensed that someone was approaching her, as she opened her eyes and propped herself up on her elbows she recognized him immediately.

She sprung up and ran towards him, threw his arms around him and started sobbing uncontrollably.

“What’s the matter Hermione, why are you crying.” Harry asked concernedly and he took a look at her face, he saw the red hand print on her cheek and growled dangerously. “Who did that,” he asked, indicating at the red spot “Who hurt you.” He demanded and Hermione just couldn’t resist answering, she couldn’t disagree with him when he used this no-nonsense voice.

“Ron did it,” she whispered “he was drunk and, oh god Harry,” she paused for a second, not sure if she should say it “What” Harry growled again.

“He almost raped me, if it hadn’t been for Hedwig, I don’t know what would’ve happened to me.” She said but Harry had already disappeared and now there was nothing in her arms but air, Ginny was running towards her and engulfed her in a hug.

“Hermione,” she said, the concern clear in her voice “What happened, why are you crying, where’s Harry.”

“Are you sure that’s what happened mister Weasley.” Dumbledore asked for the second time as he looked deep into Ron’s eyes with that piercing gaze of his as he looked over his spectacles.

Ron just nodded.

“Alright then mister Weasley, I’ll go and have a talk with your mother, let’s just hope she has calmed down by now.” He said in a concerned undertone.

Just as he was getting up something terrifying happened, Harry Potter appeared out of nowhere, making no sound whatsoever, that was, until he saw Ron.

“YOU FILTHY LITTLE BASTARD, I’LL KILL YOU WITH MY BARE HANDS.” Harry yelled, his eyes flashing green and a deep purple light seemed to encompass his body like a second skin.

He attacked Ron even before Dumbledore’s mind registered he was there.

He gave Ron a vicious uppercut, breaking his jaw and sending him flying through the air and into a nearby wall.

“Harry, stop this immediately.” Dumbledore yelled and he was about to pull his wand out of his robe pocket when he suddenly noticed he couldn’t move.

“Stay out of this one Dumbledore.” Harry hissed through clenched teeth, the room seemed to shake as he said it and a nearby window started to rattle.

Meanwhile Ron had gotten back up on his feet and stared at Harry with a dazed expression, clearly not entirely recovered from the blow he had received. Blood was dripping from his mouth indicating that he had bitten his tongue when Harry had hit him.

The next thing he knew Harry had pulled his face down onto his knee, breaking his nose effectively.

He picked Ron up by the collar and threw him across the room, onto the dining table.

“Harry, why are you doing this.” Dumbledore demanded and with a lot of will power he managed to break through the force that was holding him in place and whipped out his wand.

“Stupefy.” Dumbledore yelled.

Harry stopped his onslaught and slapped the spell away with his hand like it was nothing.

“Doing what exactly Dumbledore.” Harry demanded and a wave of energy pushed against Dumbledore, he was pushed backwards and pinned against the wall.

“Destroying Hogwarts, attacking Ron, drawing all these people towards you like Voldemort and his Death Eaters, turning dark.” Dumbledore demanded sadly

At these words the power on Dumbledore's body increased and he was literally pushed into the wall as stones shifted and cracked.

"Don't you dare compare me to Voldemort, don't you dare call me dark, DON'T YOU DARE COMPARE ME TO THAT VILE CREATURE YOU MANIPULATIVE OLD COOT." Harry yelled and with a might shove of power Dumbledore was pushed through the wall entirely and into the library.

"This conversation isn't over Harry." Dumbledore said as he coughed up some blood and slowly rose up from where he had been lying between the remains of the wall.

The wall exploded and through the gaping hole Harry approached Dumbledore. "What is there that you still want to talk about." Harry demanded in an icy tone that sent shivers up Dumbledore's spine.

"Why did you destroy Hogwarts that was once a home to you." He asked

"I didn't destroy it, I merely transformed it, the founders were the ones that destroyed it, didn't you guys." Harry demanded and an evil smirk appeared on his face.

"Disregarding that for now." Dumbledore said while grinding his teeth "Why did you turn dark Harry, was it because of me."

"I did not turn dark damn it." Harry roared and pushed Dumbledore back again with a wave of power but this time Dumbledore stood his ground "I merely decided to take another approach for the upcoming war, I'm still fighting for the same goal as you are, defeating Voldemort."

"Alright, I believe you Harry," Dumbledore said and let out a sigh of relief "but wouldn't you consider joining the order, we could do so much more together."

“Never.” Harry said and turned around, walking towards Ron who was slowly regaining consciousness, “I’ll be seeing you again soon.” Harry said menacingly and prepared to apparate.

“Just one more question Harry.” Dumbledore asked hopefully.

Harry nodded.

“Why did you attack Mr. Weasley and where is Miss Granger.”

“Hermione is back in Insania with me, I presume that you know of my whereabouts by now,” Dumbledore nodded “good, than you know the name of the place as well, as for the reason why I attacked Mr. Weasley over there, ask out esteemed would-be rapist.” Harry snarled

“Harry” a startled voice behind him said and he whirled around.

Molly Weasley had hurried down when she had heard the noise in the room expecting to find Ron rampaging through the house, shattering everything in sight, instead, she had found Harry rampaging through the house, destroying apparently everything while using her son as a projectile.

“What are you doing here, and why are you fighting with Ron”

“Ask your son the rapist” Harry snarled again and disappeared. He appeared back in front of the gates of his castle still seething.

“What is it Harry, you seem upset.” Arakir asked as soon as he noticed him standing a few feet away from him.

“Yea, you could say that I’m a little upset.” Harry hissed and dark clouds started to obscure the sky while a distant rumble of an approaching thunderstorm was heard in the distance., the wind started blowing in strong gusts and large waves started to crash on the shore of the lake.

“You need to calm down Harry, if you keep this up you might create a hurricane, come,” the large dragon said as it crouched low, low enough so that Harry could crawl on his back, once he was sitting down securely on the scaled back the dragon stretched its wings and with a few powerful strokes the dragon took off.

Arakir picked up speed and flew straight up.

Harry held on tightly as the dragon continued its vertical climb, they flew towards the dark and wet clouds and straight through them, soaking Harry's clothes.

And then they burst through them into the bright sun.

Arakir made a fast corkscrew and now they were flying peacefully and relatively slow above the clouds.

Harry hadn't felt this kind of adrenalin in a long time, not even his Firebolt could create these levels of adrenalin. Right now, he felt truly alive.

He sat upright on Arakir's back and stretched his arms out, like he was flying on his own;

“This,” Harry thought “I could do all day.”

“I bet you could but don't think I'm going to become a horse you can ride whenever you want.” Arakir chuckled.

Then all of a sudden his voice changed to a very serious one.

“Now Harry, I know you're a very emotional person and would do anything to protect your friends but you need to learn to control your temper, and your occlumency alone won't be enough, you can't just lose control whenever something happens, you could bring people in danger like that, you can save your temper for the battlefield but it seems like you've got it reversed, on the battlefield you are cool and controlled while dealing with less significant, no offence, personal matters you lose control in an instant.”

“I know Arakir, but when you get emotional on the battle field you’re prone to make mistakes, as to why I always react the way I do with these more personal issues, I think its just because before I went to Hogwarts I had no friends, nobody who cared for me and now I have all these people who are my friends, who respect me and sometimes even love me and now that I have that I’ll never let it slip away, ever. I will protect these people with everything I have, I know there will be casualties in this war but none of them will die in vain, and when I come across the one that has caused their passing I will make him feel pain of which the likes Voldemort never heard of.” Harry said the last part in such a voice, it made Arakir shiver for a second.

Below them the skies were clearing up slowly and Harry could see the endless blue ocean beneath them, far below them one of their cruisers cleaved through the still rough sea he had caused.

“You see that Harry, if you hadn’t calmed down they might have perished, how could you live with yourself knowing that you had caused their deaths.” Arakir asked in a gentle tone.

“You’re right Arakir, I’m sorry.”

“Just remember Harry, with great power comes great responsibility.” And with that Arakir turned around and they headed back towards the castle.

They landed in front of the gates and Harry jumped on Arakir’s back.

“Thank you Arakir.” Harry said

“Any time Harry, now go, there is someone that needs you right now.” Arakir said and he indicated to the officers’ tower with one of his wings.

Harry nodded and headed inside.

After a brief walk he was standing in front of the door to his apartment.

He knocked softly and after a moment or two Ginny opened the door.

“Harry where were you, I was afraid you were going to do something stupid and go after Ron.” She said in a low whisper.

“I did pay a brief visit to your darling brother.” Harry said in a normal volume.

Before Ginny could respond he had strode past her and into the living room where Hermione was sitting in a couch while Hedwig had nestled herself in her lap.

She was stroking the large bird's plumage while looking through the window absent-mindedly.

“Hermione,” Harry asked cautiously “are you alright.”

“Oh Harry, I didn't hear you come in, is everything alright, you were gone all of a sudden.” Hermione asked in a slightly dull voice as she continued to stroke Hedwig who let out a soft note of appreciation that brought a brief smile to Hermione's face.

“I just paid a visit to an old acquaintance but enough about me, how are you.” He said with determination

“I'm fine, I'm just a bit shocked that Ron could be capable of something like that.” Hermione said and Harry saw the fear on her face as she probably saw it happening all over again in her mind “but thanks to Hedwig here nothing happened.”

Harry nodded and stroked his pet's head in a fond way “Yes, she's quite protective of the people she cares about.”

Harry sighed: “Listen Hermione, I'm s...”

“Oh no you don't Harry Potter, this is not your fault, I know, you think you should've gotten me out of there as soon as I asked but you made the right decision.” Hermione said with determination

Harry nodded, knowing she was right.

“Now that that’s all settled would you mind telling me what you’ve been doing here these past few weeks.”

“That Hermione,” Harry said with a smile on his face “is a long story.”

Just as he finished his sentence the door opened and a girl entered without even knocking on the door first.

“And let me start with introducing my kind of adopted daughter.” Harry said and laughed when he saw the expression on Hermione’s face.

Author notes: First of all I want to apologise for two things, first of all I'm sorry for the spelling in this chapter but it hasn't been beta'd yet and I also want to apologise for not updating Power of Betrayal, I have tried, believe me and I will continue the story but I just don't have any inspiration at the moment. Reviews are still very welcome, and if you don't review I'll let my dragons have you for breakfast, (insane laughter). My yahoo group is still open for everyone who wants to join, you can discuss my fics on it as well as everything else that involves HP. Chapters will be posted first in the group. I'm looking for another beta reader as well, if you're interested just write it in a review.

review responses:

thsunami: It won't go quite like that, although Dumbledore and Harry strive for the same goal they're not allies and they will fight each other from time to time as for the Weasleys, no, they didn't join Harry but remain loyal to Dumbledore and Remus as well, for the moment at least.

TammyLynnSlark: If you want to know what kind of torture Voldemort is going through you'll have to wait for the next chapter (I shouldn't have said that).

Turnlach: Snape will make an appearance in the next chapter and using the Missouri in battle, the idea had been on my mind for a long time, that's one of the reason I started to write this story, we have so much advanced and powerful technology but what would happen if you combine it with magic and how magic can create technology that scientist are currently only dreaming about.

Shadowed Rains: DBZ, hmm, I thought it looked more like the matrix, the flying and the sword and such but now that you mention it yes it does, if you're an anime fan then I have good news for you because you'll see some stuff from various other anime series as well, I just have to remind myself to update my disclaimer or else I'll get sued by the companies.

athenakitty: The Dursleys won't make an appearance for sometime I think, at least another chapter or three as for the adults I think they realised that by now.

karone-sakura: alright the next chapter will be up sooner just because you ask so nicely, beta reader or not, I'm getting tired of having to wait this long (nothing against you betas of course) but the truth is since it's taking so long to post the next chapter I'm starting to devote less and less time to writing which I find regrettable.

thanks to everyone else who has reviewed:

Akira Stridder, Vampire of the Shadows, FairyQilan, Rkhiara.

Deploy

Harry was walking down the long corridor leading up to Luna's dungeon. He was still a bit cautious even after Luna knew he was coming down, having four thousand bullets shot at you doesn't really create a feeling of safety.

He approached the wooden door that gave entry to the dungeon and pressed on a button next to it.

A stone in the wall disappeared and a black box appeared in its place. Harry tapped it with his wand and put his palm flat on the front of the box, a small iris opened on top of the device and scanned his eyes.

After a few moments a cool female voice spoke up. "Name & password please"

"Harry Potter, 98843784"

"Access denied" the voice said and the box disappeared again into the wall.

"What the..." Harry muttered and banged on the door "Will some body let me in please, Luna, you there." He yelled but he got no reply.

Abruptly he stopped when he heard a strange sound reverberate through the corridor. It reminded him strangely of Aragog but it sounded more metallic.

He listened for another moment or two and shrugged. "You're getting paranoid." Harry muttered and somehow constant vigilance came to his mind.

He banged on the door again and still got no response.

He heard the sound again and faster than the eye could see he had turned in the direction of the sound with his sword in hand, but he couldn't see anything unusual in the brightly lit corridor.

And yet he knew something was there, he could feel it.

He started to walk in the direction he had come from, sword in hand and ready to strike at anything. Beads of sweat were running down his face, he knew he was powerful but last time he had barely gotten out and who knew what Loony Lovegood had come up with this time.

He heard that metallic clicking again and this time it sounded awfully close, slowly he looked upwards.

There it was, straight above him.

The thing leaped down from the ceiling, the blades on its legs glinting in the light and the cannon in its mouth pulsing with power.

Harry jumped up from the ground, sword in front of him and with a roar of defiance he challenged it.

“Why do people always disturb me when I’m in the shower.” Luna sighed as she walked towards the door while drying her hair with a towel.

“What is it.” She asked the guard sitting behind his desk next to the large reinforced steel door.

“Someone tried to get in but they didn’t have security clearance.” He informed her.

“Oh, must be Harry, open the door please.”

A lot of metallic clicking and rattling was heard as the door was slowly unlocked. A brief ripple of power was felt as the wards on the door were disabled.

The door slowly opened inwards only to reveal a raging battle.

Harry was standing in front of the gate swinging his sword wildly in order to deflect dozens of orange bolts fired in his direction.

Suddenly the bolts stopped and a large metallic spider jumped on top of him pinning him on the ground with its body, Harry just summoned his power and threw the spider off him, sending it through the hall.

He summoned his staff and prepared to blast the damn thing to pieces.

“Stop.” Luna yelled and stepped into the corridor, “Alex,” she yelled and the spider suddenly stopped moving, the long knives on its legs retracted, it looked like he swallowed the pulse gun in its mouth and turned all of its eyes towards Luna “What did I tell you about attacking everyone in sight,” the spider lowered its head and looked a little frightful although it was hard to tell for Harry “get inside immediately, no target practice for you today.” The spider clicked its fangs obediently and shuffled inside.

She turned around and saw Harry staring at her with disbelief. “You gave that thing a name.” he asked incredulously.

“Of course,” Luna said “how else am I going to address him.”

“Using a remote or something, it’s not like it’s a dog or something.”

“It’s exactly like a dog only more obedient, he just tends to overdo it, when I tell him to guard the door he attacks everyone coming even near the entire corridor, it’s just a little bug in the system, we’re working on it.”

“A little bug.” Harry yelled “That,” he said pointing towards the gate through which the spider had just gone through “is not a little bug, that’s a bloody big spider.”

“Isn’t it marvellous.” Luna said as she looked at the gate through which the spider had just gone through lovingly

“Yeah yeah, it’s marvellous” Harry grumbled, he had to admit it, if that thing was able to surprise and almost overcome him it was a good piece of machinery “but if that thing ever comes near me again

Garanor can have it as a toy.” Harry said and smirked as he saw the affronted look Luna was giving him.

“Umm, by the way,” Harry suddenly stammered “you do realise that you’re only wearing your bathrobe.”

“Uh-huh.” Luna nodded and strode back through the door. “Are you coming.” Luna asked when she saw Harry was still standing in the hall.

“Are you sure I’m not going to be attacked when I walk through that door.”

“Almost one hundred percent.” Luna replied and walked on.

Harry gulped and hurried after her and the door closed behind him.

“I thought that that was just a wooden door.” He asked her when he looked back at the gate.

“You’re supposed to think that.” Luna said.

They were now walking through a hall where guns had been placed every three meters on the walls and ceiling.

“You sure are very keen on defensive measures.” Harry commented as he eyed the Gatling gun turrets with caution.

“Yes, but it’s necessary, if anyone ever finds out on what we’re working here they’ll definitely try to break in here.” Luna said very seriously all of a sudden, Harry had never seen her like this before.

“Would you mind if I ask what you’re working on exactly.” Harry asked cautiously.

“Of course I don’t mind.” Luna said in her usual voice.

“Well then, what is it.” Harry asked aggravated

“All in due time.” Luna said happily and stopped as they approached the end of the tunnel. They were now standing in a white square room with numerous doors on three walls with the entrance to the tunnel taking almost the entire fourth wall.

“Allow me to give you a tour.” Luna said and they took the first door on their left.

They entered a room full of screens, computers and people sitting in chairs with their feet all propped up on their desks while talking with their colleagues and drinking coffee. There were seven of them.

Luna cleared her throat and all of a sudden all the men and women in the room jumped to their feet and started working vigorously.

Luna just smiled. “This is our safety control room, they keep an eye on everything that’s going on around here and have control over most of the defences.” She said addressing Harry.

“So it’s these guys that I have to thank for my previous encounter with your defences.” Harry asked.

All of them looked down at the ground while muttering apologies.

“Oh well, accidents do happen.” Harry said grudgingly.

“That’s the spirit.” Luna said happily.

“Now come over here Harry, we’ll get you a security clearance for this level so that accidents like that don’t happen again.” Luna said and walked over to a computer.

“But I already have the highest security clearance there is, every computer on this island should let me in.” Harry said.

“Every computer except this one.” One of the operators said while pressing the keys on his keyboard furiously “Our mainframe isn’t connected to the rest of the castle, that way nobody can get in our

files unless you manage to get in here, which is not an easy task as you might've noticed so everyone working here has been given a personal security clearance just for entering this dungeon." He explained.

"Alright, that explains it. But why can't anyone remember what they're doing here once they leave." Harry asked.

"It's part of our security, when the people working here leave the facility they leave all their knowledge of what's going on here behind in a modified pensieve, the only thing they remember is that they work here, they're code and their schedule and every time they come back in here a special device remembers them that they have to pick up their memories. The system is the most secure of all the options we considered." Luna explained in that serious voice again.

"Ingenious" Harry said in awe.

"I'm glad you like it." Luna said again in her happy voice.

After giving Harry a security clearance Harry and Luna proceeded towards the laboratory which they passed by quickly, the only thing Harry saw was a lot of people sitting behind computers while typing and discussing vigorously.

Next was the factory.

This was where it all happened

To say Harry was impressed was an understatement, he was awestruck.

Luna apparently found that the space he had created had been too small so she had expanded it to twice the size, making it eight times bigger than the Great Hall.

Large lorries drove in and out of the space transporting molten metal through a tunnel that began at the end back of the dungeon and led all the way up to the mountains where the metal ore was being mined.

Next to it was the foundry where the liquid metal was charmed, potions were added, funnelled into moulds and when it had cooled enough Runes were engraved into the metal by robots so small that they were almost undetectable by the human eye and later they were activated by a wizard. On the other side of the room was the workshop where the metal was shaped in the right form. Magical equipment like lasers and cutters with accuracies that no muggle machinery could ever hope to accomplish, impossible shapes could be made like making a space inside a solid block of iron without any damage on the outside of it.

Next to the workshop was the assembly plant which was still inactive at the moment, on the other side was the testing area from where loud explosions could be heard from time to time. Next to that stood a large metallic fence in which a dozen of the large metallic spiders were resting peacefully but Harry still thought they looked menacing, even when their weapons aren't deployed and they're resting. With their eight shining metal legs, steel body, sharp pincers and eight lenses for eyes they gave Harry the creeps, he didn't think he could handle them in an enclosed space if they attacked all at once.

"Aren't they cute" Luna said as she looked at the metallic monsters with a soft expression on her face.

"Cute, they look more like demons from hell if you ask me." Draco Malfoy said as he approached the duo.

"Yes, maybe, but nobody did ask you, now did they." Luna replied with a smirk.

"You look nice in that bathrobe by the way, Harry" he continued jovially "good of you to stop by, we're doing some tests and I need your cooperation for a moment or two and I have a surprise for you as well." He said while Luna, unbothered by the comment Draco made just smiled serenely.

"Draco," Harry said surprised, "I didn't know you worked down here, I thought you were at the base making our men's life as miserable as possible."

“Neither did I but this surprise we have certainly interests me so Luna asked me to come down here to have a look at it and I do not make our men miserable, if you want to fight than you should be properly prepared.” He huffed.

“Training fourteen hours a day is making men’s life miserable.”

“Yeah yeah, do you want to see what the surprise is or not.” Draco said.

“Ok.” Harry replied and the three of them made their way to the test area. This area was surrounded by a steel wall for the safety of the rest of the facility as things could get rather nasty in there.

As they entered it a couple of men were setting up a heavy looking weapon that looked like a large bazooka on a tripod.

“What is that.” Harry asked.

“It’s a new weapon that has been completed today,” Draco said “it can be used as an artillery weapon to hit the enemy over great distances, today’s the first real test, up until now only simulations have been made on how it will handle.” Luna continued “And at the same time we’ll be testing a new type of metal we’ve developed, we’ve tried countless variations of spells, runes and all kinds of potions to meet the requirements we’ve set for new projects, the steel on the Ekliptica is a heavy duty variant that was easy to produce, all it had to be was strong, weight wasn’t an option as the engines that are being constructed for her should be powerful enough to make her go 60 knots but this new metal is supposed to be ten times stronger, five times lighter, two times more flexible and can endure temperatures of over three thousand degrees.” She concluded.

“For what purpose would you need a metal that has all those properties.” Harry asked

“You’ll see.” Luna said. Harry looked at Draco but he shook his head “Don’t ask me, I don’t know either but it will be useful for shelters and such.”

Harry wanted to take a closer look at the weapon but Draco and Luna just ushered him forward into a steel cabin located behind the device.

The room they were now in was a steel box with a window overlooking the test area where the scientists were still setting up the device and behind them stood a steel plate.

They completed whatever they were doing and entered the cabin.

“Everything is set up.” They informed Luna.

“Alright, commence the test.” She replied.

One of the scientists whipped out his wand and pointed it at the device.

“Contendo” He said.

The next few moments were quite hectic.

The device went off with a loud explosion and was thrown off the tripod, next the steel plate that had been standing at the other side of the area was blown away by an explosion and the shockwave the explosion created hurled the device away and against the glass of the cabin which luckily deflected the blow.

Luna and Draco let out a whoop of joy while doing a dance with their arms entwined.

“It works.” Draco yelled.

“It held.” Luna yelled

“What are you two so happy about, you destroyed a steel plate and nearly killed us.” Harry asked.

“On the contrary” Luna said “the plate might be dented but it’s still in one piece.”

“And the MAG-cannon works, the backfire is still a setback but it works.” Draco beamed.

“MAG-cannon?” Harry asked.

“Madman Artillery Gun.” Luna said.

“Well seeing the results the name appears to be well chosen” Harry sighed.

“Shall we go and see the results” Luna said and had already walked out the door before the other two could reply.

They both followed her to the back of the space where the dented steel plate lay. Just in front of it was a large hole in the floor where the plate had stood.

“Excellent” Luna said “not even the slightest crack in the metal”

“Alright, I can see that,” Harry said “but what’s so special about that weapon, the new rifle that has been completed today can do the same thing.”

“You’re thinking on a different scale Harry, I believe you tested the weapon today, right” Draco asked and Harry nodded “did you try the alternative fire in destroy mode.” Harry nodded again “Alright, then you know what it can do.”

“Yes, it can transform a three feet thick reinforced concrete wall into a pile of dust.” Harry answered

Draco nodded and ordered the men examining the damage to the weapon to go and get a modified M16A2 assault rifle and a one inch thick steel plate.

Fifteen minutes later everything they needed was present, the steel plate had been erected and the gun had arrived with three additional ammo clips and the floor had been repaired.

“Would you do the honours.” Draco asked and handed Harry the rifle which he took without hesitation “It still needs a wand.” Draco said and walked towards the door of the cabin.

Harry sighed, hung the weapon on his shoulder and started to concentrate, he stretched out his right arm and the air around his hand began to ripple and a small black spot appeared in midair and started to expand until it was the size of Harry’s fist. It was a ball of pure blackness that drifted in the centre of Harry’s outstretched hand.

It looked like he was trying to grab the sphere with his hand but instead his hand disappeared into the sphere, when he pulled it back out he had his wand in his hand. As soon as he had what he wanted he closed his right hand and the sphere disappeared.

He took the weapon back in his hand and inserted his wand at the bottom of the handle and inserted the clip. The gun buzzed with power as the energy started to flow through the wand.

Harry selected the option destroy and engaged the alternative fire.

He took aim at the centre of the plate and squeezed the trigger.

A large red sphere shot forth from the barrel and zoomed towards the plate.

Halfway towards its target the sphere split into twenty smaller spheres which dispersed and formed a circle that zoomed towards their target, the circle got wider until it was a fourth of the total distance away from the plate and then continued like it was, when it was just a short distance away the small red spheres broke their formation and hit their target in various locations all at the same time creating a deafening explosion and causing a lot of debris to fly around.

The plate had been destroyed, several pieces of metal lying scattered around the space here and there while the largest part had been blown several meters backwards, crumpled like it had been tin foil.

“Alright,” Harry yelled to Luna and Draco “I’ve destroyed it, looks like neither your new weapon nor your new steel is as strong as you think.”

“Oh no Harry,” Luna yelled as she stood in the doorway, “that was a regular steel plate, go and get a modified steel plate please” she asked the men working there.

“What do you mean ‘that was a regular steel plate’.” Harry demanded.

“We just wanted to make sure you understood the difference.” Draco said and they went back into the cabin as the next plate arrived.

Harry shrugged, waited until the plate was in place and opened fire again.

Harry, who had shielded his eyes with his hand looked at the plate as the dust slowly settled again and what he saw surprised him.

The plate didn’t even have a dent, only a few scorch marks where the explosions had occurred.

He cancelled the alternative fire mode and opened fire again.

He kept firing until he ran out of power but that didn’t stop him. Instead of replacing the clip he started to feed the gun with his won magic, sending it through his wand and into the energy modifier, the unit that changed raw magical power in spheres with a specific purpose, like the reducto spell.

He kept firing till there was so much dust in the air that he couldn’t even see the tip of his barrel anymore and then he stopped.

He coughed a few times from all the dust that was flying around, waved a few time with his hand and all the dust disappeared.

A large clang was heard as the plate fell forward into the crater Harry's onslaught had created.

Draco and Luna rushed out of the cabin and towards him.

"What the hell just happened," Draco asked perplexed "there's no way that clip could've lasted this long from what I've read in the reports."

"It can't" Harry said as he stared at the plate that was being hauled upright "I powered the weapon directly"

"Interesting," Luna said "I think this might prove useful in the future, I'll put a team on it to research if anyone else can do that."

Harry nodded and walked towards the plate.

One of the scientists had hauled it up it using a large crane that ran on rails that were attached to the ceiling and could operate over the entire dungeon while the other scientists ran a quick analysis with his wand. Harry ran his hand over the surface of the plate and it was as smooth as a mirror

"I'll admit," Harry said "It's impressive what this modified steel can endure but for what are you going to use it, such a special metal must have a special goal." He asked curiously.

"Come on and I'll show you, sorry Draco but I can't let you come with us this time, top secret you know." Luna replied happily.

"That's alright, I would like to do some more tests with this new weapon anyway." He said and the other two walked away.

"Say, Luna, I didn't know you developed weapons come to think of it, well, weapons like those spiders okay but not weapons for our military." Harry said.

“Well, normally we don’t but this was the basic principle for something else I had in mind and it happened to be so that we saw an opportunity to make a weapon for the army out of it that could be handled easily, the final weapon that thing is going to help us make will be something different altogether but everything will become clear after I’ve explained what our final goal is.” She explained as they walked back through the surveillance room and into the small room they had first entered with the many doors in it and they entered a door opposite the door leading to the surveillance room.

This one looked like a muggle movie theatre only somewhat smaller than the average kind.

“Just one more question,” Harry said “how was that weapon powered, I noticed a large shell lying on the ground after the first test but I thought we had decided not to use modified bullets because they were too expensive.”

“They’re not modified muggle shells, they’re magical, you see, we were looking for ammunition that could cause a lot of damage but without having to built a core and having to channel it through a wand so we came up with the idea to use muggle bullets but instead of the copper tip we replaced it with a ball of raw energy and instead of gunpowder we used a smaller amount of raw energy which we make unstable by casting a shrinking charm on the compartment and then it explodes, propelling the sphere towards it target, the amount required to cast the shrinking charm is minimal so with a small core supplying the power for the weapon to operate you have a reliable and powerful weapon.”

“Now sit down, once you’ve seen the presentation everything will become clear.” Luna said and sat down besides him, after a quick wave of her hand towards the back of the room the lights were dimmed and a movie started.

When Harry excited the theatre he was overwhelmed.

“Wow.” Was the only thing he said after an hour and a half of silence.

“It can be a bit overwhelming when you first see the capabilities but what do you think.” Luna asked happily.

“It’s” Harry stammered “powerful.”

“That’s one way to put it.”

“Although it’s a great idea I don’t think it will ever be necessary to use it in battle, it should be more something like a defensive measure.” Harry said “What about the power source, something like that must use a lot of energy.”

“You solved that problem today.”

“How”

“When you powered that weapon directly, I had initially thought about a core but it would have to be big in order to maintain the needed energy long enough and the space required to house it would be too big to be practical and we had no other means to do it except nuclear power but I think that’s a bit too dangerous to use in direct combat.” Harry nodded in agreement “But now that we now that you can feed it directly we’ve solved that problem. But, it also means that if you want to power it you’ll have to train in order to build up your stamina.”

“Alright so when will it be completed.” Harry asked, he could imagine that it would take a long time to develop all the required systems to operate it properly.

“It should take at least eleven months.” Luna replied “maybe less now that we’ve completed our power source ahead of schedule but the other equipment that needs to be developed should still take some time thus yeah eleven months should do it. Of course since the foundation has been laid down today we’ll need you down here

regularly to go through simulations and help in modifying some things to function better.”

“So I’ll be to only one able to pilot that thing huh.”

“Unless we find a person as powerful as you and someone who has the ability to power it directly.” Luna concluded.

“I might be for the best that I’ll be the only one able to pilot it, imagine what would happen if the enemy got their hands on this.”

“Voldemort would probably never want it since it was based on muggle technology and Dumbledore because he wouldn’t want to use a weapon that is purely built to kill and destroy.”

“Probably, but I don’t like weapons that are built purely for killing neither unless for killing Death Eaters of course. Anyway, I’ve got some unfinished business to take care off. I’ll come back tomorrow to discuss some more details about this device.”

“Later Harry.” Luna called after him.

After Harry exited the dungeon he walked up to the Entrance Hall and onto the grounds.

He was in deep thought about Luna’s secret project and thought that their security measures weren’t nearly good enough if they were building something that dangerous. While he was musing over all this he didn’t notice Garanor starting to walk besides him.

When he looked up at the sky as if he wanted to see if the answer to all his questions lay there waiting for him he yelped and jumped to the side.

“It’s nice to know what kind of an effect I have on you when you see me.” Garanor said sadistically.

“Sorry,” Harry said while scratching the back of his head “but I didn’t really expect to see a gigantic dragon walking besides me when I was going to look at the sky.”

“Apology accepted.” Garanor replied in his normal formal voice.

“Any reason why you almost scared me to death.” Harry asked casually.

“I think it would take more to kill you than my appearance if you can defeat my old master but yes Harry there is indeed a reason I came searching for you.” Garanor replied and gave a mental sigh.

“Sounds like a big issue” Harry commented.

“It is. It concerns the founders’ well.”

“The founders’ well, I’ve heard that somewhere before but I can’t remember where.” Harry said thoughtfully and tried to remember where he had heard that name before.

“Maybe in your History of Magic class” Garanor supplied “but that doesn’t matter now, let me tell you the story of how the days of the founders came to an end.”

“In the days when Hogwarts was still a fairly resent castle there were three people residing in it over the summer.

Helga Hufflepuff, Rowena Ravenclaw and Godrich Gryffindor were the only three people who had decided to stay at the castle over the holidays. Despite their age they all looked quite youthful, today was the 137th year since the castle had been founded and the three of them were having dinner in Helga’s private chamber.

“Well my dear ladies, I’m afraid this will be the last time we’ll be celebrating this day for a long time to come.” Godrich said in a joyful tone.

“Yes,” Helga said “Although I’m going to miss this place it’s not like we’ll be gone for real, we’ll still be around, just not in our physical form, not even a ghost, just an essence, even if I hope we’ll never have to be awakened I would still like to see this place again in the far future, just to see how it’s doing.”

“Don’t get so pessimistic,” Rowena chided “we have all agreed to do this in order to protect the school, we have always sworn to protect our dream with our lives and now we’ll be able to do it for eternity. By the way, have you heard anything from Salazar, I had hoped he would have replied to your message at the least”

“Nothing at all.” Godrich sighed. For a few minutes the light mood changed to sombre and brooding as the three remaining founders were lost in memory, thinking about better times when the four of them had sat together to celebrate Hogwart’s anniversary.

Rowena was the first one to snap out of it “Well, let us not dwindle on the past but on with the future.” She said briskly.

“You’re right as always Rowena, let us get going.” Godrich replied back in his normal cheery self.

Together the four of them made their way towards the lowest dungeon in the castle where a recently dug out tunnel lay, the three of them entered it and descended all the way to the bottom. They stood on the last step of the stairs.

“Apertum Antrum Parentalis” they said in unison.

The landing in front of them disappeared only to reveal that the stairs continued for a long time.

When they finally reached the end they entered a large circular room deep below the lake.

The chamber stretched deep down into the earth with a stone pillar standing in the centre of it and a small bridge connecting the entrance with it.

If you looked down you probably wouldn't be able to see the bottom but the founders walked over the bridge without any hesitation.

On the pillar stood a stone pedestal with three large crystal orbs lying on it.

The founders gathered around the pedestal and each took one of the orbs.

"Are you sure that you want to do this." Godrich asked addressing the other two.

"Yes, it is for the safety of the school and the future of witches and wizards." Rowena said with conviction while Helga merely nodded.

"All right then, let's begin." Godrich said and closed his eyes, the other two followed his example.

He concentrated hard and slowly the orb he was holding began to pulsate with a bright white light.

In the depths of the chamber a tiny speck of light could be seen which slowly started to grow larger.

Minutes passed and slowly the light became brighter.

As beads of sweat ran down the three founders' faces and the orbs they were holding pulsed with light slowly the light down in the chamber came closer and closer.

After something that felt like ages to the founders they opened their eyes again and saw that the entire chamber had been filled with a white ethereal light.

The stone pillar they were standing on was now surrounded by a lake of swirling white water.

"It worked," Helga said "all our energy has now been stored."

“So you’re saying that there’s a giant pool of raw magical power somewhere in this castle that belongs to the founders.” Harry concluded.

“I don’t think it was transported along with the castle, the chamber was deep underground and hidden well. Salazar Slytherin is an entire other story.” Garanor said. “he arrived a week after the filling of the well and by that time the other founders had passed away, without their powers they were nothing more than muggles so they died of old age within a day or two. They did leave Salazar a letter in which they explained what they had done and why, he was mad at himself for not coming back sooner and decided to follow their example so he created the Room of Requirement which I believe you are familiar with.”

“So Slytherin’s power is still somewhere in this castle.” Harry asked astonished.

“I believe so.”

“Then we’d better start preparing because as soon as he finds out our location he’ll try to retrieve it.” Harry said and reached for his cell phone.

“Indeed but this might be the opportune moment to defeat him, he is still weak compared to what he will be after he has restored his power although it might take a while before he tries, the last duel between you and him has weakened him immensely and without his complete power his recovery will be slow, but beware, the reason the founders became this strong was because they fought lots of evil in their days and strengthened themselves with the power of their defeated enemies and ancient rituals. Over time when the most of the archaic forces they fought had been defeated they decided it had been enough except for Slytherin who continued to search for more power, the three founders returned to Hogwarts where they lived the rest of their lives in peace while Slytherin continued on his quest and was drawn more and more towards the dark side as he wondered how these dark forces they fought became so strong. He had once been a

good man but his exposure to so many darkness drew him into its folds without the support his three friends normally gave him. Let's just hope there's still something left of that man so that he will realize what kind of monster he and his heir have turned into before it is too late."

"I hope so too" Harry said "Now, if you'll excuse me I have a ship that needs some last minute modifications."

Garanor nodded and turned around, walking back towards the castle.

Harry continued walking towards his destination but Arakir still had one question to ask him.

"I've been wondering about this for some time now but why do you walk towards your destination when you can just apparate over there within a matter of seconds." Garanor asked through their mental bond.

"Our lives will get busy enough once this war truly starts to heat up so I think we should enjoy the little things in life while we can." Harry responded "now is only the beginning, as soon as Voldemort is back on his feet and the ministry starts to really go against us I don't think we'll have much time to do things like enjoying a peaceful walk while looking at the sky." Harry sighed and wondered if his choice to do all this had been the right one.

"As long as you stay who you are now your choice has been the right one Harry but remember what I said about my former master, spend time with your loved ones and get away from fighting once in a while." Garanor said and with that the conversation was closed.

What Garanor had said did make sense to Harry and he was confident to not turn dark under any circumstances but the words Dumbledore had said to him still made him wonder, if he looked at this land it did indeed look like Voldemort and his Death Eaters, he knew some people had come here because of his fame but they were loyal, he knew that, the stone confirmed that and unlike Voldemort most of these people trusted him and respected him while Voldemort was only feared and that is the only reason most people still followed

him, of course there are others that follow him because they too believe in pure blood. NO, Dumbledore is wrong, although we might have a lot in common we are two totally different persons.

He was brought out of his musing when he noticed he had arrived at the shipyard and was now standing in front of the massive bow of the INIS Ekliptica.

Harry truly felt dwarfed by it, people would probably say that the thing exaggerated, way too big and too powerful but in Harry's eyes it was perfect, unlike the United States Magical Navy they didn't have numbers or a lot of experience concerning naval warfare so they decided to built only two ships of this calibre, the Ekliptica and the Potter, the construction of the Potter would begin after the Ekliptica had been finished, while the Ekliptica would be their main battleship the Potter would be a flagship that sailed at the back of the fleet but it would still have substantial fire power. Basically the Ekliptica would be an offensive ship and the Potter a more defensive type.

He tore his gaze away from the impressive hull and walked towards a small brick building that had been erected for the supervisors. As he walked inside there were several people discussing varying matters while other were intently gazing at computer screens on which various simulations were running.

He approached Sarah Brown, the woman that stood in command of all the operations on the shipyards.

She was in the middle of scolding a member of her team, something about wrong data and simulation so Harry decided to wait until she was finished, he had once disturbed her during a scolding and it had been the only time he had ever done that.

As soon as she was finished she turned around "Ah Harry, what brings you here." She asked jovially.

"Hello Sarah, I just came from our department of mysteries and they asked for some modifications to be made to the ship. Apparently a hole has to be cut into the hull near the bow and a hatch will be installed and shield emitters as well to keep out the water for when it

is open, a large bay for storing a new type of weapon they are developing and a hatch on the deck also equipped with shield emitters, here's the data." Harry explained and handed over a crystal.

Sarah inserted it and looked at the various modifications. "This is a huge modification from the original design but luckily we've been focusing mainly on the rear of the ship until now but this bay they're asking for is huge, what kind of weapon has this kind of size, can operate under water and fly as well." She asked amazed.

"I'm afraid that's top secret but it will be quite a while before you get to see it I'm afraid, I didn't even know what they were developing until a few hours ago but I promise it'll be worth the wait."

"Alright, I'll take your word for it but now that you're here anyway, the core chamber has been completed so it would be nice to have it installed, the engines are ready to go and the hull and steering system is completed, normally we would've let it into the water in a day or two but now that'll have to wait a little longer, we need to do the modifications to the hull first."

"How's the bridge system coming along." Harry inquired.

"At first I didn't like the idea to build it this way. You know that, but I start to like this new idea, much more trustworthy than the Missouri."

"I agree but we can't modify the Missouri that much, we'll still have to return it and besides now that our location is known we'll probably need it."

"Yes, I think so too, too bad we didn't get the Ekliptica finished before that but I guess it can't be helped, luckily we were able to build all those cruisers back at Potter Mansion, by the way, when are we going to settle a base there."

"Let's settle everything here first, if the Americans join the British Ministry we'll be lucky enough if we can keep control over this place, as soon as all defence structures have been built we'll start working in earnest on Potter Mansion. Now shall we get going and create the

strongest core made so far.” Harry suggested and together they started to walk towards the elevator at the back of the building that would lead them up to the deck of the Ekliptica.

The deck near the bow hadn’t been constructed yet so they had built scaffolds the served as a temporary deck and ran all over the ship. Harry looked down from the scaffold and was surprised at how spacious the hull was.

They continued to walk towards the back of the ship where bright flames could be seen as workers welded one plate to another, this had been another invention, welding with magic, very accurate, immensely strong connections and once two plates had been welded together there was no evidence that they had once been two separate plates, the connections were completely invisible.

While Harry was admiring everything that could be done with magic Sarah Brown thought about the day the world changed for her.

She had gotten a letter from her daughter on Sunday and had started to read through it, it was several pieces of parchment long which she found unusual but she figured that sixth was something totally different.

As she begun to read it she sensed something wasn’t right.

Dear mum,

I know it has been a while since I last wrote you but I’ve been busy, very busy but I’ll tell you more about that when I come home. Sixth year has been quiet up until now...

The letter went on about things that had happened at school and other trivial matters, nothing suspicious at all, just the last line intrigued her.

PS: do you remember that song I used to like so much that you sang to me when I was little.

For as far as she could remember Lavender had hated that song with a passion.

She thought about what her daughter could mean by saying something like that and in a sudden impulse she started to sing the song.

The letter changed as soon as she had sang the first three lines.

I knew you would get it mum,

Now, I know that you don't want to hear anything about the magical world anymore but Voldemort is back. The ministry says it is going to protect us but we all know they can't and I think it won't take long before he will start and attack the families of those that worked against him in the last war soon and I'm worried about your safety. I know that you don't want to go into hiding or leave your job but I have something way better for you.

What I'm going to tell you know is top secret information so don't about it with anyone.

Harry has told us some things about the previous years here at Hogwarts, things that nobody know about except a select few and now we have started on a project that has to stop Voldemort and this madness once and for all and we need your expertise in order to do it, if you want to help just sign below and the information will be revealed, if not just put an X on the parchment and it will burn up.

Dumbledore knows nothing about this.

After pondering over it for some time she decided that it was worth the shot. After all, Harry Potter could be trusted after everything she had heard about him from Lavender and the fact that they were hiding it from Dumbledore greatly appealed to her, it was because of him that she had lost most of her family in the last war, including her husband.

She made up her mind and the letter changed again, explaining what they were doing and why, it also included some blue prints for various projects.

She was impressed that a couple of youngsters had already worked out so much of the technology needed, she found it very impressive that wizards and witches that hadn't even graduated yet had managed to develop such a plan and the funny thing was, it looked like it might work too.

She quickly got a piece of paper and a pen and wrote a note which she sent back with the owl that had delivered the message.

And now here she was, in the muggle world she had been a supervisor in a small specialised boatyard but now she was the big chief and she was doing the thing she had always wanted to do, to design the best boat ever, she didn't care if it was a warship. The only thing that mattered was that it was the fastest, the biggest, the most powerful and the one with the most complex technology.

This ship was her pride, the cruisers had been fun but they were nothing at all compared to this thing.

The Independent Nation of Insania's Ship Ekliptica was a monster.

With a length of 354 meters and a beam 50.2 meters it was a big battleship.

Its main guns, eight 20 and six 12 inch guns mounted in two front and two back turrets respectively, were the most powerful guns ever built on a ship.

The secondary armaments: twenty four 8 inch high rate pulse guns. Instead of firing a beam like the main guns with a specific purpose these things fired bolts of raw magical energy, this meant they didn't need a MAD or an energy cylinder so they could fire incessantly and at a high rate, more than five hundred bolts per minute. These twenty four guns were mounted in pairs, twelve pairs on each side of the ship giving it a pretty strong defence, the only disadvantage of these raw energy guns was that it was quite draining on the core but the scientists assured Harry that the core would at least last two hundred years even with the shields at full capacity all the time and raw energy dissolved fast once it was released so the guns couldn't hit targets at a great distance but they had the main guns for that

purpose. Another secondary armament are eight heavy mini guns (Harry always found the name funny because they were anything but mini). These six barreled monstrosities with their two inch barrels were a recent addition to their inventory, they had been introduced as one of the last minute changes to the ship, they would protect the ship against incoming missiles and even shells, their barrels were six meters long and seeing them move fast and shoot very accurate would be quite the sight. These units had been equipped with a MAD but no energy cylinder, these MADs could only transform the raw energy in a single spell but quite an innovative one, these MAD units made a spell that would explode when it was inches away from its target destroying it or throwing it of course so the MAD had to constantly change the spell in order for it to explode at the right distance and it has to take the speed of the object it wants to hit into account as well.

Protection was another thing. While the Missouri was a powerful ship its shields probably wouldn't hold out very long in an extended battle against multiple opponents but this ship didn't need to worry about that, the shields were powerful enough to withstand an attack of all the guns mounted on the Missouri for seven and a half minutes, five times the shields had been hit in a test with another vessel that had been built in a hurry, the only thing installed were the shields and it was built from the modified warship steel provided by Luna. After the shields had been breached the armour had held another 87 seconds before the beams had melted it away.

A normal warship couldn't possibly destroy this ship and it wasn't even fighting back or moving but the MFA (Magical Fleet of America) was an entirely different story, they had dispatched several small vessels that could be rendered completely invisible, they were undetectable unless you bumped into them and the power of the fleet was impressive, they had witnessed an exercise.

While the Americans still used shells, they had been modified, while in Insania nobody knew exactly what the modifications did they realized they should be careful, the Americans had a lot of experience in naval warfare and technology.

They possessed thirty seven ships, five battleships, twelve light cruisers, six heavy cruisers, three submarines, a command vessel, a hospital ship and nine high speed escort vessels.

While they did modify their shells with runes most of the ships were still muggle technology, no cores or engines that were fed by raw magical power, just regular diesel fuel although these engines used much less fuel than regular engines.

Speed was also something the Ekliptica had plenty of. Its engines were powerful enough to deliver four hundred sixty thousand shaft horsepower making it capable of reaching speeds around 63 knots, the only problem was that when you were going this fast such a massive battleship is almost impossible to turn in any direction so they installed two rudders on the bow of the ship, they were placed at a 45° angle and helped the ship turn faster and could lift the ship a little higher in the water and make it almost fly across the water.

The bridge was a remarkable design as well, the bridge itself was a six story high metal box around thirty meters long and forty wide, nothing worth mentioning here but the thing was that the bridge stood a good twenty six meters above the deck supported by three pillars, one in the centre that was just a little shorter than the bridge itself and the other two were about half as long and supported the structure on the side, while it looked like a vulnerable design during combat these three pillars would sink into the ship and lower the bridge down to the deck although it wasn't truly necessary, the designers were convinced that the shields and armour of the support columns could withstand whatever they threw at it.

All in all, it was a remarkable ship.

They neared the centre of the ship where a temporary elevator had been built that would take them down into the bowels of the ship where the most heavily guarded part of the ship had been finished the day before.

She pressed a button and slowly the elevator started to move up towards them.

“How’s the development of the other ship coming along” Harry asked casually.

“Good actually, the design is almost finished, we’ll start on the construction soon, we were thinking of moving the hull of the Ekliptica onto the water as soon as the core is installed and the hatch in the bow is completed so that we can begin ahead of schedule, I heard that the ministry found us today so I think we will need every piece of defence we can finish soon enough.”

“Probably, while the island’s defences are being set up and they should be up to the task of keeping invasions out I would rather keep battles away from here and onto the sea if possible, we have made it virtually impossible to come to the island directly except with a transportation drive and as far as we now nobody else has the power nor the technology to make one, none the less, we’ll have to be on our guard from now on.” Harry said

“Do you think they’ll try anything soon.” She asked as a ping alerted them that the elevator had arrived.

“I don’t know but we can be sure that within the next twenty four hours Voldemort will know where we are to and we can expect an attack soon.” Harry said while they stepped into the elevator.

“Do you think he will attack us this soon even without doing some research first.” She asked concerned as she pressed the button for the lowest level

“Probably, it appears we have something he wants but I can’t tell you what it is right now, I think you understand why.” Harry said and regretted that he couldn’t just tell everyone on the island everything that was going on but even with the loyalty stone information could always leak out one way or another.

Sarah nodded in understanding but she didn’t like it.

The elevator descended and neither of them said anything until they reached the bottom.

The doors slid open and they both exited the elevator which promptly rose up again.

They were now standing on the lowest level, most of this part of the ship was still bare and workers were busy with constructing the lower levels as they placed one steel plate after another in place and welded them together.

They walked through a corridor of which the ceiling hadn't been placed yet, large spots hung above them on scaffolds to provide light in the dark environment.

The hall stopped abruptly and now they were walking a temporary floor constructed of wooden boards.

They stopped as they reached their destination.

In front of them a big steel bunker stood. Harry had to admit that this core chamber was much more secure than the one on the Missouri.

The core chamber, made from the strongest modified steel they could make, was completely black and engraved with thousands of Runes on all sides, the walls were a meter and a half thick and it weighed almost five hundred tons. The steel they had developed for this purpose was almost twice as heavy as regular steel. It measured fifteen meters on all sides and was meant to be the strongest part of the ship. The sole and only purpose of this construction was the protection of the most vital part of the ship. Core were not just practical and powerful without any risk involved, they were dangerous too. If the core of one of their ships ever got unstable the ship would most certainly be doomed. Of course an ejection system had been built in but should the unlikely scenario ever present itself even ejecting the core probably wouldn't make any difference, the blast radius of an exploding core had been estimated to be several hundred kilometres and once the core had been dropped the ship was dead in the water unless they charged the transportation cylinder before the core got unstable but since the only scenario where a core could get unstable was a battle a fully loaded transportation cylinder wasn't the best thing to have on board. The energy cylinders were far

more vulnerable than the core itself but they were still protected to a great extent. Naturally they could place the cylinders in a bunker like the core but there was the weight to consider and the cylinders, unlike the core, needed maintenance and replacing from time to time. This was the disadvantage of this kind of protection, once the bunker was sealed it could never be opened again, ever. While it would seem impractical it made sense, should the ship ever be captured and the enemy got their hands on a power source of this size the consequences would be catastrophic.

“Shall we begin” Harry asked. Sarah nodded and together they entered the steel chamber.

Once they were inside Sarah pressed a few runes next to the door and a faint blue glow told her the inner protection charms had been activated, unlike the outer ones these could be turned off but only from the inside so once the outer enchantments had been activated you couldn't reach the inner ones any more.

The inner ones were meant to protect the people outside should the core get unstable during the construction process, the beginning was the hardest, once the very centre of the core had been created the rest was fairly simple but still dangerous.

Sarah nodded to Harry that everything was ready and he sat himself down on the steel floor and stretched his palms outwards towards the centre of the chamber.

First he would go into a deep trance and locate the core of his magic which went fairly easily since he was used to doing it by now.

Once he had found that powerful feeling that was his magic he visualised how his core looked like in his mind.

A large ball of energy deep inside his soul with lots of channels running away from it letting magic run through his body.

Now he started to focus on making something similar outside his mind, in the middle of the chamber.

For twenty minutes he focused hard and tried to establish the base for the core and then all of a sudden the room was bathed in such bright light that Sarah had to cover her eyes. She took a pair of sunglasses from her pocket and looked at the tiny sphere that was floating in the centre of the room. The sphere was beautiful in her opinion, each and every core had been with their swirling colours of bleu, green, yellow, purple and red.

Harry stood up slowly, he had been drained of most of his energy now.

“You alright Harry” Sarah asked.

“Fine, just a little tired” Harry replied

“Shall I shut down the enchantments” she asked

“No, not yet, I still have some energy left that I would like to add to the core today” ha said as he approached the sphere slowly and enclosed it in his hands.

The sphere glowed briefly but strong enough that it shone through Harry’s hands and lighted up the room as it recognised its maker. Any other person who tried to touch the core got severely burned and suffered from a magical burn-out for a few days.

Harry concentrated again and slowly started to feed the core with more energy, slowly but surely the core started to expand, after a few minutes the sphere was too big to fit into Harry’s closed hands anymore so he put them on the side of the sphere, when the core was the size of a Quaffle Harry stopped. His breathing was ragged and he felt exhausted.

“That’s about all for today I think” Harry said and slumped down to the ground unconscious.

Sarah shut down the enchantments and ordered some men to call for a stretcher.

After they had taken Harry up to his quarters she left the ship, the chamber was accessible for anyone at the moment but an incomplete core could not be touched by anyone nor could it be moved so it was safe.

Harry was woken up the next morning by the sound of Hedwig singing with that wonderful sound phoenixes make.

“Good morning girl” Harry said sleepily “Tempus” he said and a holographic clock appeared over his palm.

“7.30” he mumbled “thanks girl” he said and got out of bed to ruffle Hedwig’s feathers.

“Where’s Ginny” he asked.

“She left quite early this morning” Hedwig replied.

“Alright” Harry said and as he was about to head into the bathroom a bright burst of red flames appeared in the room and Fawkes appeared carrying a letter.

With practiced ease Harry took the bird by the throat and performed revealing charms to determine if there were any nasty curses or any kind of spells attached to the letter or Fawkes but surprisingly he found none.

Only seconds later something big and angry obscured the sunlight from streaming through the windows and a roar rang through the building, Harry released Fawkes who let out a note of indignity but he did seem to be afraid of the beast hovering in front of the window.

Harry rushed to the window and opened it, revealing a very angry looking Arakir.

Arakir didn’t look at Harry but his gaze passed him and was locked onto the now cowering Fawkes.

“It is here again” Arakir growled through their mental bond and a gust of hot air came from his nostrils.

“It’s alright” Harry said “he’s not here to cause any trouble”

“Maybe not but I don’t like that creature” Arakir growled “but if you say it is alright I’ll leave it alone although I will stay nearby”

“Alright” Harry said “and thank you”

“For what” Arakir asked surprised.

“For being such a good guardian, with you guys around I know that our nation will be safe” Harry said and bowed his head.

As soon as he had bowed his head a feeling of power, trust and friendship ran through his body while Arakir roared that beautiful song which sounded like a terrifying roar to every other person (except Luna) and from below, down on the grounds similar roars could be heard from Meganos, Garanor and Sitara.

“What just happened” Harry asked amazed.

“You have just made us equals Harry, true equals with no bounds held, it is the highest honour given to an owned dragon” Arakir explained.

“You know that you are not owned by me” Harry said.

“We know Harry but up until now your subconscious never trusted us fully but now our bond has been completed and we are truly linked, we don’t really know what will change since it has never happened before, or at least not that we now of” Arakir explained.

“Why don’t we continue this conversation at another time, I have company, remember” Harry said and looked over his shoulder at Fawkes who seemed to be in a staring contest with Hedwig as the two phoenixes looked at each other with hatred in their eyes.

“Alright Harry” Arakir said and flew of.

“Break it up you two” Harry said to both birds extended his hand towards Fawkes who handed over the letter from one of her talons.

Dear Harry,

The letter began and Harry snorted.

I know we are not on the best terms these days “you can say that again” Harry mumbled but I would like to have a conversation with you if possible about recent events and allegiances, our last conversation didn’t quite go that well. To be honest I can still find pieces of brick in my ear from time to time but I have found out the truth about what happened with mister Weasley and I would like to apologise for the event in his name, your current actions have changed a lot in the lives of our members but we do not want to become enemies.

Albus Dumbledore

“Alright, I’ll talk to him, there’s no need for unnecessary enemies” Harry said to Fawkes “just give me a second to write a reply”

He quickly scribbled down instructions for Dumbledore to follow if he wanted a conversation to happen and tied it to Fawkes’ leg who took of immediately.

While Fawkes was on its way towards Hogwarts Cornelius Fudge was pacing his room.

“That little brat, wait till I get my hands on him.” He mumbled as he continued to walk back and forth and imagining Harry Potter being dragged away by Dementors to somewhere ten times worse than Azkaban.

A soft knock on his office door disturbed his thoughts and he snapped a quick enter.

“What is it” he snapped as his secretary entered the room.

“The president has just floored me sir, he is available at the moment, he is at the fleet Headquarters at the moment, he is expecting you in half an hour”

“Good” he said and dismissed her with a wave of his hand, if the Americans decided to join him he would be rid of that annoying brat and his supporters soon enough.

Thirty minutes later he floored all the way to the golf of Mexico to an unknown location where the base of the United States’ magic fleet was located.

As soon as he stepped out of the floo twelve wands were aimed at him and their owners all had a deadly curse on their lips.

“State your name and business on this base” one of them snapped.

“Cornelius Fudge, minister of magic in Great Britain and I’m here to discuss the issue of Harry Potter with the president” he yelled at them while his face turned a nice shade of purple, he wasn’t in the mood for this.

“Legilimens” the man cried and immediately Fudge’s vision shifted from the men in front of him to his numerous tantrums he had held against various people concerning Potter.

The memories disappeared again the men let him through without another word.

He was led out of the room where he arrived and through a long corridor and towards the elevators which took him up to the highest floor where the president of magic had his office.

He stepped out of the elevator and into a large office where a secretary sat behind a large mahogany desk.

His escort didn't get out with him and disappeared when the elevator doors shut. He stepped up to the secretary and asked if the president was ready to see him.

"He's having a floo call at the moment, please wait for a few minutes" she said.

Fudge sat down on one of the comfortable chairs in front of the desk and waited until suddenly the president's voice was heard through the door.

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN 'THE SHIP'S GONE'"

A moment or two of silence ensued.

"I DON'T CARE IF YOU DON'T HAVE ANY LEADS JUST GET THAT THING BACK WHERE IT BELONGS AND DO IT NOW"

Immediately after that the door opened.

"Minister Fudge, please come in" the president said in a slightly agitated tone.

The minister held the door open and Fudge walked by him into his office.

They were quite a sight, both of them presumed to be the most powerful men in the magical community of their country but if you saw them together you would think Fudge was a servant and the president was, well, the president.

Fudge, the portly little man with his rumpled grey hair and his lime-green bowler hat twirling nervously in his hands was overshadowed by the man next to him. Tall with short black hair, piercing bleu eyes, a black suit and a stature of power.

He looked quite intimidating for those who didn't know him or when he was commanding troops, nobody dared defy him but on normal occasions he was quite hospital.

“Oswald, it’s been a long time since I’ve seen you, too bad it’s dire business that brings you here.” He said warmly.

“Thank you Jonathan” Fudge said a lot less cheerful “I couldn’t help but hear that you have some troubles yourself and I think I might have the answer as to where that ship is”

“Straight down to business Oswald, that’s not like you”

“I don’t have time for small talk at the moment Jonathan, the country is in uproar thanks to that brat and some people from the government were killed by him with the help of that ship” Fudge said gravely while walking towards a table on the side of the room and picking up a bottle with a dark amber liquid in it “Do you mind if I pour us a glass, you’re going to need it once you hear what that ship has transformed into”

“Something tells me this is bad” Jonathan said

“It is”

Two hours later a siren was heard throughout the base indicating that everyone should hurry to their posts and that all officers should meet in the emergency briefing room.

Fifteen minutes later all the officers were gathered in the room with the president standing on a podium in the front.

“Gentleman” he said and his magically amplified voice silenced the low murmuring crowd immediately.

“Two weeks from now on Friday at 1400 hours we will engage our latest enemy, the Independent Nation of Insania...”

Another two hours later all ships that were out on the ocean were called back and the ones anchored in the port were being supplied with everything necessary for a full scale naval battle.

Back in Insania Harry was walking through a piece of dense forest in search of one of his more secluded members of society.

He was looking around in wonder at the beautiful forest when he heard someone whistling.

He walked towards the sound and found Severus Snape hunched over some plants while carefully cutting them off at the right place so that the plant would grow back in a year or so.

Harry had to admit he had never seen the potions master so peacefully ever before, he used to be one of the most unsociable persons on earth but now you could almost talk civilly with the man except when he was busy on a potion or other things that required high amounts of concentration.

Harry waited until he done with the plants and when he stood up Harry coughed politely to make his presence known.

“What” Snape snapped and whirled around “Oh Harry, It’s you” he said a bit politer.

“I’m sorry to disturb you Severus but I have a meeting scheduled later today that I would like you to attend” Harry said knowing that his former teacher wasn’t one for small talk, just business or potions.

“Why would you want me at one of your meetings” he asked surprised.

“It’s a meeting with someone we both should be cautious around, our esteemed headmaster” Harry said

“Even so, I don’t see why you would want me to be there. I would rather not see him again, ever”

“I want to make a few things clear to the old coot and I believe that your presence will make him believe and understand me” Harry said “we do not need Albus working against us, while his forces are not as

large as ours and he is not as strong as me he can give us quite some trouble if he wants to”

Severus thought about this for a second and nodded “alright, I’ll be there, when’s the meeting”

“In half an hour” Harry said cheekily and disappeared.

Half an hour later both men were seated in Harry’s office on board the Missouri.

Neither spoke while they waited for the arrival of Albus Dumbledore.

“It’s funny you know” Harry suddenly said.

“As a matter of fact I don’t know, what’s funny” Snape asked dryly

“The two of us sitting here together as allies while we used to be the worst enemies facing the man we both used to trust but despise now” Harry explained and leaned back in his chair.

“War changes a person and his views on the world” Snape said remorsefully “I just hope you know what you’re doing Harry, since the awakening of the founders this second war is going to be harsher than the first and I think it won’t get any easier now on”

“It never gets any easier, only more interesting”

A buzzer went of and a red light on the intercom indicated that someone tried to contact them.

“Yes” Harry asked as he pressed the button to receive the call.

“Albus Dumbledore has arrived sir”

Author notes: Sorry it took so long to update this chapter but I’ve been very busy these past few weeks. I’ll try to get the next chapter up sooner. Reviews are still very welcome, they help to keep my

spirits up and to write more often so if you want to see updates sooner, review like you've never reviewed before.

Review responses:

Akira Stridder: No Snape is not the spy and yes he did swear loyalty.

Silver Vampire of the Shadows: for those like you who can't really form a picture with my descriptions I've posted a drawing of the Ekliptica on my yahoo group, the link is on my bio page.

Thsunami: where do you get all these ideas, while they're not exactly things that I plan to use in this fic you could write your own story with such imagination, really.

Romulus Magnus: just a little.

Turnlach: Sorry to disappoint you but there will be no love triangle.

Jasophelythian: Am I really that predictable.

Slashslut: I'm planning on answering every single one of your questions. But not now, everything will be revealed in later chapters, rest assured and should I forget anything be sure to remind me.

Voldie's Demise: don't we all want that and as for Gred and Forge they'll make an appearance later on.

Thanks to everyone else who has reviewed:

Femaleprongslet, bandgsecurtiyaw, karone-sakura, smartazz405, laser-jet, Never-Ending-Inferno, anonyma, guest (did anyone notice this list has gotten slightly longer since the first chapter)

An unfortunate accident

Albus Dumbledore approached the Missouri slowly in his small rowboat as he was ordered to, if they spotted any other vessels in the vicinity Harry had threatened to shoot him down without hesitation so he hadn't taken the risk of bringing any followers although he didn't like it one bit.

Harry and Severus stood on the deck waiting for him with stony faces. A rope ladder was thrown down for him and he clambered up.

Neither Harry nor Severus helped him when he had difficulty when he had difficulty getting onto the deck.

"Welcome Professor" Harry said in a neutral tone "to the INIS Missouri"

"Harry, Severus" Dumbledore jovially replied, Snape replied with a curt nod.

"This is quite an impressive vessel" Dumbledore said as he looked around.

"Let's get down to business Albus and save the small talk for later" Snape said.

Dumbledore sighed warily and seemed to age a lot in a matter of moments "I'm sorry to see things like this Severus"

"It doesn't have to be like this Albus but a lot of it will depend on you" Snape replied

The two of them led Dumbledore down towards Harry's quarters but this time the room was normal sized and only a desk and three chairs stood in it.

Harry seated himself in a comfortable looking chair behind the desk while Severus sat down in a chair next to Harry but more to the side

of the room and Dumbledore took the remaining one in front of the desk.

“First of all I would like to apologize for Mr. Weasley’s actions, had I known what happened before you arrived I would’ve probably had this conversation with you sooner” Dumbledore said before Harry had the chance to open his mouth.

“Ron’s deeds have nothing to do with this meeting Professor. The only reason I invited you because I agree with you, we shouldn’t be enemies because we are fighting the same enemy, and as the saying goes, my enemy’s enemy is my friend.”

“If that’s the case why don’t you join us Harry” Dumbledore asked sadly.

“It’s not because we have the same enemy and we don’t want to be enemies that I trust you, you have done some things in the past that I find hard to forgive at the moment and I think Severus agrees with me”

“I see” Dumbledore said “so what do you propose we do from now on”

“WE do nothing at all, you stay out of my way and I’ll stay out of your way but if either one of us has the possibility to destroy Voldemort we will help each other out” Harry said “for the coming weeks we won’t be of much use in the fight against Voldemort since we’re still busy preparing our defences, there’s no use in assaulting Voldemort now while he still has the chance of destroying our base but once we’re finished we’ll start hunting down every single last one of those bastards”

“I can accept that” Dumbledore said “but what exactly is it that you are fighting for Harry, is it revenge on Voldemort or saving the wizarding world”

“Neither Albus,” Snape said suddenly while he looked at the wall behind Harry which suddenly disappeared and showed a view of the

white castle and the small village being build around it “that’s what we’re fighting for Albus” and he nodded towards it “Our country, a place where everyone is equal and every life is valued the same, not like the British ministry who only cares about itself or those pure-blooded imbeciles”

“I never thought you would be like this Severus” Albus said perplexed

“Voldemort wasn’t the only master I held secrets from” Snape sneered suddenly and looked accusingly at Dumbledore “It’s not because you’re on the side of the light Albus that you can do anything you want, people wish to be free in their choices and Harry has given me that opportunity, I do not share the views Death Eaters nor do I want to be your lapdog, I know I have made mistakes in the past, joining Voldemort was the first one of a long series and listening to you was also a mistake but now I can fight him together with other people, not as a puppet controlled by you”

“I understand but know this, by doing things the way you did you have made a lot more enemies than just Voldemort, I recently heard a rumour that Cornelius has paid a visit to the president of wizarding America and shortly after their fleet has begun preparations to set sail, their entire fleet”

“Damn,” Harry swore “that’s sooner then we expected, thanks for the tip professor, we’ll be on our guard”

Sensing the conversation was over Dumbledore stood up and Harry and Severus escorted him back up to the deck.

“Professor” Harry said as Dumbledore was preparing himself to climb down the ladder “don’t get yourself killed, although you’ve done some things I don’t approve of I know you did them because you thought they were the best course of action, I’m starting to realize that now that I’m a leader myself.”

Dumbledore looked surprised to hear this and a proud smile slowly spread on his face “Thank you Harry, don’t get killed either and I

hope that the next time we meet it will not be on the battlefield fighting on the same side but as friends, not the kind with the same enemy” and with that he disappeared from view and climbed down the ladder.

“and that’s also the reason why I regret having to take the next step Harry but so much power isn’t meant to be wielded by someone as young as you” Dumbledore thought as he stood in the small rowboat looking at the Missouri that was making its way back to the island.

Once he felt he passed the boundary of the anti-transportation wards he activated his portkey and disappeared.

“What do you think” Severus asked as they stood on the aft deck of the ship.

“I don’t think he’ll interfere with our business but I don’t trust him one bit” Harry answered grimly

“Same here, shall we go and get a drink, I have this new potion being developed and I want to hear your thoughts on this one...” Severus began as they turned around and made their way to Harry’s quarters.

Severus Snape had changed a lot in Harry’s eyes, after he had put Snape through the Loyalty Stone test he had been surprised that the man had truly meant it when he said he wanted to join Harry.

Shortly after that he had been given his own research facility on the far side of the island in the middle of the forest that covered most of the island, it was thanks to Severus that they were able to make their modified steel and various other inventions, he had twenty apprentices under him now . Harry knew this wasn’t enough when the war began and potions would be needed but that was as much as Severus could handle at the moment, while he was busy training his apprentices he works on other projects as well, mostly experimenting with the new types of plants Neville has been uncovering by the dozens. In the weeks Severus Snape has become a friend to Harry whose advice has been very valuable.

With these thoughts in mind Harry prepared for the coming conversation which would probably take a few hours but would probably create new possibilities for weapons.

Two weeks later the day he had been waiting for finally arrived, the INIS Ekliptica would finally be taken into commission. It would be a tremendous boost for morale and the island's defence would finally be completed, after this day they could finally begin the active war against Voldemort and anyone else who stood on his side or who stood in their way of destroying him.

Not much had happened in the past few weeks, the MAG Cannon had been perfected, construction of the Potter had been delayed by even more last minute modifications on the Ekliptica, plans were being made for a base in England and so far no one had attempted to attack Insania since the ministry's disastrous attempt but Harry knew that they would be attacked soon enough by the most powerful navy of all, the Americans. Unfortunately Harry didn't have a spy there, actually, he didn't have any spies at all, and he decided that had to change soon.

But now as he looked down at the grounds surrounding the castle all plans for the war that was about to heat up disappeared from his mind and he felt happy seeing men and women preparing for the big feast, a lot of things still had to be done today and Harry felt like nothing could go wrong today but as everybody knows, it's always on these days that something just has to go wrong.

As he walked down towards the dungeons people were making the fireworks ready for the evening as they positioned them in front of the windowsills.

He was headed towards Luna's dungeon again, today they would test the OS (Operating System) for the new piece of equipment Luna was developing and to see an idea for a new weapon meant for the navy, this new idea was responsible for the delay of the construction of the Potter.

As he neared the door he pressed the button next to it and the black identification device appeared.

After his fingerprint, magical signature and iris had been scanned the cool female voice asked for his identification and password.

Harry Potter, 48632674568

Instead of the voice saying 'Access granted' it suddenly yelled 'Constant Vigilance'

Before the words were completely spoken Harry had his sword out and turned around while creating a powerful burst of pure magic which he aimed at the wall behind him.

But there was no wall anymore, instead an entrance to a dark cave had appeared.

The wave of pure energy raced down the cave and metallic clangs as well as a lot of angry metallic clicking sounds were heard.

As the wave of energy disappeared Harry suddenly got hit in the face by a blast of very hot air followed by a pillar of fire that threatened to burn him to a crisp.

Harry quickly made his sword spin around in circles and used it as a propeller that created a vortex of wind that countered the fire.

The two forces battled each other, the temperature rose steadily and Harry could feel his clothes slowly starting to singe, the walls were blackened by the flames and slowly but surely the flames were coming closer to Harry's sword.

Harry pushed back with all his might but it seemed like he was fighting a losing battle.

And then as sudden as they had come the flames disappeared. Harry was about to let out a sigh of relief but that was at exactly the same time he noticed what had replaced the flames.

In front of him now stood three of the metallic monster spiders Luna had created but these were a type Harry hadn't seen before, instead

of the pulse gun in their mouths there was now something that looked like a fire hose and a tiny flame burned in front of it. On the backs of these monstrosities a turret had been mounted which held two pulse guns.

Apparently they weren't affected by the heat as it looked like the spiders that were still in the cave had used the fire as a diversion while these three snuck up on him.

"Not again" Harry muttered as he jumped forwards and attacked the spider on the left with his sword.

It raised one of its legs to deflect the blow but Harry's sword just cut straight through the metal like it was butter.

He jumped up and landed on top of the spider between its two pulse guns before the other two had even begun to move.

Their twin pulse guns suddenly swivelled and aimed towards him as retreated down the corridor to create some space between their enemy.

The guns flared to life and large orange bolts shot forth towards Harry and the spider who was trying to throw him off its back.

He jumped off the creature's back just before the bolt hit the place where he had stood a second before making the pulse guns explode and crippling the spider.

"For something so powerful you're really not that smart you know" Harry said as he stood up and faced the remaining two spiders. They just clicked their fangs angrily at him but made no movement to attack him.

Then, out of the cave, came a lot more angry clicking. "Me and my big mouth" Harry muttered and picked a cube of solid metal from one of his pockets the size of a fist, he threw it up into the air and yelled 'deploy'. The block transformed in mid air and in its place appeared a MAG cannon which landed neatly on Harry's shoulder.

He activated the weapon by pressing a button on its side and a display flared to life that told him he had 25 bullets left in its clip.

“Alright Luna, if it’s a demonstration you want, a demonstration you will get” Harry growled and he suddenly swung to the left aiming the cannon into the cave and pulled the trigger.

A loud bang issued and the barrel shrunk into the weapon as the fire chamber could move to lessen the backfire but Harry still had to take two steps backward. The bolt of pure energy raced down the cave and hit a wall somewhere in the back.

Large clouds of dust stirred up and Harry was thrown backwards from the shockwave the explosion created in the small space.

But, unlike a spider that had been blown out of its cave by said wave, Harry didn’t crash into the wall behind him. Instead he landed on his feet on the wall and didn’t wait to fall down but pushed off towards the two spiders that had summoned the others. With the MAG in his right hand and his sword in his left the onslaught began.

Pulse guns flared, fire filled the corridor every few seconds, blasts created craters in the walls, floor and ceiling, metal spider legs were scattered everywhere as well as a head and the rest of the body some twenty meters further down the corridor.

Harry pushed off from the ceiling straight at the spider’s back which he thought hadn’t seen him coming but suddenly the pulse guns on its back turned upwards and fired at him but he deflected both of them with his sword and they slammed into the ceiling.

He landed on the spider’s back and prepared to fire the MAG Cannon at the now defenceless spider.

“STOP” somebody yelled but it was too late and Harry pulled the trigger.

A loud click was heard in the now silent corridor but nothing happened.

“Damn” Harry swore as he noticed the display of the MAG showed a mocking zero.

“Harry James Potter” Luna screamed as she ran down the corridor while having to jump over the remains of five dismembered spiders “Don’t you dare to hurt any more of them”

“Oh I won’t hurt them Luna, I’ll kill them” Harry said and pulled a lever on the side of the weapon and the clip stationed at the back of the gun fell out, Harry dug in his pocket and fished out a new one which he inserted in one fluid movement. He tapped a button and a shell took its place in the firing chamber.

“Please don’t” Luna begged suddenly, switching from anger to begging in less then a second and looking at him with puppy eyes.

“I hate you” Harry grumbled as he looked at her but gave in and he pressed another button on the weapon and it shrank back to a metal cube.

“Alright then, come on Harry, we have work to do” Luna said once again in her dreamy voice.

“Why does a nutcase like this have to work on one of the most powerful weapons of all time” Harry thought.

“I heard that” Luna said as she walked towards the entrance of the dungeon.

Harry just sighed and decided to give up on figuring Luna out, it was hopeless.

They passed a group of workers talking next to the gate. “Clean up this mess and analyze the data of the battle, find out where we can still make improvements” Luna ordered in her stern voice and the men immediately scurried away and went to work.

“You’re still improving them” Harry asked as he looked at the men retrieving the pieces of the spiders.

“Of course” Luna said in her dreamy voice again.

“But why, I mean, they almost got me with their surprise attack and them sneaking up on me I hadn’t expected either. I don’t think there are a lot of wizards that would survive the initial attack let alone the battle after that, their battle strength far exceeds our expectations”

“Their initial attack was well thought out, they can manage that but the battle itself is still chaotic, they need to work more together and this time they were in the advantage, this is their territory, cavernous spaces are their favourite battle ground and its excellent for close-range combat but out in the open I don’t think they’ll stand a chance against an organised attack, I now they won’t be participating in frontline battle but even as a defensive unit they need to be strong enough to repel an attack and still be capable of resisting a second and even a third” Luna said decisively.

“Alright, so what’s wrong with the OS this time” Harry asked

“The aiming module is still inaccurate in close combat at high velocity, the engine still won’t respond properly while using the armaments and the tracking systems for enemy projectiles always gets confused when there are more than three targets” Luna said “and those are only the obvious problems, the sub-routines are an entirely different matter. So far we have spotted 295 errors that repeat themselves from time to time and over three thousand that pop up once and disappear, we believe it’s these reoccurring once that cause the random ones, we’re trying to fix them but it’s a lot of work and the TSFs (Torpedo Submarine Fighters) are taking up a lot of time to finish them as soon as possible”

“I suppose we should get to work then, I have a lot to do today but I’m curious about these new units, I’ve only driven them once in a simulation and I’ve never seen how they look.”

“I have a prototype in the workshop, we should be able to test it tomorrow, let’s go have a look at it”

Luna said and led the way while humming a song Harry didn’t recognize.

When they arrived and Harry saw it for the first time he didn’t know what to think about the thing, it was nothing like he had ever seen before.

The thing looked like a drop of water turned on its side and much larger of course, the hull was made of shiny steel and could be used as a mirror, on top of the machine there was an outcropping which had to be the cockpit. Several indentations had been made near the front in which the torpedo tubes were located and the pulse rifles.

“What do you think” Luna asked.

“The design is... unique I guess” Harry said slowly “but how do these thing move forward, I don’t see any propellers or propulsion jets”

“Well, we wanted this underwater fighter to be very small and agile so we decided against conventional ways of propulsion since the engines take up too much space so then we would have to make it bigger so we decided to try something new” Luna said while Harry nodded, eager to hear what it was “we decided to experiment with gravitational fields”

“What” Harry asked.

“We have built a device that can manipulate gravity”

“Well, that explains why it’s able to move vertically and sideways without pointing the nose in that direction.”

“Exactly” Luna said happily “Shall we get back to the simulator”

Harry nodded and he followed Luna out of the workshop.

It was three hours later when he stood on the bridge of the INIS Ekliptica admiring the controls of the ship.

At the moment the ship was still dependant on power from the outside since the core would be activated in the evening just before she would be launched.

Harry walked over to a console at the right side of the bridge where the status of everything on the ship could be seen. He tapped a few commands on the keyboard and the energy usage levels popped up. In the centre of the screen were numerous gauges displayed that showed the energy being used by the transportation drive, weapons, shields, engines and various other parts of the ship.

On the left side of the screen was an overall power indicator. At the moment only a thin green line could be seen at the bottom of the indicator and the number next to it said the overall power usage was 0.1 of the maximum allowed usage.

He walked towards the back of the bridge where the system operators' post was and sat down in one of the large comfy chairs.

He made a few quick checks and the computer informed that all systems were ready to go.

He called up a schematic of the ship and looked it over. So much had changed from the original blueprint.

He saw the hangar in the bow where the weapon Luna was building would be stored between battles and the hatch on the deck and at the bottom of the ship from where the weapon could be released.

At the back on the starboard side was the hanger for the TSFs and the hatches for launching them.

These had been the most significant changes to the ship's structure and Harry was pleased that they had been able to integrate them into the ship.

He entered a few commands and the screen showed the start procedure. All he had to do now was hit enter and the ship would come to live. He had finished his job here and was about to go down to the kitchens when he suddenly remembered he still had to make a call to Observation.

He walked over to the communications module and picked up the headset. He flicked a switch and the panel came to live. He pressed the auto dial button for the observation room. A few beeps and a female voice spoke up.

“Observation room” she said.

“Yes, this is Harry here”

“Of course Mr. Potter, how may I help you”

“I just wanted to remind you to be on high alert tonight. Most of our fleet will be in the harbour and we don’t want a surprise attack when we’re all bunched up and sitting ducks.”

“Yes Sir” she replied “we have all of our workers on duty, all of our men are taking double shifts today”

“Alright, thank you” Harry said and shut the communications module back off.

He wasn’t in the mood to walk towards the kitchens so he apparated to the entrance.

He appeared in one of the corridors beneath the entrance hall in front of a statue of a familiar looking house-elf.

“You shall not harm Harry Potter” Harry said and the giant Dobby statue disappeared and revealed a door that led to the kitchens.

As soon as he entered the live version of the statue stood before him.

“Harry Potter Sir” Dobby said excitedly while Hugging Harry’s leg
“How can I be of service to you”

“First of all you could let et my leg go” Harry said while snickering at the at the enthusiastic elf who looked a bit sheepish “and you could get me something to eat” his voice died away at the end of his sentence as a dozen house elf had piled enough food on the table in front of him to feed a herd of elephants for a month.

When Harry finished his meal and the elves had cleaned the table he called for doobby.

“Yes Harry Potter sir” Dobby asked

“How are the preparations coming along for the evening” Harry asked.

“Excellent Harry Potter sir, the tables are being prepared on the lawn, we have enough food for everyone and the surprise is finished” the exuberant elf said with pride.

“Alright then, if everything is going as it’s supposed to go down here I will now leave you in charge Dobby, I have some other things to take care of” Harry said and snickered when Dobby gave him a military salute.

He headed trough the door that led back to the corridor and apparated to Hell’s Bay.

When he appeared on the docking island he saw Neville standing.

He was busy ordering men around to load up supplies into the ships still docked.

As soon as Neville was done he approached him.

“Hey Neville, how are the preparations coming along” Harry asked as he looked around at all the people transporting material with large lorries.

“We’re a bit behind schedule, so far there are still sixteen cruisers docked here and four are on their way” he said and Harry saw a ship heading towards the tunnel that led to the number 4 elevator, the one nearest to Dragons’ Beak.

“Expecting company” Harry asked as he saw a lorry driving onto the nearest ship loaded with crates of modified rifles.

“Hopefully not tonight but with the Americans mobilizing you never know when we might be attacked” Neville said

“Better be safe than sorry” Harry muttered and Neville nodded.

“Anything you need me for” Harry asked and Neville shook his head.

“No, we’ve got the situation under control. Now if you’ll excuse me I’ve got to inspect the ship before it heads out” he said and walked towards the ship and up the ramp that led to the cruiser’s cargo bay.

Harry sighed and went back to his quarters, he had been looking for something to do so that his mind would be away from the ceremony for an hour or so, he was anxious to finally get the ship in the water and to test her for real, not just in simulations. There was something about this ship that made him feel connected to it. He had felt it with the cruisers and the Missouri as well but not as strong.

After a long shower and a quick snack he finally gave up on finding something to keep him occupied and paced his room for three hours and then finally it was time.

After quickly getting dressed he apparated down towards the Head table down on the lawn.

Almost everyone of the Iron circle was already there: Neville, Luna, Draco, Tom McGuire, Sarah Brown, Harry and Amy who was sitting a sitting next to Luna and some other higher officers. Only Ginny and Dean weren’t there. Dean wouldn’t be joining them since he was patrolling around the island on the Missouri.

“Where’s Ginny” Harry asked Luna who was sitting next to him.

“I don’t know” Luna said absent-mindedly “She said she had to do something before she came down, she should be here any minute now”

People arrived by the hundreds, took their seats and after a few minutes Ginny arrived as well and sat down on Harry’s other side.

It took another half hour before everyone was finally seated. One of the cruisers fired a shot into the air and the ball exploded high above the castle and bright fireworks erupted on the spot.

Everyone quieted down immediately and looked expectantly at the head table.

Harry stood up and addressed the crowd.

“Today” he began “we celebrate the beginning of a safer Insania, not from the Minister for Magic Cornelius Fudge of course since he was never a threat” everyone laughed at that “but from the American Navy, I know you have all took a giant leap of faith when you joined me and I have sworn to not let you down and with this glorious new ship we will be able to defend our land more effectively and protect those for whom we care” a giant cheer answered his speech and in the centre of the lawn a brilliant light erupted.

Everyone’s eyes had to adapt to the light for a second and a gigantic cake shaped like a ship became visible.

“Allow me to present to you” Harry yelled “the INIS Ekliptica” and behind the Head table spotlights flared to life while a disillusionment charm was cancelled and the giant battleship was revealed.

There were many sounds of amazement heard across the lawn. Harry clapped his hands and everyone quieted down.

“Dobby” he called and the elf appeared next to the cake “you may begin the festivi...”

A sudden whistling sound caught Harry's attention but he couldn't immediately recognize the sound until realization hit him "DUCK" he yelled and some of the people who knew Harry best immediately dived under the tables while everyone else looked confused.

Moments later the cake that had been standing in the middle of the lawn exploded with tremendous force sending people sailing through the air.

Moments later several other explosions rocked the grounds.

Harry immediately apparated everyone at the head table away and reappeared in the War Room deep below the castle.

"Everyone okay" he demanded and they all nodded an affirmative "Ginny, take Amy and head over to Hell's Bay, the rest of you get a hold of this situation" he ordered

He pressed a button on the table in front of him "Observation room, what the bloody hell is going on"

"We're sorry sir, the festivities had distracted us and a few high speed vessels managed to sneak up on us" a frightened and panicky voice replied

"Calm down" Harry ordered in his commanding voice "Where's Dean"

"He's already on his way sir, he says he's got the situation under control and is pursuing the attackers" she replied immediately and in a much more professional manner

"Good" he said angrily and shut down the connection "Neville, get all the healers and healing potions you can get and go to the infirmary to treat the wounded"

the rest of the Iron Circle was still standing around shocked from the recent events, one of the monitors on the wall showed the mighty new battle ship still lying on the shore “AND SOMEBODY GET THAT SHIP INTO THE WATER AND GET ALL THOSE CRUISERS OUT OF THE HARBOUR, THEY’RE SITTING DUCKS” and everyone scrambled to their stations.

Meanwhile it appeared although they were being pursued the cruisers were still firing as it rained shells down on the lawn while people scrambled away.

“Sir” someone from the back called.

“Yes” Harry snapped

“The cruisers are all stuck in the harbour, when the first bomb hit they all scrambled to get out of the harbour and they all bumped into one another, its like a giant traffic jam”

Harry just grumbled something nasty under his breath and told the man to get this sorted out as fast as possible.

The communication signal went off, a screen indicated it came from the shipyard, Harry feared even more bad news and he hit the button rather viciously to open a line.

“Sir, apparently some of these bombs were magic distorters, the power to the ship is cut off and we can’t get her started, we could use your help down here” he said while sirens blared in the background.

“Not now, Dean’s got the situation under control and I’m needed here at the moment” Harry said

“Alright sir, we’ll do our best” Harry grunted and closed the channel.
on board the INIS Missouri

“Fire” Dean yelled and turret number one fired its three destructive beams only for the targeted ship to avoid them narrowly but a piece of the aft deck was beginning to show signs of damage.

“Why aren’t they firing at us” the second in command asked.

“Because they can still hit Insania, it’ll be out of range within a few minutes but those aren’t rookies piloting those boats, you see how good they can dodge our fire, let’s just hope those are the only ones attacking today, Dragons’ Beak is a mess at the moment”

“Sir, the mainland is out of reach from the cruisers” the radar operator reported

“Good” Dean muttered “now that we’ve chased them away far enough: engines to full speed, hard to starboard, bring those ships on our portside, keep them there and open fire with everything we’ve got” he ordered loudly and the humming of the engines increased as the ship made a sharp turn.

The high speed escort vessels, while their crew was more experienced, were no match for the mighty guns of the Missouri.

One of the escorts’ front turret (these only had two, one front turret and one aft) exploded with the first barrage and a second escort’s aft deck was blown to pieces.

“Shield status” Dean asked

“93 and holding sir”

“good”

Meanwhile on board the MFA command vessel MFAS Liberty 10 kilometres north of the Missouri.

“Sir, ships are almost in range but the Morgana and the Saviour are damaged and are being fired at”

“Shall we advance on them sir” his second in command asked.

“No” the captain answered sharply “we won’t break our formation, let them come to us. Is everyone ready to open fire”

“Yes sir” the communications officer answered.

“Tell everyone to aim for the stern, I’ve heard she’s pretty fast but if we manage to cripple her engines we can take her out easily”

Commander Abraham Skipper was the most famed naval war hero in American history, having fought in both world wars he was the most experienced sailor that ever existed according too most, while he was well over 113 years his mind was still sharp and his strategies had never failed, up until this day.

“Sir” the radar operator reported “they’ve crossed the ten kilometre line”

“Good” the captain grumbled and continued in a clear voice “All ships prepare to fire on my mark”

Five

Four

Three

Two

One

FIRE

Twenty eight ships opened fire, the horizon flashed yellow as all these guns fired at once.

The first battle for Insania had started
Sirens blared on board the Missouri

“Sir, we’ve got a large fleet straight ahead, they’ve just appeared within radar range”

“What” Dean roared “How many”

“Twenty eight vessels confirmed sir”

“Hard to port, decrease speed 25 per cent, begin evasive manoeuvres after we’ve turned 60 degrees”

The ship had just started to turn when over a hundred shells hit the shields at the same time and it failed, causing over fifty shells to penetrate it and slam into the ship or into the water which splashed up all around them.

Luckily most of the shells that were supposed to impact on the ship had been held back by the shield but the stern was still struck hard.

The crew on the bridge was thrown around from the rocking of the ship.

After picking themselves up from the ground everyone quickly returned to their posts.

“Status report” Dean snarled furious.

“Starboard engine is offline sir, number three turret is disabled, decks four and five below the aft deck are on fire and a large leak has been reported near the bow, shields are slowly recharging”

“Ask the engine room if we can demand 120 per cent from the portside engine, extinguish those fires and get maintenance to seal that hole” he ordered and looked at the holographic display of the ship

“Damn they got us good and we fell right into their trap” Dean said angrily to himself “They’re more powerful than we thought. Turn us

around and head back to Insania, we need to gain some time in order for the fleet to come to our aid”

“Sir” the communications officer said “you can ask for 120 per cent but not a minute longer than fifteen minutes”

“Do it” Dean ordered “continue with evasive manoeuvres and return fire when possible, is the transportation drive still operational”

“It is but it could be unstable and charging it while we’re under attack could be dangerous”

Meanwhile the MFA was in pursuit, after firing the first shot they had immediately started to advance on the now partially crippled ship, although they didn’t have any real fast ships they could easily outrun the Missouri at the moment.

Dragons’ Keep War Room

“Sir, we’ve just received a message from Commander Dean. They’re under heavy fire and are retreating, requesting assistance ASAP, radar says the entire American fleet is on their tale”

Harry growled and slammed his fist onto the table “How are the cruisers doing and what about the Ekliptica” he demanded.

“The first cruisers are out but it will take them fifteen minutes to reach them and the Ekliptica’s external power has just been reactivated but it is still unstable, it should be ready within thirty minutes”

“Too long” Harry stated “I’m going” he said and disappeared. He reappeared right onto the bridge of the Ekliptica, nobody was on it at the moment since everyone was trying to get it to work.

He ran towards the Operator’s post and hit enter and the screen began to change

ERROR 147: EXTERNAL POWER FAILURE

Harry growled in frustration and called on his magic, he felt it rising inside of him and let it run through the ship while his eyes glowed a brilliant green and energy crackled around his palms.

The ship's core felt the demand from its creator and flared to life letting its energy flow through the ship's systems.

And then was the first time Harry truly felt the connection with the ship. He could feel every single element of the ship like it was part of him, like he was the ship and then he understood. The ship was a part of him. It had been built with metal his magic had helped create, the power flowing through the systems was his own power, this was the first ship of which every component had at some point or another come into contact with his magic. The computer screen changed again and showed the status of the most important parts of the ship and the condition it is in.

PRIMARY POWER: ONLINE (green)

CORE STABILITY: 100 per cent(green)

WEAPON SYSTEMS: ONLINE (green)

SHIELDS: ONLINE (green)

ENGINE 1: ONLINE (green)

ENGINE 2: ONLINE (green)

ENGINE 3: ONLINE (green)

ENGINE 4: ONLINE (green)

BACKUP ENGINES 1 2 3: OFFLINE (green)

STEERING SYSTEMS: ONLINE (green)

HULL INTEGRITY: 100 per cent(green)

FIGHTER BAYS' CAPACITY: 0per cent(empty)

SECONDARY POWER: OFFLINE (green)

POWER CILINDERS: ONLINE (green)

BRIDGE SHIELD: OFFLINE (green)

MAIN ARMAMENTS: ONLINE (green)

SECONDARY ARMAMENTS: ONLINE (green)

TRANSPORTATION DRIVE: ONLINE (green)

SUBSYSTEMS: ONLINE (green)

Harry quickly scanned the screen and nodded satisfied, he could hear the rhythmic humming of the ship coming to live.

The energy gauges on the control screen all rose rapidly and a window popped up:

ALL SYSTEMS CHECK
READY FOR LAUNCH

Harry ran towards the communications module and activated the intercom on the entire ship "Everybody get of this ship, this vessel will now enter combat against the MFA and will be piloted by me alone, you have two minutes to get off"

With that done he paced the room thinking about what was going on out on the sea, if Dean lost they would start to open fire on Insania again and the strange link with this ship, when he decided to send everyone of the ship he had been taking a risk and he hoped this was going to work.

He stood in the centre of the bridge and concentrated on the flows of energy running through the ship. He could feel every part of the ship like it was an extension of his body. Then he focused on the second

turret and on turning it left and it did. Harry was amazed, he could become part of the ship.

Dean held himself steady as another barrage hit their ship and he looked at the holographic table.

“They’re surrounding us and the shields aren’t holding up, we’ll lose if this keeps up, we need to gain time” he thought as he saw the circle of red dots slowly closing in on him.

“Hard to starboard” he ordered “Aim at the heavy cruiser left of the command vessel with all cannons, make sure you don’t miss”

The ship made a sharp turn suddenly and dozens of water geysers erupted next to it.

The guns fired simultaneously and this time they all hit the ship in question, fireballs erupted from the ship as the two front turrets exploded and the bridge was wiped from existence.

The ship in question had been about to make a sharp turn to starboard but since the command didn’t have the chance to be radioed to the ship on its right which was about to make a turn to portside they ended up turning at the same time and bumped into each other rather viciously with one ship ramming its bow into the other’s flank, the ship that had been sailing behind these two, which happened to be the partially crippled ship Morgana; couldn’t evade or stop in time and rammed the stern of the first ship.

These two collisions into the first one helped the fire to spread to the storage bunker for the shells used in the cannons and a massive explosion ensued creating a hole large enough for the first ship to begin sinking rapidly.

The other two ships were still floating but the crew was struggling to repair just enough damage to keep them afloat. Neither of these two was about to enter the fight anytime soon again.

Two heavy cruisers were out and one escort vessel.

Dean smile victoriously as he saw the gaping hole created in the Americans' forces.

"Sir, starboard engine back online, the portside engine is nearing the time limit"

"YES" Dean yelled, things were finally going his way for the moment "Decrease portside engine to 80, starboard engine to 80 as well, we don't want it to blow up right away, continue to fire on every ship that tries to block that hole, fire weapons when they're at 50 per cent, it takes too long for them to charge completely, deploy countermeasures" he ordered

"But sir," his second in command said "the system for operating the countermeasures isn't functioning yet"

"I don't care" Dean said "use manual aiming, they won't hit much but it's better than just letting them sit there."

Two massive Gatling gun turrets emerged from the front deck, the shipyard had found time to place two on the Missouri but hadn't found the time to place the drive system.

"For the moment use them to shoot down incoming fire, when we're close enough try and hit the bridge of any ship that tries to approach us" Dean ordered and two people took a seat at the controls of the turrets.

"Sir, we've just got a message from Commander Potter, he says the Ekliptica is online and ready to depart in one minute and forty five seconds"

"Good, let's show those bastards what we're made off"

The ship was now heading straight towards the breach in the American assault line while shells rained down on the deck and in the

water, the countermeasures did help, but not much. Dean knew they wouldn't make it like this and he hoped Harry would arrive soon.
On board MFAS Liberty

The captain was furious, not only had they successfully crippled two ships and damaged another enough so that it would go down without doubt with one successive hit, a very good successive hit at that, but it looked like they were going to escape too if they didn't do anything soon.

As one of the large battleships, named the Guardian since it always stayed close to their flagship the Liberty protecting it, the front turrets of the Missouri erupted once more and took out the second front turret of the ship and it exploded rather violently, while this didn't cripple the ship it would probably be unable to hold the position without being sunk so another took its place.

"Order the Morgen, the Dara and the Laurius to take up positions and take out that aft turret" he ordered and the order was immediately send to the three light cruisers "order every other ship that is still unharmed to aim at the front turrets, tell the rest to stay back a bit, we don't want to attract their attention to an already more vulnerable ship" he said and the guns of his ship roared once more while the Guardian's second aft turret exploded as well and the Destroyer, another battleship but with heavier guns and armour but a slower ship took its position.

The captain saw one of the heavy cruisers trying to get near the Missouri and blast its bridge to pieces only for the ship's own bridge coming under assault by the Gatling turrets and the ship had to retreat.

"Tell the Sneak, the Black Mage and the Spy to enter the battlefield and to sink that blasted vessel, its impossible to board it, I can tell right now those guys won't give up their ship without a fight to the death" the captain said a little remorseful for having to sink the Missouri instead of capturing it and the order was given to the

submarines waiting a few hundred yards behind the Liberty just beneath the water, invisible to the radar of Insania's forces.

Dean was cursing again, those battleships were tougher than he thought and they were having trouble getting them out of the way.

He was thrown onto the holographic table as a large explosion rocked the ship and then thrown back off as another rocked it right after the first.

"What happened" he demanded "did the engine blow up"

"No sir but the aft turret has been blown to pieces and turret number two only has one cannon still functioning properly, maintenance is on it"

"Damn, damn, damn. Where the hell is Harry"

Harry heard the signal that the transportation drive was fully loaded and ready to go.

The ship lifted up from the iron supports that had held it up during its construction and disappeared away from Dragons' Beak.

It reappeared right in the middle of the battlefield with the Missouri behind it and still surrounded by the American vessels.

He immediately gave the command to the ship to lower the bridge and slowly the structure's supports sank down into the ship, he aimed all turrets at a different target and opened fire crippling the Destroyer and three light cruisers.

The captain banged his fist on his arm-rest aboard the Liberty.

"Where the hell did that ship come from, everyone open fire on the new vessel except the Sneak, Black Mage and Spy, they will continue with their task of sinking the Missouri"

Dean sighed in relieve when he saw the Ekliptica appear on the radar screen and all turrets of the enemy ships aim at the intruder.

“Good, now let’s get out of here and back to safety, don’t fire the guns unless we’re being attacked, we will retreat for now” he said dejectedly.

“Shouldn’t we support the Ekliptica sir” his second in command asked.

“Did you take a look in what kind of state this ship is, we’ve got a leak in the bow, dozens of fires throughout the ship and we only have four cannons that are still working without the risk of blowing up in our own faces, the shields are only functioning from time to time, what do you suppose we do. And besides, Harry can handle himself and that ship is much more powerful than this one” Dean yelled hot headed

“I guess you’re right sir” he said and he too let out a sigh of relief. Meanwhile barrage after barrage of shells was sent towards the Ekliptica but its countermeasures stopped a fair amount and the shields were holding strong.

Harry concentrated on the communications console and sent a written message to the cruisers telling them to stay out of range from the MFA but to be ready should they be needed.

Harry systematically started taking out one ship after another, first destroying their turrets and their engines afterwards, so far he had succeeded to take out another two ships but the reload time for his guns was still two minutes he had to do a lot of manoeuvres, but nothing the powerful engines of the Ekliptica couldn’t handle.
MFAS Liberty

“Sir” the second in command said in a slightly panicky voice “we’ve got to do something, we’re being beaten by that ship”

“I know” the captain snapped “tell the subs to sneak up on the bastard and take out its engines.” He thought about something for a second and then decided it would be for the best.

“Contact the Apocalypse and tell it to advance on that ship at full speed as soon as its crippled, order all able vessels to distract that ship so that it aims its guns the other way and that the apocalypse has the chance to strike” he ordered but nobody moved a muscle.

“But sir,” someone said “should we really resort to use IT. It was decided that we shouldn’t use IT until there was no other option left”

“I KNOW THAT” he yelled “But right now I don’t see another option, we’ve been underestimating our enemy because we thought we were superior to everyone else. We’re lucky the rest of their fleet didn’t show up or else we would have been in real trouble by now.”

Everybody nodded, accepting that explanation and the orders were given to everyone.

Beneath the surface of the ocean on board the MFAS Black Mage

“We’ve got a lock sir” the weapons control officer said as he locked the torpedoes onto the propeller sound of the Missouri.

“Very well” the captain said “Open all torpedo doors and contact the Spy and Sneak to do the same, tell them we will fire six torpedoes each with half second intervals, us first, then the Sneak and then the Spy, it’s most likely that the first twelve torpedoes will bring down the shield and the others will make it trough. That’s what I hope at least” Harry was glad that he was beating back the MFA without bringing in the fleet, he wanted to keep the casualty rate as low as possible, on both sides, but here and there he did shoot to kill, they did attack unarmed people, even women and children, while they had been feasting. But still, he didn’t want to sink to their level, kill without mercy.

But he was also growing a little frustrated, there were a lot of ships and so far he had only taken out eight ships, and now some ships that had been in the back to make emergency repairs were coming back to fight, so far only one ship had been sunk, the one Seamus had blown the bridge off, the one that had rammed into its side had participated in battle after sealing the leaks but Harry had crippled it

again immediately while the Morgana had retreated, the damage too extensive to continue fighting.

Then he suddenly felt explosions at the back of the ship and he felt the shield that protected the propellers and engines crumble. Unlike the Missouri which used a single shield for the entire ship the Ekliptica used various sections of shields for protecting the different parts of the ship.

Moments later another series of explosions rocked the ship violently and sirens went off.

Harry ran towards the operator's post and checked the status of the ship:

PRIMARY POWER: ONLINE (green)

CORE STABILITY: 100per cent(green)

WEAPON SYSTEMS: ONLINE (green)

SHIELDS: ONLINE (yellow)

ENGINE 1: OFFLINE (yellow)

ENGINE 2: OFFLINE (red)

ENGINE 3: OFFLINE (yellow)

ENGINE 4: OFFLINE (green)

BACKUP ENGINES 1 2 3: OFFLINE (green)

STEERING SYSTEMS: ONLINE (yellow)

HULL INTEGRITY: 95 per cent(green)

FIGHTER BAYS' CAPACITY: 0per cent(empty)

SECONDARY POWER: STANDING BY (green)

POWER CILINDERS: ONLINE (green)

BRIDGE SHIELD: ONLINE (green)

MAIN ARMAMENTS: ONLINE (green)

SECUNDARY ARMAMENTS: ONLINE (green)

TRANSPORTATION DRIVE: ONLINE (yellow)

SUBSYSTEMS: ONLINE (green)

Harry knew that the status yellow for the shields meant that the aft one was down and the status for the steering systems meant the rudder was probably damaged, as for the status of the transportation drive that meant it was still functioning but a bit unstable and there was a high risk involved with a charged cylinder and a raging battle but he didn't know why all main engines were offline while only one was damaged too badly to be used and why the backup engines didn't start up.

He touched ENGINE 1 on the screen and another screen appeared:

ENGINE 1:

STATUS: OFFLINE (yellow)

ENGINE JAMMED

CAUSE:PROPELLOR DAMAGED

SHAFT DAMAGED

“Shit” Harry cursed and figured that the second propeller was probably hit too and that was the reason why the engines didn't work. He was dead in the water now but a long time from beaten.

The Americans were firing in bursts now, all of them at the same time, this way the countermeasures couldn't get them all and the shield

protecting the entire upper side of the ship was slowly failing but the individual shields for the turrets and bridge weren't even hit by a single shell until now.

Harry focused again and began crippling ships with a new vigour.

In all the commotion and him being angry he didn't notice that they were all attracting his attention at one side of the battlefield, Harry thought they were making it easier for him but he did have trouble taking out the light cruisers and high speed escort vessels since they were very manoeuvrable.

Because he was focusing on taking out the ships which had all gathered on the starboard side as fast as he could he didn't notice the vessel behind him approaching at high speed.

"What is that ship doing here" Dean's second in command asked as they regarded the ship speeding by.

Dean took a look at it and seemed to be pondering about something, he walked outside and hung over the railing looking to where the ship was headed and then he realized what the ship was.

He ran back inside and began shouting orders.

"Hard to starboard, turn 180° and aim all guns towards that ship, contact Harry that there is a kamikaze heading his way" Dean shouted

"A kamikaze sir" his second asked.

"Think about it" Dean growled "why would a high speed vessel with light armour race into the midst of a battlefield without any armaments while their side is losing unless it's a secret weapon, a last resort"

"Sir, the fire has caused the circuits of the guns to burn out, we can't fire at the moment and communications are offline as well, we can't reach him" someone said.

“Damn” Dean swore “We’ve got to help him if that ship is loaded to the brim with explosives even the Ekliptica’s shields won’t hold”

“Full speed ahead, give 120 from both engines, I don’t care if they’re permanently damaged afterwards or even blow up, just get that ship” he roared and everyone went back to work “try and get those guns working again, maybe we can get them working in time”

“And if not” his second asked.

Dean looked at him in a strange kind of way.

“But sir...” he started to protest.

“No buts, we can’t let that ship go down, let’s just hope Harry sees it or we can get those guns working, if not, then so be it”

The engines roared harder than they had ever done and slowly the Missouri started to catch up with the Apocalypse.

The chase continued for five minutes with the Missouri slowly coming closer and still Harry hadn’t noticed them but by now the number MFA ships still fighting was diminishing and was down to six.

Harry suddenly noticed the radar showed two dots rapidly approaching him, one red and one black.

“What the hell” he thought and started to turn around turret number three but he realized it would probably be too slow to fire in time and it wasn’t charged up yet, the ship was too close.

“Damn, he’s not going to make it in time” Dean said.

The apocalypse, having seen the Missouri pursuing them suddenly started making a left turn.

Dean saw this and gave his command “Turn shortly to portside sharply and then immediately turn hard to starboard”

The Apocalypse, seeing the Missouri turn portside, thought they had succeeded in misguiding the Missouri and turned right sharply but Dean had interpreted their actions correctly and they had misjudged the Missouri's manoeuvrability.

When the rudder of the apocalypse had been turned hard to starboard it was too late as they realised their mistake and the steel bow of the Missouri rammed the other ship's flank.

The terrible sound of metal scraping metal was heard throughout both ships as the Missouri's bow slowly delved its way into the other ship's hull.

The giant sparks created by the scraping were more than enough to ignite the explosives on board the apocalypse but luckily they didn't and Dean fell to his knees and thanked Merlin.

Then an explosion rocked the vessel as the overheated starboard engine of the Missouri finally had enough and let it know.

Dean's face of relief and happiness for stopping the doomsday vessel turned to horror as he sat there on his knees, hands above his head and aimed at the sky in an act to praise Merlin as a massive fireball engulfed him and everything else around him and the apocalypse exploded.

Harry saw the blinding orange flash as the two ships exploded not three hundred meters away from him, he never even heard the explosion as the windows of the bridge exploded from the air displacement, the only thing he heard was a whoosh and then he felt his head hit something hard.

The Ekliptica was swept up by a massive tidal wave created by the explosion and carried away from the scene.

The Americans had retreated a fair distance away from the Ekliptica by the time the apocalypse had gotten close to the enemy vessel and saw the giant Battleship being swept away riding the top of the wave and as the wave began to crash they saw the Ekliptica slowly tipping over until it was upside down and swallowed by the sea.

By the time the wave had come near their ship it was only twelve meters high anymore instead of the hundred in the beginning and their ships just went up a bit and back down.

When the wave had passed the cheering began, they had defeated the enemies forces, they would have to retreat for now and make repairs because Insania's cruisers were still too numerous to defeat with so many damaged and crippled vessels but their main forces had been taken out. First they would dose the fire on all the ships, make the absolutely necessary repairs and seal the holes and then they would celebrate. Within a week they would have enough forces too annihilate Insania's forces.

Commander Abraham gave a salute for the brave men who had died today and quickly informed his bosses in America and they reported it too England where Cornelius fudge where the esteemed minister immediately gave everyone the rest of the day off.
Observation Room, Dragons' keep

"Commander Longbottom" a women said trough her headset.

"Yes" Neville said anxiously.

"We've lost contact with both the Missouri and the Ekliptica, they've disappeared from radar and we picked up a gigantic magical energy anomaly seconds before they disappeared"

"What" he yelled and everyone in the war room looked at him in anticipation of what had happened "Are you sure" and she gave an affirmative.

"Well," Draco sneered "what happened"

"I think Harry lost" Neville said unsure.

"What" they all yelled and several of them fainted.

Author notes: Sorry again for taking this long to update but with my exams finally done I can write a lot more from now on. I know you're

probably cursing me all the way to hell and back for stopping there but I thought it was just too beautiful to not stop right there. Reviews are still very welcome and my Yahoo group is still open for everyone who wants to join. And I passed my exams by the way.

Review responses:

john1234: Not that I know off, there are some stories in the same genre like Harry's Madness but not much, one of the main reasons for me to start writing this story, or at least not much that I truly liked and those that I did like were never finished.

Chrisproffitt: weirdness is a sign of authenticity

Pocrom: one word: decaffeinated

I-Y-T-Y: thank you, making it sound like it was truly possible was one of my goals, and I'm honoured that you like my story so much

MK: my imagination has been a little unstable lately

Schnuff: yep, that's me. lol

Femaleprongslet: it's his middle name, the president does it to annoy him.

Thanks to everyone else who has reviewed:

Veela504, HPreader916, Lady Silverhawk, murdrax, karone-sakura, Akira Stridder, Matt101

Awakening

As the Americans retreated a giant hull appeared briefly above water upside down before slowly disappearing beneath the surface of the ocean.

The ship slowly sank to the bottom as water rushed into numerous compartments and the ship became heavier.

Luckily the bottom of the ocean wasn't that deep in this particular spot and when the bow, now sinking more rapidly than the stern, hit the bottom hard and scraped along the rocky surface it was only a hundred meters deep.

The ship was pushed on its side and landed on the bottom with a loud metallic thud.

He woke with a start but still had his eyes closed and tried to take a large gulp of air, only to find he couldn't and water invaded his lungs. He began to panic and struggled frantically to get to the surface only to find steel all around him and blocking his way. He began to panic even more when he felt his consciousness slowly started to leave him again. Suddenly he remembered, he was a powerful wizard.

With a quick wave of his hand a bubble of fresh air appeared around his head and he took a few large gulps of air.

He looked around him and finally recognized where he was. He was on the bridge of the INIS Ekliptica which should've been lying in the harbour ready to be let into the water but something had caused all the windows to break and apparently the ship was now lying underwater and on its side.

He shook his head to clear it of the haze that seemed to have settled on it and it felt like he had a bad concussion.

He swam towards the operator's module which was still functioning miraculously and called the status screen:

PRIMARY POWER: OFFLINE (yellow)

CORE STABILITY: 62per cent(yellow)

WEAPON SYSTEMS: OFFLINE (green)

SHIELDS: OFFLINE (red)

ENGINE 1: OFFLINE (red)

ENGINE 2: OFFLINE (red)

ENGINE 3: OFFLINE (red)

ENGINE 4: OFFLINE (red)

BACKUP ENGINES 1 2 3: OFFLINE (green)

STEERING SYSTEMS: ONLINE (red)

HULL INTEGRITY: 72 per cent(green)

FIGHTER BAYS' CAPACITY: 0 per cent(empty)

SECONDARY POWER: ONLINE (yellow)

POWER CILINDERS: OFFLINE (yellow)

BRIDGE SHIELD: ONLINE (green)

MAIN ARMAMENTS: ONLINE (green)

SECONDARY ARMAMENTS: ONLINE (yellow)

TRANSPORTATION DRIVE: OFFLINE (red)

SUBSYSTEMS: ONLINE (yellow)

He tapped a few of the main systems and found that the front hangar was flooded as well as several other compartments. The bow had hit the bottom first it seemed as it had a large leak and the crystal

located there for the transportation drive was disconnected from the system, there was also a large leak in the engine room and it was flooded halfway.

He swam over to the holographic table where a hologram of the ship appeared in its current state, lying on its starboard side with several of the compartments being coated in bleu meaning that they had been flooded.

“Well,” Harry said inside his bubble of air “not much that’s still functioning properly” and he chuckled for no reason at all but immediately clutched his head.

“Ow, my head hurts.” Harry murmured and then suddenly the haze in his head disappeared and everything became crystal clear. Dean, the Missouri, the explosion, the ship being dragged under water, him being knocked unconscious.

And the green in his eyes flared to life, energy crackled around him and rage filled his mind. His energy spread throughout the ship and slowly but surely the entire ship began to glow a dazzling green.

The propellers had been twisted beyond recognition by the torpedoes but as Harry’s magic enveloped them the metal began to twist again in reverse and after a few moments the massive propellers were in their original state again, the rudder followed suit and so the entire ship was slowly restored to its former glory.

An invisible shield replaced the windowpanes and the water in the bridge disappeared with a loud slurping sound.

On the bridge Harry didn’t move, he just stood there like a statue as he integrated himself into the ship and he literally became the ship. The walls disappeared and so did the ship in Harry’s eyes, instead of seeing it he felt it now. He reached out with his mind and the status screen appeared again, this time before his eyes.

PRIMARY POWER: ONLINE (green)

CORE STABILITY: 80 per centAND RISING (green)

WEAPON SYSTEMS: ONLINE (green)

SHIELDS: ONLINE (green)

ENGINE 1: ONLINE (green)

ENGINE 2: ONLINE (green)

ENGINE 3: ONLINE (green)

ENGINE 4: ONLINE (green)

BACKUP ENGINES 1 2 3: ONLINE (green)

STEERING SYSTEMS: ONLINE (green)

HULL INTEGRITY: 100 per cent(green)

FIGHTER BAYS' CAPACITY: 0 per cent(empty)

SECONDARY POWER: OFFLINE (green)

POWER CILINDERS: ONLINE (green)

BRIDGE SHIELD: ONLINE (green)

MAIN ARMAMENTS: ONLINE (green)

SECONDARY ARMAMENTS: ONLINE (green)

TRANSPORTATION DRIVE: ONLINE (green)

SUBSYSTEMS: ONLINE (green)

Slowly but surely, as water disappeared from inside the ship, it began to rise and the ship slowly righted itself under Harry's guidance.

Harry activated all engines, even the backups, and he gunned them all.

They gave a mighty roar, bubbles appeared behind the ship and clouds of sand were stirred up. The ship shuddered and the hull screeched against the bottom as it took a little dip before rising up slowly. It rapidly accelerated while it groaned from the stress of the water pressure pounding on its hull.

The front rudders suddenly turned upwards, the ship lifted off and rose rapidly to the surface. Harry aimed the ship to surface in the middle of the American fleet which was now retreating as fast as the damaged ships could sail or be towed away.

He deactivated the bridge shield and the bridge slowly rose up from the deck.

Commander Abraham Skipper was just taking a large sip from his glass of fire-whiskey and all of a sudden the entire content of that sip was being sprayed over his second who had been standing in front of him as he saw the familiar structure of the enemy vessels bridge slowly rise out of the water just in front of his bow.

Then the ship's aft cannons appeared as well and he saw the barrels being aimed straight at the bridge.

"Shit" he cursed and jumped out of his chair, ran towards the side of the bridge, jumped over the railing of the deck and dived into the sea as behind him six beams blew both front turrets and the bridge of his ship to pieces. He could feel the heat singing his back and setting his clothes on fire as fireballs erupted around him.

He dived into the sea and his clothing was doused. He quickly swam away as the Ekliptica fired one cannon after another at his fleet.

Suddenly the relatively calm sea started to change, large waves and strong gusts of wind began as lightning flashed through the skies.
War Room Dragons' Keep

The intercom buzzed and Neville picked up immediately.

“Commander Longbottom,” the woman from Observation said with a teary tone but a happy one “another large magical anomaly has occurred near the retreating American forces, the signal of the Ekliptica has returned. It also seems a heavy storm has popped up near the area”

Neville gave a whoop of joy and yelled thank you over the intercom before closing the connection.

He turned around slowly and faced the others whom were all giving him strange looks.

“Friends,” he said happily “it seems we have underestimated Harry once again.”

Harry was furious. He charged the cannons with his personal magic, not the core, he was too pissed off to wait for the cannons to recharge.

He aimed at a ship, took out engines and turrets in a matter of seconds, or if he felt a strong wave of anger pass through him, shoot at the weapons bunker.

The more damaged ships were now struggling against the storm that had suddenly settled over the battlefield and giant waves crashed down on their decks not making it any easier for those already having to deal with leaks.

So far he had destroyed seven ships and paralyzed eight more. Then he felt it again, those explosions under water but this time they didn’t breach the shields and his anger flared up to new limits.

The rudders on the front suddenly turned down, Harry opened the fighter bay doors and the front hangar without the water repelling shields to make the ship heavier. He let it dive while he created shields that would hold back the water where necessary.

The ship disappeared back under water rapidly.

As soon as he was under water he saw the perpetrators.
On board the MFAS Black Mage

“Liberty, please respond. I repeat: large object detected coming from below us and heading straight towards you, torpedoes have been fired and have hit the unknown object.” the communications officer spoke into his headset but the only response he got was static. “I guess the explosion of the Apocalypse is still affecting the radio waves.” The operator said and the captain accepted that explanation.

“Sir,” the radar operator yelled “large object back under water and heading straight towards us. But” he sputtered “this can’t be, it’s the enemy vessel that sunk earlier” he yelled the last sentence incredulously.

“what.” the captain yelled “Full speed ahead, turn to new course 180, rapid dive to two hundred meters, tell the others to do the same and once we’re deep enough we’re going to try and sneak up behind him.” Immediately following this statement alarms flared to life and rang throughout the ship announcing all personnel to prepare for a rapid dive.

But for the Black Mage it was too late and before she could begin her dive the Gatling turrets on board the Ekliptica perforated her hull like it was made of paper.

“Status.” The captain demanded as he felt the tremors run through the ship.

“Torpedo room is flooding sir and three other compartments in the bow have reported numerous leaks, the pumps and compressors can’t hold back the water for longer than three minutes tops.”

The captain swore a few nasty things under his breath and gave his orders.

“Blow the ballast tanks and seal those compartments.”

But the water in the front compartments had made the ship a lot heavier in the front causing the bow to point down, the stern to rise up and for the boat to make a forty five degree angle. This angle made it possible for one of the torpedoes in the torpedo room to fall from the chains that had been supporting and it slammed against the wall of the compartment hard enough to activate the propulsion system. The torpedo took off but wasn't armed so when it hit the door leading to the compartment next to the torpedo room it didn't explode but rammed the door of its hinges. Said door had been sealed because the torpedo room was in danger of being flooded and the sealed compartment slowed it down somewhat but since the water suddenly had a much larger space to flood it came rushing in with more force and in the process made the holes in the hull larger.

By now the ship was too heavy to get to the surface even with empty ballast tanks and slowly it began to sink.

The captain noticed this too and even now the angle of the ship was increasing.

“Full speed astern.” The captain ordered hoping the propellers could make the difference between sinking or surfacing. The ship hovered for a second between descending and ascending but gravity won this battle and ever so slowly the ship began to sink into the merciless depths of the ocean.

Harry had been lucky before that the water where he had sunk had been closer to land and had only been a good seventy five meters deep but here the ocean floor suddenly dropped down to over seven hundred meters.

The ship descended towards five hundred meters and the captain, who was clinging to the periscope since the ship was completely vertical by now, found this very impressive that his ship was still holding on as he saw the gauge rise to six hundred. As the ship reached six hundred and twenty three meters it finally had enough and imploded. The only thing that hit the bottom were large chunks of twisted metal.

Meanwhile above the surface

Four dragons swooped down from the clouds overhead.

All four of them flew down at high speeds as anti-aircraft batteries opened fire and bullets whizzed past them.

They all attacked the same ship and great jets of blue fire shot forth from their beaks incinerating all that lay on deck. The smaller turrets held up for a few moments but the armour melted away fast under the assault of the powerful creatures and once the fire got through the ammunition stored there exploded creating chaos and destruction aboard.

While the attacks weren't powerful enough to destroy a ship they could take out all its weapons. The dragons continued their assault while the men tried to take them down with their heavy machine guns which proved to be a tedious job as the dragons avoided the streams of bullets with such ease it looked like they weren't even trying but when they did hit a dragon the bullets merely bounced off their armour-like scales.

Meganos was hit with a shell from one of the smaller cannons meant for shooting down large aircraft and submarines and plunged down into the ocean. Everyone looked surprised for a moment or two, even the dragons, at seeing the massive beast crash into the ocean.

The dragons all roared their rage and the men aboard the ships covered their ears as the sound tormented them and they felt like their head was about to explode when suddenly water splashed upwards and Meganos appeared, her eyes glowing emerald green and she resumed her attack on the remaining ships.

The other two subs wisely decided to retreat into the deep and 'stealthily get the hell away from that blasted ship', as the captain of the Sneak phrased it.

Harry was about to surface again when a large hull passed above him and he immediately realized that it wasn't a military ship according to the hull design, so it had to be the hospital ship.

A wave of hatred passed over him. "You shot at innocent women and children, why should I spare your injured." He thought bitterly and instead of blasting it to pieces he rose out of the water with the bridge up and stared the captain of the ship straight in the eye and he cringed from seeing that murderous look in Harry's eyes.

A gigantic wave appeared on the starboard side of the ship and barrelled down upon it while Harry created some space between the two ships. The wave crashed against the side of the ship and it listed heavily to portside. This caused all the supplies in the cargo bays to slide to one side of the ship and slowly the ship tipped over and turned upside down entirely. Windows on the upper decks were shattered due to the force of the water and flooded the rooms were most of the patients were being treated. A few men in the lower levels tried to escape using doors just above the water line but this caused for water to rise more rapidly inside the ship and it started sinking slowly, Harry was convinced not many people would make it out of there alive.

By now his anger was subsiding and he saw the rest of the ships were doing evasive manoeuvres in the hope of avoiding his destruction.

He saw the dragons assaulting the ships in the distance and Harry sent a message through their bond and told them to retreat for now.

He decided to leave them for now, should they ever come back he would make sure there were a lot more surprises that would greet them.

As his anger slowly subsided and Harry let his total control of the ship go he sagged down in the captain's chair but before he could even let out a sigh of relief the engines suddenly ground to a halt with a terrible screeching sound and the ship slowed down.

Harry reached out with his mind and called up the holographic projection of the ship. He was too tired to look at the screens.

The compartments that he had fixed before with his magic were flooding again and the propellers were twisted pieces of metal once

more. Harry figured that what he had fixed with his magic when he had integrated himself in the ship had only been temporary. The only things that didn't flood again were the hangars as it seemed the water repelling shields were back in working order.

He sent a written message to the mainland and the fleet to alert them of his status and to dispatch a tug or two to come and get him.

It was an hour later that the Ekliptica finally entered the harbour and was greeted by loud cheering although not as enthusiastic as at the feast earlier.

Harry apparated over to the head table and took his place in the middle amidst his Iron Circle and he looked at the seat that had been saved for Dean but now he would never occupy it.

"Today," Harry begun with a voice full of emotion and raw power "today we have defended our country for the first time against our enemies, and we won." He said but nobody cheered, they were all awe struck by the power he was using in his words "But not without casualties of our own. Innocent women and children have died today as well as brave soldiers." Harry said and the power lacing through his words increased "They died for me," he said "they saved me and I can never repay them for that nor their families for their loss but remember this, they have not died in vain but they died believing they did this for a better tomorrow and I believe this too. Tomorrow we will grieve and bury the souls who have left us today but tonight we will celebrate to honour them and their courageous deeds." And this time the crowd clapped their hands in approval.

As Harry sat down music began to play, first some sad songs but gradually the mood got better and soon the party was well on its way, most of the people who had lost someone that day sat together and talked about the happy times they had with them and together they laughed their grieve away and later most of these people will be the crew of the INIS Potter.

After his speech Harry didn't say anything for the rest of the evening while sitting at the table and eating his dinner without interest, there

was something that was bothering him and Severus Snape confirmed his suspicions.

Severus approached the head table and stood in front of it facing Harry.

“Harry, could I have a word with you.”

Harry nodded, stood up and walked towards the castle as Severus caught up with him.

“I recon you suspect we have a spy in our midst.” Harry said causally as he looked at the castle.

“I don’t think there is any doubt about it.” Snape said in his usual demeanour, they didn’t want to attract any unwanted attention when discussing such a delicate matter.

“I’ve had my suspicions for a while but I still haven’t found who it might be, all of them are bound to me.” He said and he felt a bit of revulsion for himself for acting like Voldemort.

“The rules of the game can be bent, you should know that better than most.” Snape said.

“I’ll look into it and I’ll ask the research department if they would mind of finding ways to improve the madar and see if it can track communication spells within the castle. Since everyone has a cell phone there it shouldn’t be too hard but the castle’s magic does tend to interfere.”

“Why don’t you just read their thoughts for once.”

“I don’t like to do so but should it become absolutely necessary I will.”

“So, what happened out there.” Severus asked with genuine interest.

“The Missouri went out to intercept the attackers but was ambushed by the American fleet but managed to hold on. I went out with the Ekliptika to help while our fleet was on its way but it would take too long for them to get there. I appeared right in the middle of the battle and suddenly we were winning and Dean was making an escape since the Missouri was too badly damaged to continue fighting. The Americans were losing and they were losing badly, they distracted me and used their remaining ships to draw my fire to one side of the battlefield while a kamikaze ship approached from the other side but Dean stopped it and it blew up, after that I got pissed and blew up a large part of the American fleet and crippled the rest.”

“I’m sure you let some parts out so I’m going to see the debriefing tomorrow, the simulation will be quite the action movie I presume.” Snape said and Harry cracked a quick smile at that.

“It’s stupid really,” Harry said the smile vanishing “I should’ve seen it coming. The Americans were sending in tow boats to get their crippled ships out when the battle was still raging, that alone should’ve made me suspicious and they were making a run for it, I should’ve stopped that damned vessel.” Harry said angrily and he wiped his eyes angrily for he felt tears coming up as he thought about all the men he could’ve saved.

“In war there will always be casualties, on both sides. It’s inevitable so don’t blame yourself.”

“I know,” Harry said “but it still hurts.”

“I’m just glad the fleet didn’t get involved or that the Americans didn’t reach the mainland. The shoreline cannons would’ve probably held them back but there would’ve been a lot more victims if that had happened.” Harry concluded.

“I’m glad as well. Now if you’ll excuse me, there are some potions that require my attention.” And with that he turned right and walked away from Harry.

Just as he was about to head back Arakir swooped down beside him.

“Greetings Harry.” Arakir said.

“Hello Arakir, thank you for coming during the battle.” Harry said and bowed before it.

“We’re just doing our job Harry.” Sitara said as she too swooped down next to him but on his other side and folded her wings.

“I know that but still. But next time I would like you to stay behind and protect the castle in case the enemy has some other surprises and attacks the island by other means.” Harry said.

“As you wish.” She said and with a few mighty flaps of her wings she was gone again.

“We’ll go and rest for now Harry, the battle wasn’t a very tiring one but it would be best to be well rested for tomorrow, we can never be cautious enough. Goodnight.” Arakir said and he too took flight.

“Goodnight.” Harry said and he thanked Merlin for gracing him with these trustworthy allies.

Harry decided he didn’t feel like going back to the party so he called it a night, tomorrow the first people to die for his country would be buried and it left a bitter taste in his mouth.

As he walked through the entrance hall he heard running footsteps coming his way from the stairs leading down to the dungeons and he prepared himself to fight as he thought it was one of Luna’s twisted experiments again. If it was, he would kill it before it even begun its attack, he wasn’t in the mood right now.

But before he could even identify what was running his way he was suddenly engulfed in a bone crushing hug.

“You stupid, stupid arrogant brat.” She yelled angrily but she didn’t let him go. “What were you thinking sending everyone of the ship and facing them by yourself.”

“But Hermione,” he tried to say but he was a little short on air for the moment as his lungs were being pressed together.

“Do you think I could have survived losing you a second time.” She yelled and hit his chest with her fist and her eyes started to shine as tears started to well up in the corners.

“It’s good to see you too Hermione.” Harry said with a grin as he pulled her close.

“Pratt.” She said and after a few moments she left his embrace and took a few steps back awkwardly and she was blushing slightly but Harry didn’t notice.

“Don’t think you’re getting away from a punishment that easily.” She said and glared at him but Harry could tell she didn’t mean it.

“Now, I heard about what happened and I have a few ideas on how to improve the ship.” Hermione began in her lecture mode.

“And I’m willing to hear them but why don’t we go down to the kitchens and have some tea first.”

The next day the weather indeed resembled Harry’s mood as was often the case in Insania. The sky was grey as he got up and as the ceremony began the rain started to fall from the sky.

Harry had taken it upon himself to say a few words and then the dead were lowered into the graves.

There were only seventeen people who would be buried today, they were the ones that had died at the feast, for the crew of the Missouri gravestones had been erected, three hundred and forty two people had lost their lives trying to protect him.

“Their deaths will not be forgotten.” Harry said as the graves were closed and the people started to head towards the castle where the reception was being held.

The work on the Potter had begun and it looked like this ship would be done much sooner. The dockworkers were adamant about working harder and longer in order to get the ship done as soon as magically possible.

Harry had thought that with the Missouri and the Ekliptica guarding the island it would be safe but since the Missouri was gone now they once again had only one powerful ship to defend the island, Harry had decided to return the Missouri after the Potter would be completed.

But now it appeared they would have to be on their guard for a while longer although Harry thought it would take the Americans at least two months to recover from their defeat.

MFAS Immortal

To say the president was furious was an understatement.

“How could this have happened.” He roared at Commander Skipper “There were only two of them and yet you were unable to defeat them with our entire fleet. The liberty, four high speed escort vessels, two battleships, the hospital vessel, two heavy cruisers and the Black Mage were all destroyed, that’s nearly half our fleet and only two ships came out unscathed and those are the Sneak and the spy. We have lost over five thousand soldiers just because you have underestimated the enemy’s strength. What are we supposed to do now.”

The president sat down in his chair dejectedly.

“What do you propose we do now.” He asked the commander.

“We turn this loss against him, say he provoked us and we defended, don’t give the entire story but awaken hatred in our peoples’ hearts for Potter and begin recruiting new soldiers, meanwhile we start construction of the new ships and the repair of the damaged ones while we research new technology to modify our

ships with. We should concentrate on making very powerful ships and very fast, agile ships. I reckon we should expand the fleet to fifty ships and if all of that still doesn't defeat him we could always use the Immortal."

"I agree. But I'm not fond of the idea of using the Immortal in combat, its excellent for our current purpose, to actually use it in combat, I would rather keep this thing a secret. I'm not really looking forward to the reactions of the other governments if they found out about the existence of this thing."

"I realize that, now let's get to work, we need to show the rest of the world that while we were defeated we will not give up."

It was a few days after that that the first TSF was completed and fully operational and at the moment it was being tested being tested. Its first job was to investigate the ocean floor where the battle had taken place.

Not much had been found, large chunks of metal here and there and sometimes a large section of a ship's hull but some of the wrecks they had found obviously hadn't belonged to the Americans.

The only reason why they were searching for anything was to see if anything remained of the Missouri.

After six hours the pilot finally found something.

"Sir," he said through the radio as he saw an object coming into his headlights "I think I've found something."

"What is it." Harry asked from inside the War Room.

"It's the number two turret sir, and it appears to be completely intact."

"Are you sure." Harry asked, he had seen and felt the explosion and had his doubts if anything could've come out of that in one piece, a propeller maybe, but an entire turret.

“Definitely, the design is unmistakable, I can clearly see the energy buffers mounted on its side.”

“Good, we’ll try and bring it up later, return to base for now.”

“Wait sir, I see something else, a very large object dead ahead.”

Harry’s insides twisted as he realized there might be more left of the Missouri, what if they found a section of the hull, or even worse, the bridge and they discovered the mutilated bodies of their friends.

“It’s a hull sir, a large one but it doesn’t look like it’s a warship.”

“Does it look like it’s been lying there for a long time.”

“No sir, it looks like it has just sunk.”

“The hospital ship”

“Can you find a marking of any sort which relates to the owner of the ship.

“Just a minute sir, I’m approaching the bow. It’s an MFA ship sir.”

“Must be the hospital ship, can you see if any significant damage was inflicted on the hull.”

“ Just some scrapings under the waterline and a few broken windows but that’s all. It appears that it sunk upside down very slowly to the bottom and landed softly.”

“What’s your depth.”

“Five hundred meters sir.”

“A completely intact hull of a large ship turned upside down on the ocean floor, might be useful.” Harry thought and a plan formed gradually in his mind.

“See if the hull has been compromised and if it’s holding up against the pressure and if there is any air left inside the ship, then return home.”

“Yes sir.”

It was two weeks after that that Harry was marvelling at the beauty of the ocean floor through a window.

After lifting the turret from the Missouri and making a monument of it that now stood proudly on the towns’ square with its guns aimed at America they had begun investigating the hull of the hospital ship.

Incredibly the hull was still completely intact and there had still been air stored in the hull which made it easier to start construction. Sarah Brown had assured that it had to be impossible, no ship could withstand the crushing pressure from the ocean that deep but Luna said that with all the spells that had been performed inside the ship it had stored some magical energy inside the steel and this is how the ship had remained intact.

Luckily, or so Harry thought, they didn’t find any survivors inside the ship, almost everyone that had been on board the ship that day had been on the upper decks, those that are now the lower decks, except for a few people in the lower decks but they had died when the ship had turned upside down.

And now they were transforming the ship into an underwater base that would be the home base of the TSFs. These were the ones assigned to guard the waters around Insania.

It had been quite the job, first they had strengthened the hull considerably, although it had held for now it hadn’t been by much. Besides that they had to reverse everything on board like stairs and such plus build an entire facility for maintaining and repairing the TSFs.

While most people thought it would be depressing to be under water for months on end Harry found it fascinating and so did most of the people that worked there. And besides, if you got bored you could always ask for a double shift patrolling around the island, something the men of this base sure liked to do.

The TSFs were a very fast submarine type with speeds close to ninety miles an hour and a manoeuvrability like nothing else in existence at these speeds. They were a very fun thing to pilot and then there were of course the drills.

The TSF could carry four torpedoes and had two pulse machine guns. The base had four TSFs that had been built specifically for drills, instead of the destructive bolts these pulse guns fired harmless spells, if you got hit with one that would most certainly kill you in a real fight your vehicle would just stop functioning and you had to wait until the drill was over. If you had a less severe hit your craft would merely be slowed down and have a malfunction here and there. If you got hit by the fake torpedoes that would merely break apart on impact you were dead no matter what.

But these things could pull off stunts people hadn't even dared to dream off so the practices lasted quite a while until three of them were incapacitated.

Harry had been the first one to demonstrate that you could make these things fly forty meters into the air before plunging back down into the ocean completely surprising the enemy.

Now that the Ekliptica was completely repaired, modified once more and had six TSFs on board, the crew was ready to fight off the enemy at any time.

The modifications this time was in fact something ingenious and so obvious it was a shame nobody saw it before but that's just the reason why having Hermione around was a very good idea. Instead of one cylinder per cannon there were now two cylinders. This meant that while one cylinder was being charged you could fire of the other which meant you could fire twice in the same amount of time.

A new cave had been excavated down in Hell's Bay and this is where any future repairs on ships would be carried out since the shipyard was busy with constantly modifying ships and of course the Potter.

He turned away from the window and faced his two most respected inventors and only other occupants of the room.

"Hermione, Luna," he began and he saw Hermione immediately sit up straighter, a notepad appeared out of thin air and fell into her hands while Luna just stared out of the window behind Harry "I have a new project for you, something that has never been tried before with numerous unknown factors and very little chance of succeeding but if anyone could pull it off it would be you two."

After a moment or two of silence Hermione got irritated.

"Well, what is it." She snapped.

"The reason for this underwater base is not just for housing the TSFs but for something much bigger. A little north of here under the ocean floor construction has begun on a massive complex big enough to house Dragons' Keep with all the underground complexes included and there we will start building the next step of our nation's defences. I want it completed within four months so the work pace will be murderous. Now if you'll each take on of my hands I'll bring us to the research facilities there that are already finished where a full scale briefing has been prepared." Harry said and he transported them away.

They reappeared in a large room with numerous workstations.

"This is where you'll be working." Harry said and Hermione walked over to a glass wall that overlooked the construction yard, at the moment the space was relatively small but larger then Hell's Bay.

While Hermione was looking through the window Harry asked Luna something that bothered him.

“This won’t slow down your other project will it because that thing is a very good defensive measure as well.”

“No, the designing is finished now its just building the damn thing and since it is the first of its kind we still have an issue here and there but it’s an intricate machine and every element has to be tested over and over again so we know for sure it suits our purpose. I told you it would be done and revealed at the anniversary of our nation but it could be done sooner if things go our way for once.”

“Good.” Harry said and Hermione joined them again.

“Let’s get started then.” Harry said and started up a computer on one of the workstations.

As soon as it was booted up he started the representation and the wall on the other side of the windows showed the same thing.

“This thing will be the biggest construction ever made. It’s four kilometres long and six width. This is only the main station of course, if this project is completed successfully more will follow. If we are losing this war this will be our plan B and we’ll leave this land for good but not without an appropriate goodbye.” He said and tapped a section of the structure.

“This is the X1 MIEB, Magical Ion Energy Beam and this will be our last resort, if we lose we’ll blow every single magical structure up of every nation that ever opposed us. The hardest part of this project is of course the matter of: will magic work in outer space and if not, can we do something about it. As Hermione will most likely know outer space has numerous threats in store for us for which we must be prepared like meteoroids, solar winds and stuff like that. I see Hermione’s bursting to start talking to you on how to handle this, if you need any help you may recruit scientists at will but not too many, this is not the only thing being worked on at the moment. I’ll come and see you two in a week or so because I now for sure I won’t run into you unless it’s in here.”

And with that he disappeared as Hermione started ranting about what had to be done while Luna started defining the rough sketch of the place from the presentation on a computer.
He appeared again right outside the office of Sarah Brown.

He knocked on the door and she opened it.

“Harry, just the guy I’ve been looking for.” She said happily.

“Thanks, but I already have a relationship.” He said and she laughed “What can I do for you.”

“Well, the Potter will be ready tonight to begin construction of the core and then it should be finished within another week.”

“Great.” Harry yelled “Then we’ll finally be able to start our active war against Voldemort.”

“Indeed, there’s another matter I want to discuss with you.” She said and she paused for a second until Harry spurred her to continue “I think I have a suitable candidate for taking command of the Ekliptica.” Harry gave a tiny flinch as it should’ve been Dean taking command of the Ekliptica.

“He’s a war veteran and skilled in naval warfare, his name’s Andrew Waldfeld. His son served on an American vessel but they were sacrificed by their superiors in a conflict a decade or so ago so he still has a score to settle with those bastards. Luna introduced us, he’s one of Luna’s test pilots for whatever she’s building and she says he’s a top ace when it comes to combat strategy.”

“Very well, I’ll meet him tomorrow and introduce him to the ship. I am sure I can teach him some tricks he’s never heard about before concerning that ship and now Neville will finally be able to go back to his greenhouse, although he’s a great commander he doesn’t like to fight but he’ll do it anyway if I ask him.”

“I’ve heard you’re working on a new project by the way. From what I’ve managed to gather it’s quite the project.” Sarah asked him suddenly out of the bleu.

“Yes, I’ve been meaning to talk to you about that. It’s a giant space station and while it’s not a ship of any kind I’m sure you could help Hermione and Luna with this project. Your expertise could definitely iron out some of the finer details for the infrastructure and weapon placement. If you’re willing to help with this of course.”

“Definitely, once the Potter is completed my job will become a lot more boring and this project sounds fun.”

“I’ll tell Hermione to contact you, I’m sure she has discovered our new transportation system by now.” At Sarah’s confused look he added: “You’ll see, it’s a surprise.”

“Anything else you want to discuss.” Sarah asked.

“Yes, how are the secondary engines of the Potter coming along.”

“I’ll sleep a lot more comfortable once that ship has been launched and someone tests them for real, even though they have already used one of them in the laboratories I don’t trust them. It wouldn’t surprise me if one of them blew up on the first try.”

“Let’s hope that won’t happen or else we’ll be in for quite the bumpy ride.” Harry said amused at her lack of trust in the research department but it was not unreasonable, things invented there and being tested for the first did sometimes have the tendency to blow up. They thought they had successfully invented the first piston engine that ran on magic, that was, until one of the pistons decided it wanted to see more of the world and landed on the deck of the Tropical, one of their cruisers that had been patrolling along the shore a good two thousand meters from their position, it had been a good thing the scientists had decided to try their invention outside, the only one who delivered reliable equipment was Luna but they couldn’t go to her with every little problem they encountered, she already had enough work to take care of and besides, after hearing what happened to

Harry almost every time he went down there didn't really make them feel anxious to visit the Department of Mysteries. Recently Luna's department had received another name: DEW. Short for 'the Death Eater Wannabees' since their goal seemed to accidentally kill Harry every time he went down there. Harry had laughed at that.

Harry bode Sarah goodbye and walked over the grounds towards the castle. As he looked around at the village and he heard the music coming from the pub he thought life wasn't that bad.

He felt like going to the pub and sit amongst his citizens and have a few good conversations but he had to hurry because he had promised Ginny to take a couple of hours of and spend some time together.

"This evening our plan will be set into motion, let's hope everything goes as we planned."

"Yes sir."

"After you've done what you have to do return to us, you're mission is done and bring her with you, she might prove useful in the future. Destroy the parchment."

"Yes sir."

And with that the piece of parchment in Albus' hand glowed blue and it became just an ordinary piece of parchment. He sighed wearily hoping his decision had been the right one.

"You've been awfully quiet." Harry commented while he was cutting his food.

"I have a lot on my mind lately." Ginny answered dully as she stared at her plate.

"Does it have anything to do with that attack two weeks ago?" Harry asked concerned as he put his fork down and reached over the food and laid his hand on Ginny's.

“No..., actually, yes. It’s got me worried about our safety, what if they had targeted the head table first.” She asked and looked him in the eye. Harry thought there was something terribly wrong, normally Ginny’s eyes were bright and full of life but now they were dull.

“Then I would’ve stopped them but they were too far away for me to do so, luckily Dobby wasn’t injured that badly, for such a small creature he sure is tough.”

“Yeah.” Ginny replied dully.

“Don’t worry about our safety, the Americans can’t do anything at the moment and the new ship is almost complete, I’ll be creating the core tonight by the way.”

Ginny looked up all of a sudden and he saw something in her eyes, she opened her mouth as if to say something but she closed it again after a few moments.

Harry looked at her strangely.

“Is something wrong?” he asked her.

“It’s just that...” she said but didn’t continue.

“I’m not feeling so well, I think I’ll visit the hospital wing to see if they can give me anything.” She suddenly said while standing up and she left the room in a hurry.

Harry sighed wondering what had gotten into her. He still had some time to kill before he was expected at the shipyard and he didn’t feel like going down to Luna’s dungeon so he decided to go to the pub.

He stepped into the bathroom and looked in the mirror. He decided he wanted to know what kind of rumours were being told amongst the population so it was clear he couldn’t go as himself. He altered a few of his features and took a quick shower. After choosing some casual clothes he headed out.

A half hour later he stood in front of the stairs that led down into the pub. He walked down and opened the door, the bar was crowded and some merry music was coming from the speakers hanging at various corners in the room.

“It’s a good thing I own some interests in various industries or else we might have had to wait a long time before we could have something else besides water.” Harry thought as he sat down on a barstool.

He ordered something to drink and listened intently to a conversation two men sitting next to him were having.

“I don’t know Earl but ever since my son died on that ship I’ve been having my doubts about this place.” The guy said sitting on Harry’s immediate right said.

“Like what John, I mean, things around here are a lot more organized than our own ministry and you can’t say Potter and his scientists haven’t done everything they can to protect us. I’m sure preparations for this entire nation must’ve cost a fortune and I’ve heard Potter paid it all himself, even when you ask for a loan at Gringotts the money comes from his account.” Earl said.

“I don’t have any doubts about his genuine concern about us and his will to protect this place but you know we’ve all passed that damn test that proves our loyalty, some people even died when it detected they supported You Know Who but that attack at the feast, that wasn’t a coincidence. How could the Americans know that there was a party going on when outside communication is strictly monitored?”

“Could’ve been a coincidence. They could have just fired some random shots and it happened to hit the crowd.” Earl shrugged as he finished his drink and ordered another one.

“Could be but I don’t believe it, if you ask me there’s something going on in that trusted Iron Circle of his and there’s a traitor amongst them.”

“John, we’ve discussed this ten times or so, if there is one Potter will be sure to deal with it. What do you think about that new ship by the way?” Earl asked, changing the subject.

“Weirdest design I’ve ever seen for a ship of war but if it’s as good as the last one I’ll think that once it’s finished those blasted Americans won’t know what hit them if they ever try to attack us again, two of those ship could wipe out a lot of ships before going down.”

“Hmm, but don’t you think that having these powerful weapons will give the leaders a sense of superiority and eventually a feeling that they should rule the world.”

John didn’t have a reply for that question and drank his glass empty. Harry himself didn’t have one either. He was terrified that that might indeed happen if they weren’t careful.

“Honestly I don’t think it will come to that but as much as I’d like to talk some more my shift is about to begin so I’d better head over to the shipyard.” John paid for his drinks and headed out of the pub.

Harry emptied his glass, paid for his drink and headed out of the pub.

He sauntered along the banks of the lake mulling over the words of John.

“Could that really happen?” Harry wondered “Is this what happened to Grindelwald.”

Harry suddenly remembered about Dumbledore’s nemesis, Harry had read some things about him when he had stumbled upon a book in the library which covered the latest threats to the Wizarding population. Harry presumed Grindelwald thought he had been doing the right thing in the beginning as well but the power he could wield had corrupted him and he had begun to dream about world domination.

Harry picked up a pebble lying on the shore and threw it up and caught it again absent-mindedly as he thought about those things.

“No,” he said suddenly out loud and threw the pebble into the water where it made a tiny splash and sunk to the bottom “I won’t let that happen, I’d rather destroy this place then let something like that happen.”

He looked over the bay as the sun was slowly setting and he saw the silhouettes of some of the cruisers patrolling the harbour while the large bridge of the Potter obscured a part of the setting sun.

Then he remembered something he had heard once.

With great power comes great responsibility.

To Harry it seemed like an eon since he had heard those words.

He kept walking at a slow pace, he was frightened at the moment in case it did happen but as he looked around he couldn’t help it as a smile formed on his face when he looked around and saw the beauty of the country they had created. The beauty of the magnificent Dragons’ Keep, the happiness that seemed to radiate of the small village, the power of the mighty warships that will protect the nation. Harry suddenly realized he shouldn’t be afraid to use all this power as long as it was used with good intentions.

The road to hell is paved with good intentions

“Stop thinking like that.” He admonished himself.

After a short walk he was standing in front of the building which housed the shipyard offices. He entered and walked towards Sarah Brown’s office.

He knocked and entered.

She was sitting behind her desk and her eyes were fixed on the computer screen.

Harry figured she hadn't heard him knocking because she didn't avert her eyes from the screen.

He coughed and she jumped out of her chair.

As soon as she saw who it was she let out a relieved breath.

"Harry, it's you. Don't scare me like that." She said as she tried to calm her breathing.

"Sorry about that, I knocked but you seemed to be very focused on your computer screen." Harry said and he sat down in the chair in front of her desk.

She sat down as well.

"Yes, I was just looking over the schematics of the Potter, its assembly won't be an easy task since it'll have to happen out on the lake, our dry-dock couldn't possibly house something that big." She said and typed a few commands, a projector sprang to life and the wall behind her desk showed the schematics of the ship.

The design was basically the opposite of the Ekliptica. While that ship had been built as an assault vessel this ship was a defence vessel. The bridge design was exactly the same and during combat it would sink down but instead of resting on the deck the roof of the bridge would jut become another part of the deck since the design was meant to be a streamlined one.

Instead of a single hull this ship had three, the two pontoons were about half the size of the main hull, with a massive deck connecting the three of them. Three 2-barreled high fire rate turrets outfitted with sixteen inch guns were used instead of the four powerful turrets, two of these stood on the deck and one was mounted on the underside of the ship. Six smaller turrets with a single barrel had also been fitted onto the ship, three on top and three on the underside of the ship, all were mounted on the main hull. These were powerful short-term shield emitters and were meant to stop large volleys of enemy fire

that the regular shields couldn't handle. Like the main guns these also had power cylinders with recharge cycles of 99 seconds but these had also been outfitted with two cylinders instead of one so they could deploy the turret two times in those 99 seconds. The ones placed on the bottom could be retracted into the hull if the ship was sailing at high speed through the water to decrease drag but the ones on top didn't have this function since the required space needed for six of those turrets inside the ship was too much, they had considered enlarging rooms but with the threat of them becoming unstable should the ship be hit it could destroy the emitters making them vulnerable, if they enlarged rooms where crew members worked they could endanger them which Harry found unacceptable, the only room where this had been done on the Ekliptica was his office. The gun turret on the underside could also be retracted and would always reside inside the hull when the ship was sailing across the ocean. Twelve 8 inch guns were also mounted, again mounted in pairs, six on each pontoon. The usage of the mini guns had proved to be highly effective in the battle two weeks ago so the Potter had also been outfitted with them. Eight in total, two on each pontoon, front and aft. Four had been placed on the main hull, one on the front and aft and two on top of the bridge.

And then there was the thing that made this ship unique.

On the pontoons of the ship there was a hatch at the back and two at the back of the main ship. When these were opened four very powerful jet engines would emerge which enabled the ship to lift off from the ocean surface and become airborne using the large expanse of deck which connected the three hulls as wings, a purpose for which they were specifically shaped.

The noses of the three hulls where shaped like cones with a round tip instead of the Ekliptica's sharp single hull.

In length the main hull was as long as the Ekliptica its beam was only 48.8 meters, the pontoons were 269.8 meters long and had a beam of only 18.3 meters. The total width of the ship amounted to 225.8 meters.

The jet engines were only secondary engines of course since the ship would just stay on the water most of the time.

The primary purpose of this ship is to back up the Ekliptica, while the aggressive ship of the two is destroying or immobilizing enemies the Potter will defend the Ekliptica if necessary and interfere when there are too many enemies so it had to be both fast and manoeuvrable, something which would sound quite hard if you have three hulls that cause drag instead of one and especially if your only propulsion system is located in the main hull so they opted for three engines. A main one residing in the centre hull which could deliver up to 512000 shaft horsepower and two smaller ones in the secondary hulls able to deliver 327000 horsepower each. These powerful engines were necessary for the ship to be able to take off. While the speed limit during normal operation was 63 miles an hour for the ship it took a lot more when it was about to take off. For taking off it was estimated the ship would need to reach 122 miles an hour before the jet engines were to be deployed, they would deliver enough thrust to maintain 122 miles an hour while the propellers were shut down and retracted into the hull. If the propellers weren't retracted and the ship would try to take off the propellers would cause too much drag and could even break off. After that the boosters would be deployed and the maximum output of the jet engines would be doubled allowing the ship to reach 264 miles an hour and creating enough lift to rise from the surface of the ocean and into the air. Once the drag on the water would be taken away the boosters would be deactivated. The reason for the ship having to reach 122 miles an hour before activating the booster was simple really, if you used the jet engines to power the ship from lying still to take off speed the jet engines would explode due to overheating. Once the ship was in the air the estimated cruising speed would be around 320 miles an hour. Harry briefly wondered what the reaction of the Americans would be when this ship would appear out of the sky. And last but not least the ship also had a transportation drive although this one was a bit more complicated as the ship was five times the size of the Ekliptica.

"We'll just bring the three sections of the ship towards the centre of the lake and assemble it there , it'll be the first time I've done something like this but I'm sure we'll be able to manage it just fine."

She concluded and shut off her computer “I suggest we go to the ship and construct her core.”

Harry agreed and together they walked towards the hull of the ship.

As Harry looked at it like it was now it looked like a massive airplane nut with wings that were too short since only half of the connection deck could be built at the time.

After a short walk both of them were standing in the core chamber. Sarah activated the protective runes should anything happen during the construction process.

Harry started to concentrate and slowly the core began to take shape in his hands.

Everything seemed to go well as it always did when suddenly Sarah saw the runes of the protective barriers beginning to pulse slowly.

She heard Harry gasp and turned to face him.

“Is something wrong?” She asked worriedly.

“There is, the energy is acting strangely and won’t stabilise but I think I can gain control before it gets out of hand.” He answered through clenched teeth.

The pulsing of the runes decreased and Sarah breathed a sigh of relief.

Then all of a sudden everything began to shudder bright white lights erupted all around her and she knew no more.

A lone figure stood on the bridge of a fast hydrofoil as it sped away from the island. A small girl was bound and gagged in the corner of the room.

The figure walked out onto the deck and looked back at the illuminated towers of Dragons’ Keep.

Over the howl of the wind sirens could suddenly be heard blaring.

A moment later a brilliant light erupted high above the island and it blinded the figure momentarily even if the explosion should've at least been five kilometres up in the sky.

Only when the figure could finally see properly again did the roar of the explosion catch up with the boat.

The figure smirked evilly and walked back into the bridge and sailed away while back on Insania chaos had erupted.

Author notes: Another chapter complete, another happy day for me although a very hot one, we're experiencing a heat wave over here for the moment. Now the regular notes, reviews are even more welcome than before and remember, more reviews means quicker updates (well, maybe not but I try). My yahoo group is still open for everyone who wishes to join, it's the home page link on my bio page (which hasn't been updated in ages by the way). On a side note, there were three very slight hints as to what the weapon Luna is designing might be and one major one in this chapter, if you think you know what the weapon is just send me a personal e-mail and I'll tell you if you're right or wrong (wouldn't want everyone to know right away what it is now would we).

Review responses:

john1234: most of your ideas I had thought about a while ago but I didn't know if I wanted to use them in the story and I forgot about them eventually, I had been planning on building the space station the entire time though, it will become an important part of the story later on. As for the cores, those last for hundreds of years before they would be depleted and besides, the core in the castle will last for millennia since it is being charged every time Harry sleeps, a lot of the energy is also used for creating the ammo for the weapons. About the air support, I haven't covered that on purpose, you'll see why soon enough. But with all these ideas I'm sure you could write a story of your own, there aren't enough stories like this in my opinion. For a

rough drawing of INIS Potter, there's one on my Yahoo group. Till next chapter.

I-Y-T-Y: (blushes) Flattering me won't get you anywhere (just kidding, of course it does). The thing I enjoy most about writing in fact is that you can truly imagine being there and living through these things yourself, makes it much easier to write it down.

Bandgsecurtiyaw: Although it's not a lot you write in your review it's always a pleasure to hear from loyal reviewers.

Femaleprongslet: sorry about those mistakes but once again I was without a beta reader although I have a new one and neither can I.

Akira Stridder: A man learns from his mistakes and the Americans attacked at an unfortunate time, next time they won't get away so easy. Sorry, no miraculous saving peoples' lives in this chapter, I wanted to but it gets boring.

karone-sakura: Sir, yes Sir. Here it is.

RexMeino: I will, eventually.

Thanks to everyone else who has reviewed:

aaron25.

May you live in interesting times

“Open fire.” Commander Andrew Waldfeld ordered as he saw the American high speed escort vessel prepare to fire.

Four beams from the number two turret shot forth and raced towards the American vessel which narrowly avoided the rays of destruction.

“He’s retreating sir.” The radar operator informed him.

“Very well. Switch to condition green.” He said and sat down in his chair.

“This has been going on for an entire month, how long will we have to endure these surprise attacks.” He asked no one in particular.

One month ago something happened that shook the foundations of Insania, literally.

Nobody really knows what transpired, investigation of the accident didn’t give them any useful clues.

One month ago during construction of the Potter’s core something had gone wrong, terribly wrong.

From what they could tell something had gone wrong during the process and it had become unstable. Harry had tried to stabilise it but failed. While there were protective wards around the core chamber to prevent any serious damage should such a situation occur Harry probably realized they wouldn’t be able to hold up against the massive amount of energy that would’ve been released causing many casualties and massive amounts of destruction.

So instead of getting the hell out of there he did what he alone was probably stupid enough for, or is it brave, and apparated away from the ship and far away to where the explosion wouldn’t do any damage.

Five kilometres above the island to be exact.

Nobody knew what would happen if you apparated while trying to control an unstable core and taking the thing with you since it was not exactly a very well known science, core construction that is. If Harry had continued to try and stabilise the core and had failed or if it exploded due to the apparating nobody knew for sure but it had exploded.

Nobody knew what had happened to Commander Potter since he was missing at the time the investigation started a few hours later.

Insania had been in chaos when the explosion had occurred but when the word got out their leader was missing it was a complete and utter pandemonium. Eventually the Iron Circle managed to calm the people down and take control over the crisis.

One month ago 9.00 PM

Draco Malfoy was walking around in the courtyard of the barracks inspecting if everything was alright when a bright flash of light blinded him from the sky and he had to look away.

When the blinding light finally subsided he was knocked backwards on his behind as the roar of the explosion hit him.

“What the Bloody hell.” He muttered as he stood up and sprinted down the courtyard into the main building, up the stairs and he stormed into the communications centre.

He flicked a switch and the machinery buzzed to life.

He dialled a few buttons and a connection with Dragons’ Keep was being established.

“Yes.” An annoyed voice said through the connection.

“Longbottom, what in Merlin’s name is going on.”

“We don’t know.” Neville yelled frustrated.

“Easy Neville, don’t get your knickers in a twist.”

“Sorry Draco but that was the umpteenth time I had to say that. We don’t know what’s going on, all we know is that there was a massive explosion and it had something to do with the core of the Potter. We’re investigating it as we speak, in the meantime everybody is panicking, the intruder alert has been sounded in Hell’s Bay, a hydrofoil has been stolen and Harry is missing.”

“I’m on my way over.”

Dragons’ Keep War Room 9.15 pm

“So our best guess is that the core became unstable and exploded but how the hell did it get five kilometres up into the air.” Draco concluded.

“The core chamber should tell us more but the protective barriers have been activated and you can only deactivate them from the inside. If we’re lucky, Sarah Brown, who was there at the time, might still be alive and tell us what happened but since she didn’t lower the barriers just yet it seems unlikely.” Neville said.

“Alright then, we’ll try and get those barriers down, but that isn’t our priority at the moment, first of all let’s try to calm the public down. Neville, make a public statement but don’t tell them the truth just yet and don’t lie either, just forget to mention Harry is missing.” Severus said.

“In the mean time we’ll try and locate Harry.” Hermione said.

The doors of the room burst open and a soldier stormed in.

“Sirs, we’ve just received word that Ginny Weasley and Amy Harold are also missing.”

“Damn.” Snape said angrily. “Why didn’t I see it sooner, of course.” He said and smacked himself on the forehead.

Everyone looked at him strangely.

“Harry and I had been discussing who the spy might be because it was nearly impossible for anyone to be a spy with the loyalty stone and all that and now I remember, there was one person who didn’t go through the ritual.”

Everybody suddenly understood what he meant and who he was talking about.

“Ginny.” They all said in horrified unison.

“But why,” Hermione demanded as tears sprang to her eyes “why would she betray him, I know for sure she loved him.”

“There’s no doubt about that Hermione but there are ways third parties could’ve been involved.” Severus said in a dangerously low voice.

“Dumbledore.” Draco, Neville and Severus all growled out.

“Harry’s not going to be happy about this when he hears about this.”

Hermione smiled briefly at that. It was amazing really, they knew Harry had been involved in a massive explosion and here they wouldn’t believe for a minute he wouldn’t be coming back.

“I’ll be going down to the Potter and see if there is anything I can do about those wards.” Luna said and didn’t wait for a reply as she immediately walked out with an unusual serious expression on her face.

“She cares more about him than she’s letting on.” Severus thought.

“Alright, Neville, get to it. I’ll be leading the search for Harry, does anyone know where the dragons are.” Hermione asked.

“We’ll look into it.” the soldier who had barged in said and ran out of the room.

The next day 00.23 AM

“Alright, now.” Luna yelled and as one fifteen people cast the spell at the core chamber.

The still bright white glowing runes in the chamber flickered for a moment before the light finally faded away and the barrier dropped.

A few medi-wizards ran in to check if the leader of the shipyard was still alive.

They immediately checked her pulse and they breathed a sigh of relief when she was.

“She’s alive.” They yelled at the people waiting outside.

“Any sign of Harry.” Luna asked right away.

“No, sorry.”

They carried Sarah out of the chamber and examined her on the spot.

“She’s unconscious but stable, the best we can guess at the moment is that she is suffering from a massive magic overload. We’ll be transferring her to the hospital wing where we can do more for her.” The head medi-wizard said. Four of them picked up the stretcher. One of them yelled 'activate' and the five of them disappeared as the portkey-stretcher was activated.

“Let’s go inside and see if we can determine what happened in the moments before the explosion.”

Grimmauld Place, Library 2.38 PM

“You’ve done well Miss Weasley, I’m very proud of you.” Albus Dumbledore said and released the Imperius curse.

Ginny's eyes glazed over and after a few moments returned to normal.

She looked around confused for a few seconds until she realised where she was.

She looked over at Dumbledore and a fire erupted in her eyes.

She grabbed a vase that was standing on a small table next to her chair and threw it at Dumbledore with all her might hitting him right between the eyes with it.

"You sickening old bastard. How could you." She yelled and started throwing everything she got in her hands at Dumbledore who was rubbing his forehead and avoiding incoming objects.

"What do you mean Miss Weasley. I thought you wanted to help me." Dumbledore said as he got over his initial surprise and stopped ducking and started using magic to alter the projectiles' trajectory.

"Of course I did, I wanted to help you keep an eye on him, not stab him in the back, break his heart, kill him or kidnap his daughter and most important of all, betray his trust in me by not making me take that damn loyalty test." She yelled and she ran out of objects to throw around.

She was thoroughly pissed off by now and started gathering her magic.

A wave of raw magical power shot forth and pinned Dumbledore against the wall.

"I..." she said and her eyes flashed a vibrant green.

"Hate..." she said and Dumbledore felt the bricks behind him started to shift as they were pushed backwards.

"Not again." He thought.

“YOU.” She roared and the wall gave way.

Dumbledore was catapulted into the kitchen and he landed painfully on the kitchen table.

“How the hell did she get so powerful.” Dumbledore wondered as he got up from the kitchen table.

“We sense a powerful presence that feels like Harry’s together with hers.” Godrick informed him.

“A little warning in advance might be nice.” He muttered.

“Miss Weasley, please calm down. All that has been done was for a good reason.”

“And what reason might that be, what reason could you possibly have for killing Harry.” She demanded and started advancing towards him through the hole in the wall she had created using Dumbledore’s body.

“I assure you I didn’t kill him, merely put a block on his magic.”

“And how do you think he could’ve survived a five kilometre drop without his magic.” She demanded.

“I don’t know what you mean.” Dumbledore asked dumbfounded.

“He took the core and all with him when it was about to explode five kilometres up into the air so that it wouldn’t harm anyone, except himself.”

“Ginny.” A surprised Mrs. Weasley gasped as she ran into the kitchen.

Dumbledore took advantage of the distraction and stunned Ginny whose attention had been drawn away from him while muttering something about stupid Gryffindor bravado.

Insania 7.51 AM

“Stupid Gryffindor bravado.” Draco muttered as Luna informed of what they had been able to deduce from the energy patterns in the core chamber.

“So he apparated the core and himself out of there, whether Harry was unable to gain control over the unstable energy or it became even less stable by the apparition we don’t know.” Luna concluded.

“So what happens now, is there a way Harry could have survived.” Hermione asked, she had been searching for Harry for almost eleven hours now it she hadn’t even found the smallest trace if he was still alive or dead.

“It seems unlikely,” Luna said dejectedly “but we haven’t found any remains, even if that doesn’t tell us much, such a violent explosion would’ve probably wiped Harry from existence completely but it’s just that... he’s Harry, he can’t be dead.” And then Luna did something everybody thought was impossible, she cried. They were all desperate and when they thought about what would happen if they lost Harry this early in the game they felt like weeping too.

“What happened to her?” Dumbledore wondered out loud as he repaired the wall through which he had been pushed, again.

“You know that they have transformed muggle weaponry using magic and that these devices come from tiny magical cores they create by tapping of Harry’s magic while he sleeps because he actually radiates raw magic when he’s sleeping, we think that while that happened some of that energy might have transferred to Ginny building up her magical power.” Godrick Gryffindor said.

“That sounds like a reasonable theory, we might be able to use this to our advantage.”

“She’ll be hard to keep under control now, we don’t know how it happened but while you had her under the Imperius curse her newly gained magical power remained dormant but once you lifted it and

she got angry it was released and we don't know if she won't break free if you try and cast it on her again. I'd rather not be around when that happens."

"I realise that but what do you suppose we do about it." Dumbledore asked.

"I think the time has come to restore our power to its former levels." Godrick said with reluctance and the other two founders agreed.

"I had hoped it wouldn't come to that but it appears that we have no other alternative."

"Let's begin preparations now and with some luck we can do it within the next month."

Sixth day 1.15 PM

Garanor was flying above the far side of the island in search of his missing master although after six days of searching non stop his hopes had diminished greatly. Their connection didn't seem to function anymore as he hadn't answered to their desperate attempts to contact him. It had happened immediately after the explosion that their connection seemed to have been broken but normally when a master of a dragon died the dragon would feel immense pain but that hadn't happened, that gave them hope but after six whole days it seemed unlikely.

He continued to fly over the dense forest and decided to take a short break and landed in a small clearing.

He sat very still as he thought about what would happen if they didn't find him. He was sitting so still that when a deer walked into the clearing it didn't notice the massive beast.

Garanor suddenly realised how hungry he was and decided that having a quick snack wouldn't hurt.

The deer began to eat grass and was facing away from Garanor.

Garanor slowly lowered his head and opened his jaws as wide as he could as if he wanted to try and swallow the deer in one piece.

Just when he was about to lash at the defenceless creature a familiar scent hit his nostril and he withdrew his head immediately and sniffed the air noisily alerting the deer to his presence and it ran away.

“That scent, it can’t be, it’s... Harry.”

1.43 PM

Garanor landed gently and released the lifeless body from his front claws with care.

He gave a terrifying deafening roar and moments later the door of the castle was opened and a few castle guards rushed out to see what was happening.

The head guard looked around to see what the ruckus was all about.

Once he saw what the commotion was about he acted immediately.

“You,” he told one of the men “go and contact all the members of the Iron Circle and inform them Commander Potter has returned. You,” he said indicating another guard “call the infirmary and tell them to send a team over on the double.”

The two men saluted and ran off.

The medi-wizards arrived on the scene in record time and lifted him onto the stretcher, they activated the portkey and took him to the infirmary.

1.55 PM

The entire Iron Circle was gathered in the infirmary around their Commander’s bed.

“How is he?” Hermione asked the head healer.

“I don’t know for sure, besides being dehydrated and malnourished his body is in perfect working order. As for his magic,” here he paused thinking of the best way to formulate it.

“What?” Hermione demanded.

“It seems like he doesn’t have any, I don’t know what happened but tests show he hasn’t got any magic left in him, not even dormant magic.”

“WHAT.” Everybody in the room demanded except the healer.

Potions Master HQ, unknown location somewhere in Insania 8.24 PM

“This is bad, this is very bad.” Draco muttered as he paced the room.

“Calm down Draco, explain what is going on.” Severus asked as he poured a glass of fire-whiskey.

“Harry’s been found and he seems to be ok.” Draco said as he let himself fall in on of the chairs and took the glass he was offered.

“That’s good news.” Severus commented and poured himself a glass.

“It is good news but he’s unconscious at the moment. That isn’t the problem, the problem is that Harry seems to have lost his magic, all of it.”

“What.” Severus demanded.

“My words exactly, while it’s a good boost for morale that we’ve found him I don’t know what’ll happen if word leaks out that our leader has lost his greatest capability.”

“That is indeed troublesome. Do they have any idea when he might wake up.” Severus asked.

“The next hour, day, year, never.” Draco said.

“I don’t think this was an accident.” Severus said thoughtfully.

“ I don’t think so either and I don’t believe that Ginny’s disappearance was a coincidence either.”

“Do you think she sabotaged the process.” Severus asked alarmed.

“She might have, we don’t know for sure, Luna’s looking into it.”

“I don’t think Miss Weasley would’ve betrayed Harry out of her own free will so I guess that you believe the theory that Dumbledore was involved as well.”

“I hope it’s not true but I fear that is exactly what happened.” Draco said dejectedly.

“I think it is indeed so and I believe the only reason why the old bastard did this was because he was afraid of Harry and wanted him out of the game.”

“Are you saying he was trying to kill Harry.”

“No, the old fool doesn’t have it in him anymore to kill someone, I think what happened was exactly what was supposed to happen, that the room where the core was being constructed was tampered with making it unstable during the process and that Harry would try and stop it destroying or disabling his magic, I very much hope for the latter.”

“You can disable someone’s magic.” Draco asked incredulously

“No,” Severus answered immediately “not as far as I know, nobody has been able to do it but Albus does have the support of three founders and everyone knows their combined knowledge exceeds

most of the modern day libraries by far, the only place where you could find more information would be the lost library of Alexandria.”

“Yes, it might be useful if we could locate that place.” Draco said.

“What do you mean ‘locate’. The place was destroyed millennia ago.”

“So do many believe but I happened to overhear my father one day and he was talking about it, he said Voldemort had found some clues that it might have been preserved by a secret society called De Priesters van Neogira, but the members were all executed centuries ago and their secret was lost, or so those few that knew about them thought but a recent discovery of a document told something about a book with the location hidden inside it.”

“Where there any clues as to where this book might be.” Severus asked.

“Yes indeed, it said plainly where the book was.”

“Well, where.” Severus demanded.

“Atlantis.” Draco said without humour.

Severus laughed mirthlessly.

“That’s just great, you’re searching for one of the lost wonders of the world only to find out that in order to find it you need to look for another wonder of the world that most people think is a myth. The irony.”

“The irony indeed. But it’s not because it hasn’t been found up until now that all hope should be given up. Must I remind you the irony in our very own situation. First you served Voldemort and Dumbledore and I was about to serve Voldemort and we both hated Harry and now we’re fighting against Dumbledore, Voldemort and practically everybody else out there and we serve Harry.”

“Indeed, but we do not actually serve Harry, we do not do something because he orders us or because he manipulates us into doing it but because we want to, big difference.”

“Do you think we did the right thing Severus.” Draco asked suddenly.

“I’m absolutely positive about it.”

“So am I.”

Dragons’ Keep, hospital wing 0.36 PM

“Unbelievable.” The head healer muttered.

“Miss Brown,” he yelled at Lavender who was sitting next to her mother’s bed “would you mind getting the members of the Iron Circle, I have an important piece of information to tell them.”

Lavender nodded and sprinted of towards the War Room where you could always reach the members in one way or another.
Same location 0.49 PM

“What’s the reason for summoning us this late Frank.” Neville asked the head healer as everybody was seated in the head healer’s office.

“You all know my tests showed that mister Potter didn’t seem to have any magic left in him, right.”

They all nodded their agreement.

“well, a few minutes ago something strange happened, I was running another diagnostic spell and while mister Potter still doesn’t appear to have any magic in him the air around him is charged with raw magical power.”

“He still has that ability.” Luna asked incredulously.

“What do you mean Miss Lovegood?” The healer asked.

“I think everyone here knows that our weapons are powered by small magical energy cores.” Everyone nodded. “What most of you don’t know is how these things are made. We made a surprising discovery not long after we came here. When Harry sleeps he literally radiates massive amounts of magical energy, this was the reason why Ginny was able to use Harry’s staff during the battle with the dragons. Once we made that discovery our problem for powering the weapons was solved. The only one able to make these cores is Harry and you can all imagine how much time it would take if he had to make thousands of these manually so we made a device that gathered the ambient energy and concentrated it into small cores. I was afraid that when you told us his magic seemed to be gone our production would come to a halt and we would have a limited supply of ammo. I’m glad that isn’t the case but how can it be that he still radiates magic while he himself doesn’t have any.”

“That is indeed strange but at least now we won’t have to start panicking about being able to defend ourselves while mister Potter is out of the game.” The healer concluded.

“I think it’s time we did a thorough investigation of Harry’s magic and what other abilities he might have. Should his inner magic never return there might be other things he can do that we don’t know about just yet.” Hermione said.

“Alright, I suggest we all get some rest and in the morning we can see look for the answer as to what this all means.” The head healer said and everyone went to their respective quarters to get some rest.
Day eight 9.30 AM

“Cornelius,” Albus Dumbledore said as he looked up at the minister for magic from where his head rested at the moment, in the hearth of the aforementioned minister “may I have a word with you, I have an urgent matter to discuss with you.”

“Go away old man,” Cornelius Fudge grumbled as he worked his way through tons of paperwork lying scattered on his desk “I don’t have time for you at the moment.”

“But I must insist Cornelius, I assure you you’ll find my topic most interesting and beneficial for your cause.” Albus Dumbledore said with twinkling eyes.

“Alright, come through and say what you have to say.” Fudge grumbled as he stood up to welcome his guest.

A few moments later the emerald green flames flared and Albus Dumbledore came tumbling out of them.

“I hope this is important, ever since the Americans’ humiliating defeat I have been doing nothing else then filling paperwork to try and sort this mess out, they are not happy with the ministry.”

“Its great news Cornelius, apparently someone crossed over from Harry’s side and managed to sabotage a few things in the process. The person was able to sabotage the construction of their newest vessel, a powerful behemoth from what I could tell and disabled Mr. Potter in the process, it appears he will be out for quite some time.”

“Is that so.” Fudge said with a feral grin “How long will he be out you think?”

“A month at the least and even when he will be back I believe he will be considerably weakened for a long time.”

“Then now will be the time for us to strike back, I will inform the Americans instantly and prepare all the Aurors.”

“That might be the wisest decision, while Harry is down and his nation will probably be in chaos now that doesn’t mean they are defenceless, they have one powerful vessel and a lot of less powerful but still strong cruisers able to defend the country from an invasion with the American fleet mostly crippled and besides, we have something they might want back.”

“And what might that thing be.”

“She,” Dumbledore said “is Harry’s daughter.”

It was some time after that when the headmaster finally left the office.

It had taken awhile to explain the situation considering Amy and tell the minister exactly what had happened, or what he was supposed to now.

As far as the minister knew a trusted higher officer of Insania’s fleet had managed to sabotage construction of a ships power supply which caused a massive explosion which Harry managed to contain and so he prevented a lot of damage but in the process he lost his magic, all of it, he had made sure of that and the block on his magic would remain strong enough to keep Harry unconscious for at least a month and without magic for a lot longer, while this happened the deserter had managed to kidnap Amy and flee to Dumbledore.

Of course all of this had been his idea, he hadn’t told the minister the identity of the person and certainly not that she had been under the Imperius curse for four months.

He had asked Fudge to keep Amy in the ministry holding cells, he knew that if he kept her at Grimmauld place he would come and get her as soon as he woke up, even without magic he could probably do it but in the ministry security was higher and the cells were difficult to reach.

And of course it would keep Harry away from him for a while.

Day nine 11.11 AM

Sarah Brown had finally woken up and had confirmed Luna’s suspicions about what had transpired in the core chamber but even she didn’t know more than that. After another brief discussion they agreed on who would become temporary commander of the fleet until Harry woke up.

“Alright Commander Waldfeld, she’s all yours.” Luna said with a bit of regret in her voice.

“Why so sad.” Andrew Waldfeld asked.

“It shouldn’t be me who was supposed to hand over this magnificent ship to you.” She answered and her dazed expression replaced the sorrowful one on her face.

Andrew nodded in understanding.

“Anything special I should now about this ship.” He asked as he looked around the state-of-the-art bridge.

“Not that I know of, although Harry knows quite a few nifty tricks you could pull off with this ship that nobody ever even heard of. I believe one of those things was using every engine, even the backups, at the same time to accelerate incredibly fast but don’t let them run at the same time too long or the backups will overheat. A new feature has been built into the ship, a few very small compartments have been added in the lower levels which have been expanded to hundred times their original size, they can be flooded with seawater giving the ship the ability to dive underwater for short amounts of time. Waterproof shields have been added to every window on board and the windowpanes on the bridge are protected by blast shields as well so that they don’t shatter when shockwaves from explosions hit them. While you’re submerged the decks will be surrounded by a bubble of air if you want so that people can access it in case of an emergency.”

“Why did you expand these compartments, I thought that was only used in rare circumstances on our ships.” Andrew asked.

“Because the only thing that will ever reside in those compartments is water so even if the expansion charms become unstable the only thing that can happen is water being compressed and such ballast tanks would only take in a lot of space, something that this ship doesn’t have in spades anymore with our modifications during construction.. No lives will be brought in danger should they become unstable.” Luna explained.

“I see. Just out of curiosity but what will happen to the Potter.”

“I’ve hear that they’re planning to assemble it one of these days, as for using it, the core was destroyed so it has no power supply and we can’t create one without Harry’s help. We’ll establish a temporary connection with the castle so when someone tries to attack the harbour the ship will be able to help defend it.”

“I guess that’s better than for it not to function at all.”

They both fell into silence for what seemed like a long time when suddenly Commander Waldfeld snapped his head up and looked over to the shipyards, immediately his attitude changed and a feeling of authority swept across the room while the commander stood up straighter.

“Is something the matter?” Luna asked.

“Sirens.” The commander said and walked over to the comm. console.

He tapped a button and switched to the unexpected alert frequency on which important information would be broadcasted whenever an alarm was sounded unexpectedly.

“...lert, intruder alert, code orange two, INIS Seahunter damaged, current position C13-x22, current heading 193, I repeat, intruder alert, intruder alert, ...” a cool voice repeated over and over.

“What is it?” Luna asked.

“Someone passed the perimeter and did a surprise attack on one of our ships, the Seahunter, his position is north-east from us about six kilometres.” Commander Waldfeld growled and hurried over to the commander’s chair.

He sat down quickly and pressed a button on the armrest.

“Code red, code red, this is not a drill, all hands to your stations.” He said and his voice was carried throughout the ship.

“Damn,” he cursed as he released the button “why does someone have to attack us now, can’t this wait at least another week until everything’s been taken care of.”

Men rushed through the doors of the bridge and hurriedly took their places. Shields were charged, weapons were armed. A low hum ran through the ship announcing the ship being activated to full strength. Energy gauges rose to high levels as it powered up.

“Transportation control, take us to position C13-x22.” He ordered.

Luckily the transportation cylinder had been charged while the ship was docked in the harbour so they appeared on the scene a minute later, just in time to see the Seahunter get hit by enemy fire in the distance to portside, setting the aft deck on fire. Two small enemy vessels were spotted to the starboard side.

“INIS Seahunter confirmed sir, to portside, two American vessels spotted to starboard side, checking class, high speed escort vessels.” The radar operator said.

“Aim front turrets at the closest enemy ship, aim aft turrets at the farthest, aim at the enemies’ turrets, prepare to open fire.” Andrew ordered.

It took about fifteen seconds for the turrets to turn in the right direction and moments after that the ship tilted slightly to portside as all fourteen main cannons fired at the same time accompanied by a roar of noise as the beams sped towards their targets, heating up the air through which they coursed to extremely high temperatures making it crackle.

Their aim was accurate when it came to the first ship, its gun turrets disappearing in two explosions that rocked the ship.

The second ship managed to manoeuvre just in time and only its front turret was slightly blackened by the heat.

Both of the enemy vessels turned around and began to make their escape, the first one sending thick plumes of black smoke into the air.

“Shall we open fire again sir.” The second in command asked.

“Blow up the one that’s fully intact but let the damaged vessel escape so that they can inform their superiors that we are not to be trifled with. Contact the Seahunter and ask if they need assistance. Take over Walters” Andrew said against his second and got out of his chair.

“Is that truly necessary commander?” Luna asked as she followed the commander towards the back of the bridge where the stairs to the lower levels were as the primary energy cylinders in the turrets were disengaged and the secondary ones connected.

“Normally I wouldn’t do such a thing,” he said and there was some remorse evident in his voice as in the background the order to fire was given and the ship’s guns thundered once more, both had to lean against the wall of the staircase as it tilted to portside once more “but in these circumstances it’s better to scare our enemies so that we won’t have to deal with them too soon, Harry is out and we’re on our own. Those were American vessels and I don’t think they would attack so soon after being defeated so soundly unless they found out about the incident and since all of you believe this was not an accident the ones who have done this must’ve known what would happen to him. So now the Americans wanted to see if we would still put up a fight not that we don’t have our hero to help us.”

They walked through the narrow corridors in silence and stopped in front of the commander’s quarters.

Just as Andrew opened his mouth to say something the speakers in the corridor were activated.

“ Commander, please join us on the bridge, there is another emergency.” Second in command Walters announced.

Commander Waldfeld growled something that was not meant for polite society.

He ran all the way to the bridge leaving Luna behind.

“What is it?” he demanded once he arrived on the bridge.

“There has been another attack on a ship on the other side of the island, the Americans already fled but the ship is in pretty bad shape.” Walters informed him.

“Give the order for all ships to go on active duty and patrol the island but tell them to stay close to the shore and that I want every captain to attend a meeting tonight, we need to discuss these attacks and see what we are going to do about them.”

Day eleven 9.30 AM

Somewhere in England

“Come in.” Voldemort hissed as he heard the knock on the door.

Wormtail shuffled in wearily, his eyes aimed at the ground.

“I hope I’m not disturbing you my lord but one of your men has picked up an interesting rumour at the ministry.”

“That depends on what that rumour is.” Voldemort hissed as he fingered his wand.

“It appears that there has been an incident concerning the whelp master.” Wormtail said avoiding the name Potter, ever since their last encounter nobody dared mention the name Potter when their lord was close by, the battle had considerably weakened him and had nearly killed him, if the Dark Lord hadn’t had the good sense to apparate in time. He had been keeping a low profile ever since then while he slowly recovered from the ordeal.

“I might hope it is good news for us Wormtail.”

“It is master, apparently an accident occurred on his island and it has weakened him to the point where he is unable to do magic at the moment, we don’t know any details but the Americans have already assaulted the island to test their defences, while they were defeated it appears that he didn’t lead the counter attack.”

“Why is that Wormtail.”

“Two escort vessels were destroyed while they were already retreating.”

“That is indeed something he himself wouldn’t do during such a minor battle, he would most likely let them go with some damages to their vessels.” While during the Missouri Massacre, as the first battle between Insania and America was called, Harry had sunk quite a few ships but that was because they had angered him but because of that tragedy the Americans were weakened considerably. The rumour and the fact that the Americans were still recuperating made him believe that Harry was indeed incapacitated for the moment. First, the Americans wouldn’t attack without a good reason in their current state, and second, Harry wouldn’t sink two ships during a minor battle in which killing a lot of people could be avoided.

“This is good news Wormtail,” Voldemort said as a malicious smile formed on his face “this is very good indeed.”

“Wormtail,” he suddenly snapped out “inform everyone that we will have a meeting tomorrow evening. Now that that ignorant little child is weakened we will attack his island and obliterate his forces.”

“And maybe we can restore ourselves to our full potential.” Voldemort thought, thinking about the massive amount of power stored in former Hogwarts’ room of requirement and he started cackling madly as Wormtail hurried out of his master’s room frightened by the evil laughter.

Day twelve 11.00 AM

Hermione let out a stream of curse words as her computer screen showed another error.

“Do you kiss your mother with that mouth?” Luna asked dreamily without looking up from her computer screen.

Hermione let out a frustrated sigh and began typing again only to stop again a few moments later.

“How can you still focus on this project while Harry is lying in the Hospital wing in a coma without any signs of him ever coming out of it.” She asked.

“Because he’s Harry, so he will come out of it, when he’s ready and I can still focus on this project because Harry gave it to us and when he wakes up I want him to see that we continued to work on it instead of being worried sick about him, he wouldn’t want us to be moping around but be prepared for whatever we come across. If we don’t continue as we were we might get overrun by the enemy and everything he has worked hard for would be lost, would you want that Hermione.” Luna asked while looking away from her computer screen and looking straight in Hermione’s eyes.

“No I wouldn’t want that,” Hermione said dejectedly “but it’s still frustrating as hell. I just hope he wakes up before something happens, while we can manage without him for the moment I don’t know what is going to happen when something truly bad happens, we can lead this country together with the other members of the Iron Circle for now but he’s got this natural leadership in him that makes people follow him.”

“He has that, doesn’t he.” Luna said as she looked thoughtful for a moment “When something comes up we’ll just have to deal with it to the best of our abilities and if we can’t manage it we can only hope Harry will come to our rescue, he hasn’t failed us until now and I’m sure he won’t now or ever, not if he has anything to say about it.” She said and focused again on her computer screen.

Hermione nodded, convinced that Harry would indeed wake up and lead them through these darker times and come out victorious, he had to, he was Harry Potter after all.

Day fifteen 6.30 AM, day one of the Demon Siege as the people of Insania would later call it.

“This is observation, come in Savage.” A young woman spoke as she tried to contact the INIS Savage

“This is the Savage, we are currently patrolling to the North-West of the island a small distance out of the security perimeter, we noticed a fairly large magical disturbance in the area on the madar and are investigating it so far nothing unusual to...” the officer on board said but his sentence was cut off and only a static hiss remained.

“Savage, what is happening, Savage, please come in, Captain Simmons what is going on.” The woman asked and near the end of the sentence her voice started growing a little desperate as no reply came.

A light started blinking on the console she was operating indicating another ship was trying to contact her.

She opened the channel and immediately a voice started babbling.

“He’s here, he’s here and he blew up the savage.” The voice yelled as the sound of cannon fire was heard in the background.

“Calm down man, who’s there.” She snapped.

“Voldemort, he’s attacking us.” He yelled in a frightened voice.

“Retreat at once, do not confront him, return to Hell’s Bay.”

“Damn it.” she cursed, she used her fist to smash a small pane of glass on her console and pressed the emergency button.

Immediately sirens began to wail all across the island and a public announcement was made through all communication channels telling everyone near the castle to head inside and for all the ships to head down to Hell’s Bay unless instructed otherwise.

Day fifteen Barracks 6.42 AM

“What the bloody hell is going on.” Draco demanded as he stormed inside the radio room.

“We don’t know sir,” one of the men stationed there said “the only thing we’re getting on the radio is orders to head over to the castle.”

Draco was suddenly startled as his cell phone buzzed.

“What.” He yelled irritated into the device’s microphone.

“Draco, this is Neville, gather your troops and get into the castle, we got an unwelcome guest visiting the island, Voldemort has come for us on a ship, he blew up one cruiser and damaged another but the second one got away because of superior speed, unfortunately he’s heading over to Dragons’ beak, ETA 30 minutes, gather all the troops and take every single weapon stocked in the barracks with you.”

“Are you serious, son of a bloody dark wanker.” He said incredulously and cut the connection.

He ran over towards the communications console and pushed the officer sitting behind it out of his chair making him fall on the ground. He tapped the button for the announcement system inside the barracks and yelled his orders.

“This is an emergency, code red one, everybody get all your equipment and head over to the castle, maintenance, begin shipping all our armaments over to the underground barracks in the castle, we have thirty minutes to get there. Once inside the castle you are to spread out and prepare to defend the castle from a siege, once you’ve taken your positions I want all the squad commanders to report to the War Room.”

With that he shut off the announcement system.

He realised he still held his cell phone in his hand and quickly called Andrew Waldfeld.

“Yes.” A slightly agitated voice answered his call.

“Andrew, where are you and what are we doing to slow Voldemort down.”

“He’s staying out of reach from the land cannons so we can’t use those but we’re powering up the Potter, its defences are much better than those of the Ekliptica and with a temporary power supply from the castle its able to put up a fight, I’d hate to see this ship being wrecked but if it comes down to it I’m willing to sacrifice it, we wouldn’t want Voldemort getting his hands on our technology, even if he despises it he can find ways to sabotage it.”

“Alright, just make sure you get into the castle unharmed, we’re going to need everyone to be able to fight, the defensive wards around the castle will be raised in forty minutes, sooner if we can get everyone inside before that.”

“Alright. Good luck.” And with that the conversation ended.

A few miles away from the entrance to Dragon’s Beak thirty minutes later

A large wooden vessel completely painted black, even its sails, approached the shore lines of Insania.

The Dark Lord agitated at having to use a muggle transport vessel to approach the island but there was no other way, arriving by portkey was impossible and apparating was as well so the only way to reach it was by sea.

He had found the ship near an old mansion that had once belonged to a respected pureblood family but the line had died out and the house forgotten and it was now his hideout, when he had first explored the dock where this old vessel was docked he had looked at it with disgust but with some closer inspection he had found that it had been modified with magic. On board he had found the ship’s log

which told the story of how the ship came into the hands of the family and why the mansion was deserted.

The HMS Vanguard had been built in 1631 and was believed to have been scuttled in 1667 by the muggles but instead it had been captured by wizards and transported to the family's mansion in Wales where she had been modified. The reason for the family doing this was simple, in the fourteenth century their ancestor had used their money to support a ridiculous Dark Lord who thought blood 'purity' was all that mattered in the world but he had been defeated and the family had been broke for several centuries, after seeing their chance they had captured the ship and used it to loot transport vessels, stealing their goods and selling them making a healthy profit, once they had enough money they started over back in the United Kingdom and bought shares in several companies and started some of their own but the family had no heirs so nobody ever claimed the house and everything was left like it was.

The ship was used in different parts of the world, some of the modifications to it gave it the ability to lift out of the water but not very high, a few yards at the most. The lack of resistance made it a very fast ship and when they looted vessels all over the world and the story of the incredibly fast ship began to spread the legend of the Flying Dutchman was created. Further improvements to the ship concluded impressive shield charms making it impervious to showers of cannonballs and thus making it almost invincible. The 56 guns on board were charmed so that they would reload themselves, aim automatically at a target but this was limited, they could only aim thirty degrees in each direction from their positions and all could be fired from the bridge simultaneously with a single command with a wand. The sails handled themselves with a command as well so you didn't have to climb in the masts and a charm was installed so that the strength of the wind could be regulated as well.

All in all, the Dark Lord mused as he thought back about it, it had been an impressive piece of work and especially now that he had added his own powers to the ship.

Gone were the shield charms and cannonballs, instead of those a black metallic sphere hovered near the centre mast encrusted with

pitch black gems on all sides. It had an aura of pure evil and every now and then pulses of energy could be felt running through the air sending shivers down the Death Eaters' spines.

Up until now they had evaded the coastal guns staying far enough away from the shore lines.

Voldemort knew that they were already aware of his presence since he blew up the first ship and the second one managed to get away.

His ship was still fast, being able to reach 25 knots but Insania's cruisers were faster.

But now they had to approach the shore in order to enter the port and storm the castle.

As soon as they came within reach of the coastal guns the order to fire was given and the heavy 22 inch guns opened fire with a thunderous roar.

While the coastal guns were much more powerful than the ones on board any vessel their rate of fire was much slower, with a cannon every five hundred meters along the entire coastline of Insania the scientists didn't think they had to make an effort to improve these powerful guns since not even the Ekliptica could withstand three successive hits from these guns and come out unscathed. The Potter could probably withstand more but only if the shield emitters were charged but eventually it would be damaged as well, at least that was what scientists said after running numerous simulations. And besides, nobody had such powerful ships like the Potter or Ekliptica.

However, they hadn't taken into account that should anything happen to Harry the esteemed Dark Lord would open the 'Harry Hunting Season' immediately and that that particular Dark Lord was almost as powerful as Harry.

So it came as a big surprise when the two beams of energy came close to the enemy vessel an evil black aura suddenly surrounded the ship and when the beams were almost coming into contact with it

they suddenly made a sharp turn and shot towards the sky where they made a slower U-turn and hit the ocean harmlessly.

The ship turned slightly while other coastal guns opened fire as well. The beams from the other guns did the same while the enemy vessel prepared itself to fire with her portside guns at the turret which had fired first.

Twenty five guns opened fire at the same time but instead of cannonballs slow moving dark purple beams came out of barrels of the guns.

The guns were heavily armoured and had average shields protecting them so it came as another surprise when the beams tore through the shield like it was tissue paper and incinerated the turret in a matter of seconds leaving a lump of molten metal behind.

The ship turned again and started to aim for the next gun but instead of the gun staying in place, its operators desperately hoping that it would recharge fast enough to fire once more before being incinerated the turret's gun barrels retracted into the turret and the holes through which they had disappeared were sealed of and the turret began to disappear into the ground.

This system had been a brilliant idea made by one of the scientists, it had been approved because of the fact that if the enemy managed to attack the coastal guns from a great distance and they couldn't retaliate they would still be able to protect themselves.

Since the guns seemed to be ineffective and the first one had been easily destroyed by the enemy vessel there was no use in letting them stay operative when they were only targets which could be destroyed.

On board the Blood Purity the Dark Lord was cackling insanely.

The device he had constructed was doing its job splendidly just as he had designed it for. Not even his Death Eaters knew what it was exactly but they all knew it was something very evil

Using Salazar's knowledge of the Demon realm he had summoned an ancient spirit, an energy spirit which controlled massive amounts of chaotic energy.

He had managed to capture the beast in the device and he could now tap its energy as he pleased, he knew there had been a risky operation, if he hadn't been able to contain the beast and it had gotten loose it would've reaped massive amounts of destruction upon the world, not that he would mind destroying a large part of the world, especially the muggle world, he was sure that if it got loose the first thing it would destroy was him, since he was powerful it would've absorbed his energy in an instant but now it was safely under his control and it seemed like Potter's army and weaponry couldn't deal with this new threat as he saw the coastal guns disappear into the ground.

Now he could proceed to destroy the harbour and attack the castle, he knew it wouldn't pose much of a challenge without Potter trying to disturb his plans.

Later that day the Dark Lord would be surprised at how much of a fight the brave soldiers of Insania would put up.

Commander Andrew Waldfeld was not having a good day as he sat in the commander's chair inside the bridge of the INIS Potter.

Not only had a ship been destroyed by the enemy without even being able to put up a fight and the rest of the fleet had to retreat to the safety of Hell's Bay, including the Ekliptica, the only vessel which had a chance of slowing the enemy down was a vessel incapable of movement of any kind except bobbing gently on the water inside the harbour.

He had agreed with the other members of the Iron Circle to wait a little longer with raising the wards except the Apparition and Portkey wards, there were always wards around the Island of course that prevented outsiders from transporting onto the island but these allowed for the inhabitants to still move around, these wards were separated in different layers. The weakest were the overall safety wards which only prevented outside travellers from entering, these

still allowed every inhabitant to apparate, the second layer were the wards with some restriction to it, these were primarily placed on the Barracks and other facilities related to the military and then there were the wards that protected the high security facilities like Hell's Bay, the laboratories beneath Dragons' Keep and such. When the wards were raised for when an attack occurred the three aforementioned wards went into lockdown modus meaning that not a single person could apparate or use a portkey on the island. With the threat at hand these three were already in lockdown mode but the castle's defences had not been raised yet, they would wait until the crew of the Potter could get inside it.

So here he was sitting on a probably doomed ship waiting for the most fearsome nemesis in his lifetime to approach him and start retaliating.

The enemy vessel had now entered the channel connecting the ocean with the harbour.

"Is everything operational." He asked second in command Simmons.

"Yes sir, the energy cylinders are all charged minus the transportation cylinder, shield emitters are ready, shields are up and the guns' safety is off."

"Commence firing." He ordered.

The Dark Lord was surprised to see the guns of the immobile vessel lying in the harbour suddenly open fire on him but he knew that if the more powerful coastal guns couldn't hit him then the weapons on board this ship certainly wouldn't either, he hadn't expected the ship to do something none the less because he didn't feel the presence of a core which he did sense in the other vessels.

The beams did no damage whatsoever to his vessel and he order the man at the helm to turn the ship ninety degrees and come to a full stop so that they could fire a broadside and keep firing without having to make manoeuvres in the narrow channel, his ship wasn't a really manoeuvrable one.

Commander Andrew saw the beams being deflected just as he thought they would but now at least they had his attention and the enemy had stopped advancing for the moment.

“Prepare the upper front shield emitter to fire,” he said and waited for the other ship to open fire, he didn’t have to wait long as a few seconds after he had said this it did “fire” he ordered and he felt his heart skipped a beat, or ten, as the beams crossed the distance from one ship to the other. The shield emitter fired as well and a blue beam erupted from the barrel, it shot forwards for about twenty where it suddenly stopped and spread out sideways sending sparkling blue particles in all directions that formed a transparent semi sphere around the front section of the ship, this happened in the blink of an eye. The beams of chaotic energy came into contact with the sparkling blue shield and the ship suddenly jolted backwards for a couple dozen yards but the shield held.

“Shit,” Andrew cursed “is the connection with the castle still stable.” He demanded while the officer peering at the energy usage screen looked intently at a gauge displaying the blue shield’s integrity.

“Sir,” he suddenly said interrupting the man from asking more questions “the shield is disintegrating rapidly, it’s down to fifty percent, forty, thirty, twenty.” And as the shield began to flicker the energy beams pounding against it ceased, the guns on the Blood Purity having reached their maximum deployment time limit ceased channelling the chaotic energy or else they would start to melt.

“Crucio.” The Dark Lord hissed as he cursed a random Death Eater when his guns failed to destroy the ship and ceased firing.

“Turn the ship around and fire with the other guns.” He ordered as he knew the guns would have to cool down for at least one minute before being able to fire again and another five seconds to be ready to fire again but he knew these new weapons had to have a recharge cycle and since it didn’t have its own core the ship would fail to deflect one of his broadsides after a few times, he was annoyed by this obstruction but he knew he couldn’t go onto the land now or else

the other guns mounted on the ship would certainly destroy his troops, he could see the barrels of the eight inch guns gleaming menacingly in the distance waiting for an opportunity to fire on his troops.

With a very convenient system placed on the ship it could turn 180 degrees without having the use the rudder at all nor the sails and this in just 32 seconds so after the ship had turned it fired again, 34 seconds after the first volley.

Not taking any risks the commander of the Potter ordered both front deflectors to be fired, last time had been too close. Once again the shields appeared but it was stronger with two turrets firing but this meant that the upper front turret had to recharge after the shield died out.

The firing ceased once more, faster than the first time since the Dark Lord knew it was useless to remain firing so long but every time they fired, for even a moment or two the Potter had to sacrifice another charge for the emitters and he guessed that they would deploy two of them this time as he too had noticed that the shield had held just barely, and the Blood Purity turned around once more, knowing what had to be done this time it took a second less to fire again. After 67 seconds since the first shot was fired from the Blood Purity, the Potter was defenceless, normally they would turn the aft shield emitters to face forward but they knew the magical energy line from the castle wouldn't be able to transfer such amounts of energy required for six shield emitters and the hadn't expected to encounter such a powerful ship either. The Potter needed 32 seconds for the cylinder in the upper front turret to be charged again so normally, judging from the last fire cycle, they had only a second to spare, but the steersman on board the Purity managed to shorten the fire cycle by another two seconds.

This meant that when the Purity opened fire again the charging of the cylinder in the front turret on board the Potter still needed one more second. While the beams coming from the purity were slower than those of Insania's fleet they were still fast and as they were travelling towards the Potter the charge cycle was completed and the officer operating the emitters pressed the fire button immediately.

The blue beam shot forth and reached the twenty meter point, it began to spread out but it was a hundred of a second too slow.

Commander Waldfeld was thrown out of his chair as an explosion rocked the ship.

The Dark Lord was disgruntled, he had truly thought that this time the last broadside would've destroyed the ship as he hadn't seen the shield appear but instead the shield had appeared, only a few milliseconds too slow. Instead of the beams being stopped by the shield the partially opened shield he merely deflected them and the deflected beam had struck the starboard side pontoon, completely obliterating the front of it till just behind where the wing began.

Of course with such a gigantic hole in the pontoon water rushed into it, flooding her decks in mere seconds. The pontoon, now having lost its floating capabilities began to sink making the ship list to starboard and once the pontoon was completely beneath the surface and the main hull had begun to sink as well, but only slightly, the portside pontoon almost came out of the water.

While he hadn't destroyed the ship he was satisfied as it was out of commission, he wasn't going to destroy it now, that would have to wait till after he had defeated everyone who opposed him on this damned island.

Commander Andrew Waldfeld awoke as someone was shaking him slapping his face repeatedly.

"Commander," second in command Simmons said "you have to get up, we have to abandon ship, can you get up?"

He grunted, lifted himself up from the ground and was disoriented for a second or two as his vision swam and his head was pounding, no doubt he had hit his head when he had been thrown out of his chair and he noticed that the ship was listing to starboard.

"Am I dead." He asked groggily.

“No sir, you aren’t, we got lucky unlike the men stationed in the starboard pontoon.”

He grumbled something which Simmons didn’t get and together they made their way to the bowel of the ship where a TTS (Troop Transportation Submarine) was waiting, a modified version of the TSF built to transport forty troops beneath the surface of the ocean, there had been twelve of them, attached to the hull of the shi underwater, two on each pontoon and eight to the main hull, there was no doubt that there was at least one less now.

When they reached the deepest level of the ship they saw men jumping through manholes in the floor, Simmons hoped that the connection between the subs and the ship wasn’t being strained too much with the ship listing pretty badly.

He helped his commander through one of the holes and then jumped through himself.

His commander sat down in on of the chairs and lost consciousness again.

He let him sit there and went to the front of the vessel where the pilot was sitting.

“How is the evacuation going.” He asked the pilot.

“Four vessels have already left from the main hull, the two vessels that had been attached to the starboard pontoon are both destroyed, the first one by the explosion and the second one was crushed beneath the hull and the bottom of the harbour the ones on the portside pontoon have already left, the managed to rescue sixty men out of seventy five, the first sub had left because it was full but the connection with the second sub broke when the ship began listing to badly before the last of the men was able to get inside.” He said gravely and the two of them peered through the cockpit window, in front of them they saw another TTS leave.

A man yelled from the back that they were full and that everyone in the main hull had been evacuated.

The pilot flicked a switch and the hatches were closed and the connection was released.

He quickly accelerated and emerged from under the hull heading towards an opening in a cliff beneath the walls of the castle, a channel had been cut through the rock to allow the submarines to enter the castle without being fired upon by the enemy. As they looked through the window they could see the hull of the enemy vessel moving towards the shore.

“Too bad we don’t have any weapons on board, I wouldn’t mind shooting of a torpedo or two up his arse.”

“No need for us to do so.” The pilot said and pointed towards the channel, Simmons had to squint but he thought he saw the water swirl in some places indicating TSFs. Something shot past them at high speed from below followed by a hail of energy pulses followed a few moments later by six TSFs

the Dark Lord had been gleeful, the ship was defeated and he hadn’t seen any survivors trying to evacuate the ship, while happy was not something he called himself he was at least not angry, that was, until several explosions rocked his ship from below and some men started screaming about a hull breach.

“Approach the shore and run her aground, I’ll see that I can fix the hull but if I can’t I don’t want her to sink.” He ordered the steersman and he nodded.

He stood up from his throne and walked over to the stairs leading to the lower decks when another round of explosions rocked the ship and orange bolts started shooting through the whole in the centre of the deck which was directly connected with the lower levels. Seeing this, the Dark Lord concluded that repairing the hole was probably impossible at this moment so instead he used his powers to make the ship lighter so that it wouldn’t sink before they reached the shore.

After a few minutes the hull of the ship scraped against the bottom of the harbour and they came to a grinding halt. Voldemort used his powers again and pushed the ship farther up the shore, behind them two torpedoes slammed into the ground. Satisfied that his ship couldn't be hit by the torpedoes anymore he picked up the device and ordered all of his men to get off the ship. They had made it to the shore, surely the difficult part was over.

Dragon's Keep War Room 7.15 AM

"All remaining TTSs have arrived in the underground harbour." The communications officer said and Neville nodded.

"Order all TSFs to retreat to their home base or to get inside the castle, but I'd rather have it they return to their own base, that way they won't be locked inside the castle. As soon as those that will stay here are inside seal the gates, activate all the wards and seal the castle."

Simmons was just crawling out of the TTS as the alarms rang indicating the castle was going into lockdown mode.

Three meter thick modified steel, which men had started calling Lunarium, gates were lowered and sealed off the underwater channel, five of these things were down in the channel itself and the sixth one sealed off the basin itself in which the submarines docked, they were hoisted out of the water by overhead cranes and deposited on the shore, as soon as all of them were out of the water the monolithic metal slab appeared from under them and slowly slid across the entire basin.

A rush of power surged through the chamber indicating that the wards were up.

He stabilized his commander as his legs didn't seem to cooperate like they should and he decided to get the man checked in the hospital wing, he most likely had a concussion.

Voldemort's forces were on a high, despite having lost their ship they were marching towards the front gates of the castle and soon they would be slaughtering whoever opposed, obliterating Potter's forces and fulfilling their needs with the women that survived.

It was a good day to be a Death Eater. Or so they thought at least.

In front of them was the recovered turret of the Missouri, what they didn't realise is that normally the barrels weren't pointing towards their position.

Without warning two beams suddenly shot forth from the barrels heading straight towards the approaching Death Eaters.

The men at the front of the column had seen the beams coming and tried to jump out of the deadly beams' path, they succeeded in avoiding the brunt of the destructive energy but the heat created by the beams scorched their backs and set their clothes on fire, too injured to move their clothes continued to burn slowly flambéing them alive.

The death eaters behind the first row hadn't noticed what was happening until it was too late and they were wiped from existence leaving no trace whatsoever of them ever being there.

Voldemort, whom had been walking at the centre of the column sensed the beam coming and held up his device in front of him.

The beam was absorbed by it as it struck the gems on the device leaving the Dark Lord unscathed, as soon as the entire blood red beam was sucked up by the strange device a pure black one shot out of it in the exact opposite direction and slammed into the turret which exploded with a massive force as two of the cylinders inside were still charged.

The Dark Lord was not pleased, that little stunt had just cost him half of his troops, luckily his inner circle had been walking behind him but none the less his troops had been diminished from 300 to 278, he knew the number of troops he had brought with him wasn't that large since his entire army consisted of 2600 men and more were coming

in every day but he didn't think he would meet this much resistance with his nemesis not being there to lead them.

"Damn you Potter," he cursed, surprised at the fight those stupid brats were putting up even without their leader "I'll make sure to raze that castle to the ground after I have regained all of my power and to kill all of your men and rape every single one of your women."
Dragons' Keep War Room

"Defence turret has been disabled but it managed to take out a large number of the enemies forces."

"Good," Neville muttered, inspecting a map lying on the table that showed the immediate area around the castle "he has underestimated us from the beginning and continues to do so."

"All of the forces are in position." Draco said as he entered the room "a lot of them have taken positions inside the castle shooting through the windows and the others are stationed on the parapets, if the wards do their jobs we'll be able to hold them at bay for a while."

"Let's just hope that's the case but what if that isn't the case." Neville asked a little worried.

Should the worst happen and they manage to infiltrate the castle we'll blow up the ceiling in the corridors blocking them and in other corridors we'll place soldiers behind barricades to hold them back. I've already ordered a few of these barricades, those leading to the underground barracks as well as the research facilities, the entrance to the dungeons front the great hall has been sealed, we didn't place any soldiers near Luna's dungeon, she said they could be of better service somewhere else, the place is defended better than almost any other place anyway except for the core chambers."

"And Hell's Bay?" Neville asked, a little concerned about his present home.

"It has gone into lockdown made as well, the shields are up and the elevators are flooded so they can't enter through there and the

elevator shaft has been sealed, even we can't enter the complex at the moment but if the enemy did manage to get inside the castle we'll evacuate using the underwater channel and prepare for the final attack there, we'll sail out with the entire fleet and destroy the castle with hopefully Voldemort still inside, if we're going to be defeated we won't go down without a fight. What happened to the Potter and Waldfeld by the way?"

"The Potter is damaged badly, the starboard pontoon was destroyed and it has sunk dragging half the ship with it, too bad the core hadn't been installed yet or else we might have had a chance and the ship could've gotten out even with the damaged pontoon. As for Andrew he's in the hospital wing, he has suffered an injury to the head when the Potter was hit."

"I hope it's nothing serious, we might need him in the coming battle."

"It's nothing serious at all," Commander Waldfeld said as he entered the War room with a confident stride, his second in command in tow "I'm just sorry we couldn't stall him any longer."

"Nothing to be sorry about commander, you put up a good fight, now it's up to the wards." Neville said

"Didn't Harry mention something of him doing some upgrading to the wards a few days before the accident?" Draco suddenly asked as he remembered the conversation.

"Yes, but unfortunately we don't know exactly what he did or if he even finished his work see it might well be that the wards will collapse when the first shots are fired, how is he doing by the way, any sign of him waking up, now would be a pretty good time for him to do so." Hermione said as she too entered the War Room "I've secured the Destiny project and the underwater TSF base is on high alert."

"Then I guess we're set for the siege." Neville said and everyone nodded.

"Sir, the enemy is advancing towards the gates."

Voldemort was furious, not only had these insufferable people cost him half of his troops they had managed to fight him off much longer than he thought they ever could've but it seemed like he hadn't made that many casualties, some aboard the Potter and the first vessel he destroyed, he guessed the losses were somewhat even for the moment but that was about to end, as soon as the gates were breached a massacre would begin, he was right of course, there would be a massacre, but there wouldn't be that many casualties and Insania's side.

They marched towards the large gates and so far there wasn't any sign of the Dragons that Potter had taken over from the founders, which he was grateful for, he could defeat them, there was no doubt about that but they would've been difficult to deal with.

As he noticed the large dragon on the front gates with the emerald eyes he sneered and threw a hex at it.

He was surprised when his hex rebounded on an invisible shield twenty yards away from the door. While getting over his surprise the dragon on the door suddenly came to life, great scaly wings flapping and its mouth opened in a silent roar, while still being a carving on the wooden door it was an impressive sight. The dragon turned its emerald eyes towards the invaders and glared at them. All of a sudden the emeralds began to glow and radiated a feeling of power.

Twin sickly green beams shot Voldemort's way from these eyes but the Dark Lord merely held his demonic device in front of him but instead of absorbing the beam and sending it back the device deflected it, sending it up into the sky harmlessly.

When the device didn't absorb the incoming energy Voldemort knew immediately it was very powerful and very dangerous magic and judging from the colour of the magic it had been a killing curse.

Not waiting for the dragon to fire again he continued to hold the device in front of him and spoke an incantation in an unknown language.

A wave of the darkest magic known to wizarding kind erupted from the device and headed towards the castle doors.

While guns could channel this demonic energy more precisely this caused for the energy to lose some of its power while suing it directly it was much more powerful but increasingly difficult to control, of course when your target was a huge castle accuracy and control didn't matter that much, only direction.

The wave crashed against the outer ward but instead of trying to fight against it the ward let the beam pass but it altered the course of the incoming attack as much as it could.

The beam passed through several more wards, each time the wards didn't try to stop it but merely bended it more and more until it was redirected up towards the sky.

“What in Salazar's name is going on here?” the Dark Lord wondered as he ordered his men to retreat temporarily to the ship which was still stranded on the shore of the lake. He would first repair the ship and reinstall the device so that his ship was protected, from there he could plan on what to do next.

Meanwhile in the infirmary

“What is going on.” The head healer asked as the entire room was bathed in an intense bright light.

He cast a darkening charm on his glasses so that he could look without around freely without being blinded and saw that the light came from Harry and immediately contacted the War Room.

Dragons' Keep War Room, a few minutes earlier.

What happened

That was the question that everyone asked themselves as they saw that the destructive magic assault their defences on the large screen covering the walls of the room that showed the surrounding grounds and other various locations across Insania, they had been sure that

the wards wouldn't be able to withstand such a powerful attack but somehow they had deflected it.

The intercom buzzed and the communications officer answered it.

"This is the hospital wing, I don't know what's going on there but strange things are happening in here, could the members of the Iron Circle please come over here, those that are available at least."

None of the present members had to think twice about it and hurried out of the room and towards the hospital wing.

Five minutes later all of the members that had been in the War Room were now standing around the hospital bed occupied by Harry Potter.

The intensity of the light had dulled to a white glow surrounding Harry's body. Those in the room could feel the power swirling around their leader's body but nobody knew what it meant.

They stood around his bed in quiet contemplation until they heard the doors to the infirmary creak open, they looked at the intruder and saw Luna enter.

Seeing their questioning and a little expectant looks as if she knew the answer to their question, which she did, she spoke up.

"I noticed a power surge in the power stones connected to the wards but didn't know what caused it and I traced the extra power coming from here but seeing what's surrounding Harry I guess I don't need to look any further." She said and suddenly what had happened outside made a lot more sense.

"I've investigated the wards as well," she continued "I've had a bad feeling for the last couple of days and couldn't focus on anything else than the wards so I checked them and found some strange things being done to the wards but seeing what's going on I think I know what happened, why are you here by the way, shouldn't you be busy with defending the castle."

“The attack has stopped for the moment, some surprising things happened and Voldemort has retreated, albeit for the moment.” Neville said.

“What happened?” Luna asked.

“Voldemort attacked us with such a powerful force that we knew for sure he would breach the wards but instead of them shattering under the pressure they somehow ‘bended’ the energy away.” Hermione said “something which should’ve been impossible.”

“Normally, yes, but I think that the changes Harry made to the wards had something to do with that, I think he linked them directly to him, giving them additional energy when necessary and when even that isn’t enough they ‘bend’ instead of remaining in place, you know the muggle saying, bend or break.”

They all nodded, accepting that theory.

“Does that mean that Harry is going to wake up soon?” Hermione asked hopefully.

“It might but don’t get your hopes up just yet.” Luna said and exited the infirmary heading back down to her dungeon, even if Harry didn’t wake up and Voldemort invaded the castle she had a couple of surprises as well for him.

Day eighteen, day three of the Demon Siege

Three days had passed since the initial attack and much had stayed the same, the inhabitants of Insania were staying inside the castle for the time being while the Death Eaters were staying on board their vessel which had been repaired and was now bobbing on the water inside the harbour next to the partially sunk Potter.

Neither had tried to assault the other but they fired at each other almost non-stop.

The Blood Purity was constantly firing its guns at the mighty castle but every time the energy was blocked by the wards or redirected

while the soldiers of the Black Phoenix fired on the ship with the MAG guns, mobile Gatling-turrets had been positioned on some of the parapets which fired thousands of rounds at the ship from time to time. The TSFs had attacked the ship once during these three days but now that Voldemort knew that these underwater enemies existed he held the shields up non-stop.

The Dark Lord was reflecting his options once more in his cabin aboard his ship as it trembled from the firing of the guns.

He thought that if he didn't take action soon this siege could go on forever, the Black Phoenix didn't attack him because they didn't stand a chance against him and he didn't attack because it seemed impossible to breach the castle's wards.

He thought about the demon captured inside his device. The device had come in handy, that was a fact, if he hadn't created it he would've been severely weakened by the time they would've reached the island and they could've been defeated by that blasted ship in the harbour or the surprise attack made with the Missouri's recovered turret. It had been a good idea to summon the creature and capture it but the device didn't allow for enough energy to be released from it to destroy the wards.

There were two ways to destroy wards, the first one was the one that almost anyone used, this method consisted of slowly disabling the wards through intricate rituals that were meant to decrease their strength and disconnect the wards from the focuses that powered them but these rituals could take days and required intense focus, which meant that you couldn't be disturbed for the entire time, something which was quite impossible with the castle's defences since you had to be close to the wards and the continuous fire from the parapets and windows of the castle.

The second method was one that was only rarely used since it required massive amounts of raw magical energy and that method was simply overloading the wards making the ward's focuses overload as well and thus destroying them.

He couldn't disable them so he had to overload them but with what, the power of Salazar Slytherin was hidden inside the castle and unreachable at the moment, the only thing he could think of with enough power was the demon but not while it was captured inside its prison.

Then he realized what he had to do but it was dangerous, very dangerous indeed and he needed to do some investigating and careful planning before putting his new plan into action.

Day thirty, fifteenth day of the Demon Siege

The day started as usual, the soldiers that had rested during the night relieved the soldiers that had been on duty during the night, the sun began to rise and the members of the Iron Circle were gathered in the War Room to find a way to break the siege but since they hadn't found anything the previous days they didn't think they would find something today, these last fifteen days had been hard on the inhabitants of Insania, being confined to the castle with the constant threat of Voldemort at the gates and Harry still unconscious.

A sudden call from the soldiers on the parapets surprised them.

The blood Purity had begun to move and was headed towards the shores.

"What?" Neville yelled and he immediately gave the order to sound the alarm which meant that every soldier was to go on active duty and prepare to defend the castle.

"I wonder what he's going to try now." Hermione said.

"Whatever it is it probably won't be good for us." Severus Snape said as he entered the room.

The blood Purity was once again stranded on the shores but this time only the Dark Lord exited the ship with the device held in his hands while the Death Eaters stayed on board.

He walked a few yards away from the ship and held it in front of him on one hand and drew his wand with his other.

He cast a powerful banishing charm and the device sailed through the air in a wide arc over the castle but as soon as the device passed over the centre of the castle the Dark lord made some complicated movements with his wand and gusts of wind made his robes billow as he spoke an incantation in an ancient language.

With a last flick of his wand it was aimed at the device above the castle and a very thin straight beam shot out of his wand and connected it to the device stopping its movements.

The pure black device stayed connected for a few moments till it turned from pitch black to blood red and another few moments later the device exploded in thousands of fragments.

A thick black swirling mass appeared instead and began to spread out, slowly but surely the mass began to take shape and the faint outline of a terrifying creature appeared.

Even for Demons the rules of gravity apply so when the creature was released from its prison and it took shape it started to descend.

The creature's freefall was stopped by the wards surrounding the castle since these wards were meant to stop or redirect magical energy and this creature was composed entirely of magical energy.

Of course, now that the creature had been released and the bounds on the power it could release were now gone.

The wards tried to fight against it but to no avail even with Harry supporting them, the energy demon was just too powerful en the wars began to falter.

The energy stones, buried beneath the ground on the border of the ward, were being overloaded as the demon attacked the wards with all its might.

An explosion ensued that rocked the grounds as the powerful magical focuses shattered from the energy being conducted through them.

Windows shattered, walls cracked and even the Dark Lord was propelled through the air by the powerful blast.

The wind generated by the explosion tore at the rigging of the Blood Purity and even shoved it back a few yard towards the deeper water. Inside the infirmary Harry Potter gasped as he was brutally awakened by the magical backlash of the wards.

He looked at his surroundings and he knew where he was instantly.

He summoned his staff and quickly transfigured his hospital gown into an appropriate attire for battle.

He strode through the hallways towards the War Room

He arrived there and could see the room was in total pandemonium.

Orders were being shouted left and right.

That was, until someone noticed him.

“Harry.” Hermione said as she finally noticed him.

If Voldemort hadn't been attacking the castle it would've been funny how that single word silenced the room in an instant. Only for the noise to erupt again, only ten times louder.

Harry had a pounding headache from the magical backlash and wasn't in the mood to listen to people rambling all at the same time, and besides, there was no time at the moment.

“Silence.” He yelled, his words laced with power “there's no time for me to explain anything at the moment, defend the castle to the best of your abilities but do not attack Voldemort, when I shoot yellow spark out of my sword tip stop fighting altogether.”

Most of them were still dumbstruck by the force in Harry's first word but a few of them had the good sense to nod.

As soon as Harry saw the first person give a nod he knew that someone understood and immediately disappeared, he had a demon to fight, he didn't know what he planned to do about Voldemort but he knew he couldn't let the demon roam around freely or else there would be many victims, too many.

The Dark Lord was pleased, the wards were down and he could finally storm the castle and there was no sign of the demon, something which surprised him, he had thought the demon would immediately come after him since he was the most powerful wizard on the island since Potter was still unconscious but he had planned to evade it anyway until he was complete and had access to his full power but this was even better.

The dust had settled down by now and he stormed the castle.

As he approached the door the dragon on it came back to life but before it could do anything the gates were blasted of their hinges and the glowing emeralds that served as its eyes became dull and lifeless.

"Storm the castle, kill anyone that's not on our side and show no mercy." The Dark Lord said and the Death Eaters rushed through the gates.

Unfortunately for them the things waiting for them in the entrance hall had been given the exact same order.

The Death Eaters rushed into the entrance hall prepared to defeat any resistance they would come across there.

When they noticed there wasn't any they were confused, the entrance hall was deserted.

They looked around dumbly until the idea trickled into their mind that it might have been an ambush.

They quickly formed close knit circles with their backs to each other.

They continued to stand like that and scan their surroundings for two minutes until they realised that it probably wasn't an ambush or else they would've been attacked already.

Some of them suddenly heard a metallic clicking sound but none of them could identify what it was or where it come from.

More and more of this metallic clicking was heard through the entrance hall and for some unknown reason the Death Eaters began to feel a little nervous.

The sound was slowly reaching a crescendo that reverberated through the large room.

One of these Death Eaters in the hall was a new recruit named Larus McGellan and he too was beginning to feel very nervous.

He almost yelped in a very unmanly fashion when a small piece of stone fell on his shoulder from above.

Wondering how it was possible for a piece of stone to suddenly fall from the ceiling he looked up and what he saw made him shiver in pure terror.

On the ceiling he saw demons, or so he thought, eight legged demons with glowing red eyes hanging from the ceiling upside down using wicked looking gleaming blades attached to their legs to cling to the ceiling.

That's when all hell broke loose.

Hearing the scream of their fellow comrade the other Death Eaters looked up as well but most of them never saw what had caused such terror in the man.

The AIDS (Arachnid Intelligent Defence System) had been lurking from the ceiling waiting for the opportune moment to strike but when they had been noticed they had no choice but attack the enemy.

As soon as the first guy had begun to look up they had activated their flamethrowers and send streams of fire at the attackers on the ground.

This initial attack cost the lives of eighty three Death Eaters.

Their surprise attack having been a success the metallic spiders dropped down from the ground, crushing several Death Eaters in the process.

The Death Eaters had been stunned by the first attack and some hadn't even noticed that their robes were on fire.

Larus had surprisingly survived the attack and had seen the men standing to his right being barbecued to the point that the only thing that remained of them was a pile of ash.

Right after that he had seen the man standing to his right being squashed by five hundred pound metallic monster that had suddenly dropped from the ceiling.

As he stared in the eight glowing red orbs that were the creature's eyes and seeing the small flame in front of the muzzle of the weapon residing in its mouth he had the good sense to cast a flame freezing charm on himself and after doing so most of the survivors had the good sense of doing the same.

Of course they had been transfixed by the creatures and the weapon in their mouths that had killed so many of their comrades in a single attack that they hadn't noticed the twin pulse cannon turret on the creatures' backs.

Larus was actually lucky to be standing so close to one of these monsters, there were twelve in the entrance hall now, because when the cannons on the creatures back opened fire the orange bolts of energy passed over him, the downside of standing this close to such a creature was that you were in reach of the blades on its legs, that's what Larus found out at least as he suddenly found himself impaled on a foot long blade.

Soon the hall erupted in chaos as orange bolts of energy flew from all sides of the hall and wicked gleaming blades flashed through the air cutting Death Eaters apart by the dozen.

The fight lasted thirty seconds and then the screams of war, terror and agonizing pain stopped as sudden as they had begun.

Not a single man was left standing, only the twelve creatures from hell.

The Dark Lord was standing just inside the gates and looked at the scene dumbstruck but this only lasted a fraction of a second as his red eyes flashed with rage and he swung his staff in a wide arc in front of him, too furious to focus enough to cast a spell he unleashed raw magic on the creatures and all twelve of them were wiped from existence.

He had just five members of his entire army left and those were the ones of his Inner Circle that hadn't joined the storming but had stayed behind with their lord, protecting his back.

Someone was going to pay for this, that, he knew for sure.

He marched through the entrance hall, his eyes flashing with rage, he could sense the Room of Requirements it was not far from their position, one level up somewhere on their left.

He descended the stairs next to the doors of the Great hall and noticed the painting picturing Harry fighting a dragon in front of the Crumbling castle and he instantly blew it to pieces.

As soon as he entered the corridor where he felt the room was he also, sensed several strange spells flying towards him. He quickly threw up a shield and the magic was deflected.

He looked to the origin of the spells and saw a barricade down the corridor with several soldiers behind it wielding guns. He knew what they were, he was raised in a muggle orphanage after all although he never would admit that willingly, neither that is, and wondered how it was possible that they shot spells instead of bullets.

The next thing that happened was that fire was opened once again but instead of the same spells he sensed that these were a different type of spell, you can already imagine his surprise at that but when

these small spheres of magic united as one, latched onto his shield and begun to absorb the magic he was pouring into it he was beyond surprise.

He recovered quickly though and dispelled the shield causing the forest green ball of magic to disappear with a popping sound.

He quickly threw a couple of curses in the direction of the barricade and the firing ceased, telling his minions to deal with it he quickly paced three time back and forth in front of a seemingly blank stretch of wall thinking about what he needed.

The door appeared and he entered.

He was awed by the sight that met him.

Author notes: first of all reviews are still very welcome, my yahoo group is still open for everyone who wishes to join, the link is on my bio page which urgently needs an update. I'm glad I finally finished this chapter, took me long enough. If anyone is interested in becoming my beta please contact me. I'll try to update the next chapter a little sooner but no promises. Till next chapter.

special thanks to my wonderful Beta of whom I can't remember the nickname on fanfiction, sorry about that.

Review responses:

Steve's Place: I'm sorry for my spelling but I'm trying as hard as I can, English is the fourth language in my country, the first three being Dutch, French and German so excuse me if I make a mistake as for you not liking my stories, DON'T READ THEM, I don't read your stories either, to all other writers out there, just because I haven't read your stories doesn't mean I don't like them.

black panter: I know the beginning is a little vague but that part isn't really that important, it's just some background information why Harry took this route instead of another. About the part of publishing his thoughts I have a surprise for you in hopefully the next chapter. Not the entire world is against him. So far only Voldemort, the British

government and the Americans, the rest of the world isn't likely to get involved any time soon. About pulling the wizarding world into the 21st century, that was one of the larger goals I had in this story, magic is great and all but combined with technology it can be so much better.

I-Y-T-Y: I said it before, I like crazy. Yes, bow before me you mere mortals know my plans for world domi... (slaps himself and mutters something about not telling about plans of world domination before the preparations are complete). Anyway, yes you can have a cookie, I always give in when someone does that and I'm not that great an author or else I would get more reviews (hint hint).

karone-sakura: I can and I did and since I did it again, LET THE CHASE BEGIN (runs away cackling madly) and yes you are a bit hyper, I'm almost never hyper (Coffee I want coffee, coffee!!!)

LonelyShadow64: never heard of those tales I'm sorry to say but I'll take it as a compliment none the less, I just wish more people would agree on that must read part.

Matt101: where would the fun be if I didn't frustrate you people once in a while.

john1234: hope the review I send you was useful as for the X1 MIEB, a device that sucked the magic away would be dangerous if the enemy got their hands on it and it wouldn't be fun if your enemy was suddenly powerless.

Akira Stridder: to every rule is an exception.

Voldemort is Dead: I try to update as often as I can but I haven't got that much free time to write I'm sorry to say.

Thanks to everyone else who has reviewed:

RainSeaker, HarrySlytherinson, anon, bandgsecurtiyaw.

Wrath of the dragon

A thunderous explosion rocked the castle as one of the outer walls exploded outwards on the first floor not far from the great hall.

The Death Eaters on said floor that had been close to the explosion were all lying on the ground, hurled through the corridor by the shock wave. Whatever their lord had encountered in that room had suddenly exploded blowing a ten meter wide gap in the opposite wall of the doorway which had miraculously remained unharmed, if it hadn't many of those that had been standing close to it would've probably resembled a pincushion, albeit one that had been driven over by a truck..

While they all knew pretty well that their master was nearly immortal some of them doubted even he could've survived that explosion as he had been very close to it, most of them had been protected because they hadn't been standing directly in front of the doorway but some of them had some minor cuts from flying debris and one had a broken wrist.

The Black Phoenix members were thrown back as well but they quickly recovered and took their positions again behind the makeshift barricades but they didn't start firing again, dust had swarmed the corridor and they couldn't see the enemy, maybe backup had arrived and they could've caused the explosion so they didn't want to risk friendly fire either.

The Death Eaters were slowly picking themselves off the ground while throwing anxious glances at the doorway, the room behind it was pitch black and they couldn't make anything out.

Then they heard footsteps echoing inside the chamber like it was a cathedral in there, they weren't fast steps or particularly slow, they sounded graceful, without any hurry.

They all gripped their wands tightly in their hands, so hard that their knuckles turned white, whatever caused such an explosion and came out alive was probably very powerful.

As the footsteps drew nearer a figure emerged and all of them breathed a sigh of relief.

“I’m back.” Lord Voldemort hissed in a tone of pure malevolent delight and casually blasted the makeshift barricade of the Black Phoenix into oblivion without even bothering to look or squint in that direction since dust still hung in the corridor.

Harry felt the castle shudder slightly and wondered what had happened but he had no time to think about that now, whatever Voldemort was doing there was something much more dangerous lurking outside than him, something that could destroy his entire nation if it wasn’t taken care of quickly.

He ran to the armoury located in the lower levels of the castle rushing past soldiers who were responsible for supplying the soldiers on the parapets and other defensive positions with ammunition, he didn’t acknowledge them when they saluted him, there simply was no time for that.

Once he arrived in the armoury he quickly picked up his weapons of choice, two MAG cannons, several magazines of clips for the weapons which were neatly stacked on the numerous racks, normally these were painted a dull grey but next to these normal ones two rows of black magazines stood, while most of the other rows had a magazine or two missing these were still complete and Harry wondered why, he picked one up and looked at the underside of the magazine.

In the metal small numbers and letters had been engraved.

12NE-DKA2-HV

The first two letters meant that there were twelve shells in one magazine, NE meant that these weren’t enlarged which was unusual, DKA2 meant that these were designated to the Dragons’ Keep Armoury nr. 2. It was the HV at the end that puzzled Harry for a moment but then he remembered Luna talking about an upgrade to the MAG shells and he guessed these stood for Heavy Variant.

He quickly pocketed four regular ones and two of the special type.

He picked up a regular gun and a few clips, he knew that the creature Voldemort had let loose was an energy demon, he had sensed it when it had been attacking the wards so the rifles wouldn't harm it since it would simply absorb the energy but the transportation function could come in handy, especially since he didn't have any magic at his disposal at the moment, he could feel the block, he didn't know how but he could sense it and how it blocked his magic but he could also feel his magic hammering on the other side of the block, trying to break free. It would eventually, his magic, Harry knew it was slowly destroying the block, too slowly for his taste but nothing could be done about it now, he guessed that it would at least take two to three months before his magic would be able to break through it. He was pissed at Dumbledore for doing this and he would get his revenge on the old meddling coot for betraying his trust, again, but on the other hand it would work in his favour this time, if he still had access to his magic the demon would probably suck all the power out of him before he could even begin to fight and right now he had to hurry, the demon was recovering for a little while since it had taken a massive amount of energy when it had destroyed the wards but it would be back soon and Harry knew exactly who the demon would go after first and after that it would probably try to reach the core buried deeply beneath the castle, such a vast amount of magic is irresistible for such a creature but there was one thing that was even more irresistible, the man whom had imprisoned it.

Lord Voldemort was marching over the grounds victoriously with the few followers that remained of his army, finally he was complete, his and Salazar's power had now been united and together they were undefeatable. They had encountered a few soldiers on their way out but nothing was left of them except a few smears of blood on the castle's walls

But he was afraid as well, while the demon he had unleashed was nowhere in sight or even in the vicinity as far as he could feel, it had disappeared when the power stones holding up the wards had exploded, he knew the creature could show up any minute.

As long as that thing stayed away the future was looking bright for Lord Voldemort unless,...

“Hey Tom.” Someone called from behind him.

A dozen curses were immediately thrown in the general direction of the voice which all of them recognized, all of them highly lethal for any living things.

None of them even came close to hitting the target as Harry dodged them all.

“Potter, how nice to see you’re awake, I wasn’t planning to kill you today since there’s no fun in killing a comatose enemy but since you seem to be up and as annoying as ever I’ll just finish you of right now, too bad you’re defenceless at the moment without your magic but I can live with that.” Voldemort snarled maliciously.

The Dark Lord aimed his wand but Harry interrupted his spell casting.

“You shouldn’t count solely on magic Tom, it will be your downfall very soon if do and even sooner if you don’t listen to me.”

“And why is that Potter.”

“Because you have unleashed a powerful demon that thrives on absorbing magical energy and since you seem to have increased your magical potential it seems you are the most powerful magical entity in the vicinity so I believe it will want to drain you first and of course the fact that you seem to have imprisoned it won’t help on his priority list.”

“I know that.” The Dark Lord snarled “but there is nothing that can be done about it now, I can’t fight it since it would just absorb everything I cast at it.”

“You’re right in that regard Tom but my current condition gives me an advantage in that regard, you see I possess no magical energy at all at the moment as you seem to have noticed so the creature will

have no interest in me, nonetheless, I'm still a capable fighter and I could stall it while you do whatever it is you have to do to send that creature back to where it came from."

"You aid me and I aid you, is that it Potter, since the creature will no doubt come after you and your country once it has destroyed me, a temporary truce, is that what you want Potter." The Dark Lord hissed as he gathered up his power to intimidate the boy defying him.

"While I normally wouldn't make deals with beasts like you Tom it appears I have no choice, and neither do you, you can't fight the creature because it is immune to your power and there is no other being on Earth capable of fighting this creature long enough for you to do whatever you have to do, maybe muggles but we both know how much you love to ask them for help."

After a few moments of consideration the Dark Lord let his power drop, no matter how much he disliked what he was about to do, the insufferable brat was right.

"I hate you Potter, from the bottom of my blackened heart but I realise you are right."

"Master?" a Death Eater questioned as his master lowered his wand.

"We have no other option I'm afraid, don't attack him, let's start preparations for the ritual to open the gate to the demon realm." When the Death Eaters hesitated for a second the Dark Lord became angered.

"Now, you stupid inbred fools, we have no time to waste." He snarled.

"How long can you stall the creature." The Dark Lord asked as the Death Eaters rushed to draw runes on the ground with their wands, most of them had been there when the ritual had been performed and directed those who hadn't witnessed the ritual, they were lucky as there were just enough people to do the ritual.

“How long do you need.” Harry asked as he summoned his sword, a feat which surprised the Dark Lord as he didn’t appear to have any magical power left.

“A half hour should be sufficient.” The Dark Lord muttered as he began reciting the ancient texts for opening the gate in his mind.

“Should be manageable.” Harry muttered and took out his cell phone.

He dialled a number and a few seconds later his call was answered.

“Neville, yes, I’m alright, I need you to send the D1 out towards dragons beak at maximum power. Yes, I’m sure. No I’m not under Imperius. I don’t care if it’s in lockdown mode, just send it out and make sure they can they can eject the core at a moments notice. When they see a demonic creature heading their way. No, I haven’t been smoking anything and I don’t know where you can get some but I don’t think now is the time to think about that. FOR THE LOVE OF GOD NEVILLE JUST SEND OUT THE STUPID THING AND STOP STALLING, WE’RE ON A THIGHT SCHEDULE HERE.” And with that Harry cut the connection.

In the background Harry could hear the Death Eaters starting a weird chant.

He noticed the Dark Lord eyeing him with distaste.

“What.” Harry asked perplexed as he put his phone away.

“How can you defile magic by mixing it with elements those filthy muggles invented?” he asked with distaste.

“I don’t see you having any practical communication device capable of instant communication over long distances unless you have a fireplace hidden in one of your pockets that’s connected to the floo.” Harry mocked “Would come in handy for catching you actually.” He added as an afterthought.

“What do you think my mark is, it’s not just a summoning device.”
The Dark Lord snarled.

“I figured out as much but it sure is uglier than a portable phone.”

“Don’t challenge me Potter, this truce is already straining my self control as it is.”

“Why do you hate muggles so much anyway Tom, what have they ever done to you.” Harry asked suddenly curious.

“Nothing that concerns you Potter.” He snarled but Harry could hear a pained undertone although it was hard to tell when you nearly hissed like a snake.

“I guess not Tom.” Harry sighed wearily.

The Dark Lord suddenly jerked his head up and looked towards the sky.

“Is it coming?” Harry asked.

“It is approaching us at a fast pace.”

“Damn, where is that distraction.” Harry muttered as he reached into his pocket for his cell phone.

Just as he was about to dial the number the phone’s annoying alert to an incoming call went off.

“Yes, alright, thanks.” He put his phone away.

He was about to say that the distraction had arrived when the Dark Lord’s head snapped in another direction.

“Something else has appeared, something powerful, the demon is now heading over there. What kind of creature has more power than me?” the Dark Lord asked in wonder.

“It’s not more powerful, it’s just a gigantic amplifier that sends magical waves through the air mounted on a fast boat in order to distract enemies.” Harry explained.

“And this is the thing that will give us the time we need you think.” The Dark Lord hissed curiously with a bit of sarcasm.

“It’ll give us ten to fifteen minutes before it catches realises it’s merely a distraction, after that, we’re on our own.”

“Although I loathe admitting it Potter, some of these devices have their use.”

“In a peaceful world they wouldn’t.” Harry said bitterly.

“Why is it that you distaste wars so much and yet you have started the greatest one of all.” The Dark Lord said.

“Sometimes a war is necessary to set the world straight and to come up for your ideals, that doesn’t mean I like it.”

The Dark Lord let out something that was supposed to be a bitter laugh but it came out as something unrecognizable. After recomposing himself and making sure his Death Eaters weren’t listening on their conversation but they were too focused on their chanting he thought about what had just been said, he continued.

“You know Harry, you and I are very much alike sometimes and yet we are such different entities.” Voldemort said almost regretfully.

“I’ve come to realize that too Voldemort, maybe if things hadn’t gone like they have we would’ve lived in a happier world where the both of us wouldn’t have been the villain and the hero the world pictures us to be, we both fight for what we believe is right, that links us as equals yet our views on the world are the opposite, even if they are not what the world really is. It might be better if the muggles were destroyed and they would stop polluting the world and slaughtering each other or it might be better if they lived and be let to their own device, we will

likely never know, I think you are wrong and I am right and vice versa, how can we truly know if we are doing the right thing?" Harry asked but expected no answer since it looked like he was speaking to the Dark Lord as a human and not as a powerful enemy and only angering him.

"The victor is the one who has done the right thing and the defeated enemy is the one who was wrong, so is the way the world works and that is exactly the reason why neither of us will ever quit until the other has been destroyed." The Dark Lord said and for a brief moment Harry believed there was still a part of a normal human left in Voldemort, he knew of course it couldn't be any other way because of the prophecy but he wasn't about to tell that to him.

"Enough of this nonsense." Voldemort suddenly said and headed over to his Death Eaters.

"Maybe we will someday continue this conversation Harry but today we have a battle to fight." The Dark Lord said as he strode away.

"I'll hold you to it Voldemort." Harry said and turned away, the feeling of having reached Voldemort's human side vanishing like snow in the desert. He didn't know why but being here and working together although it was very temporarily had stirred something inside of him, maybe a possible alternative ending to this war but deep down he knew that wasn't possible, they both would continue fighting each other until one of them had been defeated, it was a depressing thought actually, when he thought about the casualties that this war would claim. He thought about if there truly was a God up there which looked down onto this world and if so, could this really be his will. It looked more like a sick experiment that some unhinged scientist had cocked up. Put a kind of species into an environment, let it develop and see if it lasts the test of time or if it is destroyed by a more powerful species, destroys itself or survives. Nobody knows the answers to these questions, nor can there be anything done about it, we just need to choose our own path in life and Harry knew where his path would take him, to the final confrontation between him and those who stood in his way.

“Whatever the case may be, I will not stop.” Harry thought.

“ We may have a lot in common and agree on some things but that won’t stop me from destroying you.” They both thought at the same time.

The Dark Lord joined in the chanting and Harry waited anxiously for the signal that the decoy had done its job and that the demon was now headed their way.

Fifteen minutes past and he was startled out of his thoughts about what the future held in store for him, if he survived the day of course.

A lightning flash in the distance had caught his attention and he noticed that the sky in the direction of where the decoy should be was rapidly being darkened by storm clouds.

He started counting.

“One one thousand, two one thousand, three one thousand, four one thousand, five one thousand, six one thousand, ..., seventeen one thousand.” He muttered quietly and then he heard the clap of thunder. That meant that the storm was about 5 kilometres away, which made him frown since he knew the weather around Insania was under his influence for fifteen miles and this storm was only three point four miles away and he wasn’t generating any bad weather at the moment.

Suddenly there was a much brighter flash of lightning but the strange thing was that this one went up from the ocean surface instead of descending from the clouds, it was soon joined by another three and they lasted a lot longer than normal lightning.

The streaks of lightning continued to connect the ocean with the sky for several more seconds until it ceased.

A few moments later he got an incoming call on his cell phone.

“Harry, this is Neville, the convoy has done what it could but the demon has caught up with it, they ejected the core but there were casualties, I’ll brief you about it when this is over.” Neville said quickly.

“Alright.” Harry said and put his cell phone away.

He looked over to where Voldemort was chanting with his Death Eaters. Harry realized it was probably best if he didn’t disturb him by telling him that the demon was now headed for them, he had probably felt it already anyway.

Normally when one was about to go into battle against a far superior enemy they would either call for backup or take the most likely way to survive and flee but neither of those was an option at the moment, reinforcements wouldn’t do much good since all of the troops on the island were magical and none of them had normal weaponry which shot normal projectiles with any actual mass, their entire array of weapons on the island consisted of magical energy weapons, which would only feed the demon and the AIDS force had been annihilated, he had seen the scattered remains down in the entrance hall so they didn’t have any flamethrowers either.

He was the only non-magical person on the island capable of fighting although it appeared not all of his magical abilities had disappeared, he could still summon his sword and he still felt the connection to the weather and the dragons as he had ordered them to stay away, they couldn’t help either with the demon since it would just take away their magic making them sitting ducks and it might even kill them.

They should’ve thought about a situation where magic wouldn’t be an option and have some normal weaponry around. But now was not the time to whine about that, the creature was on its way and he had to be ready when it arrived.

During his coma he had a lot of time to think about many things, he didn’t know what had happened during his coma but somehow he had been awake in his own mind, he hadn’t been able to make his body wake up so he had been trapped, which had some positive and negative sides, negative in the sense that he couldn’t hunt down the

ones responsible for sabotaging the construction of the Potter's core and corrupting Ginny. Yes, he knew who had done it, he recognized the magical signature inside the core in the last moments before the core had exploded and he also knew she hadn't done it willingly. While he had never actively invaded her mind he had felt emotions radiating of her when they looked in each others eyes, feelings like love, trust and happiness, he knew she wouldn't have betrayed him willingly, he just had to believe that. So he realized someone must have been controlling her and he knew the person who had done it, Dumbledore, he was the only one able to pull off such a stunt, while Voldemort could have done it as well he wasn't patient enough, he would've more likely ordered Ginny to stab him to death while he was sleeping.

Dumbledore would regret the day Harry regained his magic, for at least five whole minutes, after that he would probably be on his way to the next great adventure.

He had discovered some things while being trapped in his own mind, like his very close connection to the castle, he could feel where the people inside it were by their magical signatures and he could control certain functions, like the wards which he had reinforced during the first assault by using the ambient energy that had surrounded him while being unconscious. He had also been able to feel the drain of the energy gathering device used for creating the much needed cores for the rifles and other weaponry and he had noticed how it helped train his magic to even higher levels, it was like a muscle that never stopped working and only grew more powerful, each time he slept his magic reserves were being filled at an awesome rate, faster than any other wizard, why this happened nobody had been able to figure out but because the machine constantly drained a small portion of his magic that should've have been used to restore his reserves his magic always tried to make up to this loss, increasing his magical boundary.

He also found out he could funnel magic into his muscles, giving him more physical power, speed and agility, that's why he was able to toss Ron around so easily that day Hermione had joined him, although he had done it by accident without even being aware of it.

He had used the time to train his mind as well, learning more about just how his magic worked, how he could increase his mind's capabilities, like reaction time and being able to sense things without knowing they are there. All in all, it had been a productive month for him, he had greatly improved his physical fighting capabilities and his mind's capabilities which would probably come in handy in the upcoming battle.

He started to concentrate, slowly his mind descended into what he called the Drone-Mode, he was no longer thinking like a human being but as a fighting machine, focused completely on winning and surviving, nothing else mattered, not the people that got in the way of him and his enemy or the injuries the enemy inflicted upon him, he could feel no emotions while being in this state of mind, that was one of the reasons he didn't plan to use it unless there was an absolute emergency and why he feared as well, if things truly got out of control he could even start killing his own men. When he had first entered this mode he found out that time is relative.

The human mind is way faster than any computer currently in existence. The mind can do things at lightning speed, for example, when you come across an object you haven't seen in a while your mind can scan thousands of memories in mere milliseconds and identify the object before you even had to really concentrate to remember it, while the human mind can forget some things a large part of a human's life is remembered by the brain, the human mind takes care of millions of things at the same time, controlling all muscles, making vital organs work perfectly around the clock non stop for many years, it is always busy with hundreds of processes. When one 'shuts down' everything that is not absolutely necessary and then uses that available capacity to strengthen other aspects of the mind, a human's capabilities can be temporarily enhanced for certain tasks, since it is very draining. When a person is awake the cerebral cortex heats up and when we go to sleep the cerebral cortex has the chance to cool down since there is much less brain activity in our sleep. When a person goes into the Drone-Mode, as I call it, the person shuts off all non-essential processes the brain is doing and focuses on one thing only, battle. While a human's morals are taken away in this state and he becomes a mindless killing machine with some minimal abilities of actual thinking and mostly acting on

instincts, the brain goes into hyper drive, heating the cerebral cortex up four times as fast than it normally would, when it becomes too warm the human mind will shut down and the person will fall into unconsciousness, leaving only the most vital processes running, like making the heart beat and breathing, but if it is too late and it becomes too warm it could kill you. This state of mind can only be maintained for one hour at the most and once you come out of it you will probably feel terribly tired.

He slowly felt his senses becoming more sensitive, his magical awareness expanding, his mind entering a more primal state, his feelings fading, his mind scanning for threats, enemies and thinking out the best way to defeat them, the colours of the world changed, non threatening things became grey, threats became blue and enemies became blood red.

The world's pace slowed down to a crawl, his movements became slower although faster than other humans' as adrenaline and, he didn't know how it was possible with the block, magic rushed through his body and into his muscles. No movement was wasted now as his body and mind worked at one hundred per cent proficiency. A mental clock started ticking counting down from forty five minutes, Harry did this so he would know when his maximum time limit in the Drone-Mode was about to be exceeded.

Now there was the long wait for the creature to arrive so he decided to explore his surroundings.

He saw the evil black energy surrounding the Death Eaters and Voldemort as they continued with the ritual, in his normal state of mind he would've been sickened by the sight of it but in his devoid-of-feelings state of mind he didn't care, the castle glowed a pulsing green, a colour he hadn't encountered before and his primitive mind classified it as a non-target structure.

He saw the sword in his hand and did a few sophisticated and fast moves, to the outside observer's eye, with ease and he was satisfied, he decided a surprise attack would give him the advantage in the beginning since the creature probably wouldn't notice him since he didn't have any magic at his disposal at the moment, at least not

conscious magic, the magic his heart needed to beat was still there but that wasn't detectable, it was simply a part of him so he ran towards the nearest hiding place, a large rock some two hundred meters away. He crossed the distance in less than five seconds without even panting when he crouched behind it, he had realised that doing things like this would probably destroy his body if he did it too often, while the mind was a nearly limitless machine the human body was not.

A long time passed for him as he waited for the demon too arrive.

And then finally it did, it hovered above the ground and glided slowly across the landscape towards the spot where Voldemort was performing the ritual.

Voldemort's Point Of View

He was concentrating on his chanting but it was becoming difficult since his magical senses told him that the demon was approaching him and the boy was not in the immediate vicinity, he was a man that was not easily frightened this time his rational mind was screaming at him to get out of there as fast as magically possible but somehow he knew that Potter would keep his end of the deal, he was not one to break a pact, especially since he couldn't deal with the beast on his own or even with his entire nation but it would most likely result in many casualties and the near end of human civilization should this beast get away.

The beast approached him and landed on the ground a good forty meters away. The beast existed out of large black pulsing matter that swirled and was held together by magic with streaks of crackling silver running across its 'skin' like flashes of lightning through the sky, normally it would just be a formless blob of energy but somehow it had learned to form a shape, it had a big bulky head with nasty spikes protruding from all sides with smouldering malivalent red eyes, eight of them, four thick arms which looked muscular but size didn't matter when dealing with these creatures, energy was all that mattered and this creature had a lot of it, a formless torso which shifted shape here and there and two weird legs, much like the Cyclopes, which resembled a goat's legs.

“Master.” It spoke in an unnatural voice that rasped, rumbled and was distorted at the same time, it was a truly terrifying voice that sent chills through everyone that could hear it. A shudder ran through Voldemort’s body, it knew it was him who had trapped it and for a moment Voldemort thought it would listen to him but that thought soon fled his mind as the next word was spoken.

“Die”

Voldemort suddenly felt the pull on his magic as it was being drained from his core and towards the demon but it only lasted a moment as a glint of something shining flashed near the demon’s shoulder but disappeared before he could even identify what it was, he could make a pretty accurate guess though when the demon’s upper left arm suddenly separated itself from its body and fell to the ground where it disappeared.

Harry had been waiting behind the rock for the right time too strike the demon, he had eventually thought to keep the demon as far away from Voldemort as possible but a part of his mind was curious what the demon would do when it would get close enough to Voldemort, would it just attack him and try to steal his magic or would it want revenge first for its imprisonment.

When the demon said the word ‘Master’ Voldemort immediately began flashing red, indicating him as a priority target but the moment the creature said its next word he became a dull red and Harry sprang into action.

He ran as fast as he could, sword gleaming dangerously in the midday sun, although only he could admire it, he saw the energy being drawn from Voldemort and into the demon’s upper left arm so he targeted that one first.

The demon hadn’t sensed him approaching since it was focusing completely on Voldemort and his magic.

Harry's sword went through the arm like butter, he didn't see the arm fall since he was already moving away, he wasn't about to wait for the counterattack.

The demon let out an unearthly cry that made his eardrums buzz, it should've hurt him but he didn't feel pain at the moment.

The demon quickly focused his attention on the attacker, it was confused since it couldn't directly pinpoint the source, it didn't appear to be magical which enraged the beast even further, such a being was unworthy of his presence, much less should it be allowed to attack him and it was worth the creature's attention even less than that.

Harry was moving too fast for the creature to follow and soon another two arms had fallen but once the creature had enough of that energy crackled around it and it attuned its senses and three new arms shot out from the remaining stumps.

While the creature was doing that Harry raced over to Voldemort to see if the ritual was coming along.

"A few more minutes, just keep slicing of parts of it, it appears to be a way to weaken it, since it is made entirely of magical energy each time you blow a piece of him away you take away part of his magic reserve." Voldemort said quickly, he was now drawing runes in the air, numerous runes were already floating around him and Harry could sense the darkness starting to surround the spot where the ritual was taking place.

Harry nodded and quickly ran away from Voldemort and his men, he ran past the creature. The creature now stood between the group and Harry, Harry hoped that he could distract it away from the group like this.

The demon was finished and was battle ready.

It scanned its surroundings and found the source of his three missing limbs standing thirty meters away right in front of him, he recognized

this being from somewhere, it looked a lot like the enemy his 'master' had described.

"The fearsome Harry Potter I presume." It spoke. Harry gave a very tiny nod.

"My capturer has spoken many times about you, I have overheard quite some conversations about how powerful you truly are but now that I finally meet you I am quite disappointed, I was expecting a powerful magical warrior instead I find a powerless puny creature." It spoke slowly in its voice that would make even the toughest marines wet their pants.

"A block has blocked my magic, but that doesn't mean I'm not capable of destroying you." Harry spoke slowly without any emotion, his on battle concentrated mind forming the sentence with difficulty, although it appeared normal speed to everybody else, but he made the effort since talking was a good way of stalling.

This emotionless opponent disturbed the creature slightly, he hadn't encountered a person before that didn't cower before him for even a moment.

"You have harmed me, that I admit, but now that I can sense you I can destroy you without much effort."

"You think so, I'd like to see you try." Harry said as he pulled two metal cubes out of his pocket. He concentrated on the right one and said 'Deploy' as he threw it up into the air, a large cannon appeared in its place and landed on Harry shoulder while he grasped the handle with his hand, it was difficult to stabilise the large bulky weapon with only one hand but his increased physical strength made it possible. Next he focused on the left hand and said 'Deploy Left' and another gun appeared. A special function had been integrated in the MAG cannon, if you rather carried the cannon on your left shoulder you just had to say so when you deployed it and the gun would appear with all the controls on the right side of the gun.

Before the demon even realized Harry had moved two large guns were resting on his shoulders with a magazine already inserted.

“Do you really think those primitive weapons are able to kill me.” The demon laughed, or what should have been something akin to a laugh but instead a glass shattering screech came out.

Harry’s glasses shattered but it didn’t matter when he was in Drone-mode he didn’t need them anyway.

“They might not kill you but they can certainly damage you.” Harry said and pulled the trigger on both weapons. Soldiers would later call him barking mad for pulling of a stunt like that, most of them were still knocked back a few steps when firing a shell from the powerful weapons, none had ever even attempted to do it with two of the things since they knew it would most likely result in a cracked skull and two broken shoulder blades when you crashed into whatever stood behind you from the recoil.

The demon just laughed when the two projectiles flew towards him, one arm outstretched it figured it could easily absorb the two energy orbs speeding towards him.

Very bad decision for a number of reasons.

The theory behind the MAG cannon was very simple; you have a shell in which two power cores reside, one very small and a larger one, the first is about the size of a BB gun pellet and has the power to catapult the larger core, which is a little smaller than a tennis ball over three hundred meters. When the smallest core explodes it propels the larger one but at the same time it destabilises it to make sure that it explodes on impact.

So when the demon reached out with its own power to try and absorb this energy the critically destabilized energy core exploded violently, most of this explosive power was still absorbed but that’s where the fun began, for Harry that is. The power of which the cores are made is Harry’s and he is a Light side wizard, although no one sees him as such and the demon is a Dark creature, while the demon could

normally absorb Light Magic without a hitch the already destabilized energy began fighting against its imprisonment and the Light Magic that was released reacted rather violently with the Dark Magic of which the Demon consisted.

A rather violent explosion ensued blowing two of the creatures' arms from existence and a large part of its torso.

The creature screeched that horrible sound again but Harry didn't blink, had he been in his normal mindset he would probably be writhing on the ground from the sound and laughing because a section of the creatures neck had been blown away as well and its head was now hanging to the left, leaning into the gaping hole where its left shoulder had been, much like headless Nick but a lot scarier and uglier.

Two shells hit the ground but Harry was already moving, a powerful blast ripped apart the earth a moment after the shells hit the ground destroying them.

The demon started throwing blasts of raw magic left and right with its remaining hand while it repaired its body.

Harry didn't risk standing still long enough to fire another shot, afraid of having a random blast of raw energy hitting him, it was easier when the enemy was focusing his energy instead of firing randomly.

After a few moments the demon's head was once again firmly attached to an entire neck and it was scanning for him.

Harry stopped moving for a fraction of a second but was already moving by the time the creature started turning. As the creature turned around and fired another blast of raw energy at the spot Harry had been standing, Harry stopped behind it and opened fire.

This time the demon managed to divert one of the projectiles and dodge the other by a mere inch or two.

It started turning around again to blast the spot where Harry had been standing, Harry moved too fast for the demon to follow and when it

released a blast of magic Harry opened fire again. this cycle repeated itself a few more times, only two of Harry's shots had hit their target so far, one hitting the beast's leg and the other destroying a hand.

Harry had only two shots left, one in each gun and he knew he had to use them wisely since reloading would be risky.

The demon had had enough of this game and concentrated. A wave of raw magical energy suddenly appeared around the demon and moved outwards at an immense speed.

Harry saw it approaching and did the only thing he could think of, the wave was actually more a ring with its centre being the demon that rapidly expanded in size, it moved about a half metre above the ground, too low to roll under and it was too wide to jump over it, he would be could by it for sure so instead he aimed his weapons at the ground and pulled the trigger.

The two projectiles bored themselves into the ground for about half a metre and before exploding, propelling Harry upwards without hurting him to badly, the ground between him and the explosives functioning like a barrier.

As soon as he had pulled the triggers he threw both weapons up and above him, he pulled the release levers and the empty magazines were ejected, he quickly pulled two new ones from his pocket, he didn't see it but he inserted one black and one grey magazine into the guns.

He grabbed hold of them and pulled them back on his shoulders. He had aimed the guns so that he would be propelled forwards and he had hoped he would fly over the demon which he was now doing.

His calculations had been correct and he pulled the trigger as fast and as many times as possible, each time the recoil pushed Harry a bit further away from the ground making his flight longer than originally estimated but this gave him the chance to empty his weapons in a single go

The demon had been gleeful, sure of the fact he had gotten the tiny maggot, he didn't even have the time to realise that he was wrong as he sensed incoming energy spheres at high velocity. He managed to deflect seven of the fifty that had been fired at him.

Harry landed close to Voldemort's group.

Harry checked his mental clock and saw that he still had twenty five minutes left before he had to leave the Drone-Mode, plenty of time.

"Just a little longer Potter, another minute or two should do it, you've weakened it considerably, it appears that it is weak against physical assault and this weapon of yours." The Dark Lord said, a normal man would be sweating from the concentration the ritual required but Harry figured Voldemort's body was incapable of doing so since wasn't. Harry nodded and sprinted off again, dust clouds had obstructed Harry's view of the spot where the demon had been standing when the projectiles had hit so he didn't know how it had fared but he was sure it was already trying as hard as it could to recover quickly.

As the dust cleared up a smoking crater was revealed, a thick bubbling black liquid lying in it.

Harry tried to figure out what to do next, it appeared he had defeated the enemy since it wasn't trying to regain its form but something made him believe it wouldn't be that easy.

The liquid stopped bubbling all of a sudden and the centre of it shot up. A column of the black liquid appeared to be standing up, a head formed on top of it and limbs began to form.

Soon a humanoid eight feet tall and very thin creature stood in its place, black liquid flames formed and ran up from the hands over the arms, over the shoulders all the way to the top of its head.

"You are an admirable foe mortal, but now that I know not to underestimate you I will not be surprised again." the demon said.

The demon seemed to flash out of existence, it too was now moving incredibly fast.

Harry saw the demon move towards him and while it was closing the distance its hands shifted shape, in their place came two long blades which didn't look liquid at all but looked like very solid steel and very sharp.

Harry realised he didn't have time to discard his weapons and summon his sword so he tried to block the swords with the barrels of his weapons.

Instead of a loud clang which he had been expecting when the four objects were about to meet one another a quick screech of metal scraping against metal was heard and a moment later the two barrels fell down to the ground. Harry was surprised for a millisecond but seeing the demon right in front of him at such a close distance it didn't matter if the guns had barrels or not so he squeezed the triggers and two projectiles burst from the stumps where the barrels had been.

The demon hadn't expected that and so was surprised that he didn't even attempt to dodge, not that it would've mattered much at such a distance.

One hit it right in the gut while the other struck its left shoulder and the creature was thrown backwards from the impact.

Harry used the moment to quickly throw away his weapons and summoned his sword but he quickly realised he would still be at a disadvantage since he had only one and the creature had two and he reasoned that nothing except a magical sword would be able to withstand a blow from the creature's weapons.

This was going to be a run and dodge fight, he just hoped he would last long enough for Voldemort to complete the ritual which seemed to be any minute, the area around him was truly radiating Darkness.

Harry briefly wondered why the demon didn't go after Voldemort instead of him since Voldemort had a large amount of magic that could be drained but he guessed that the demon couldn't stand it that

a being without magic as far as it could see could fight him and last more than a few seconds and he was determined to eradicate Harry before continuing.

The demon had stood up by now and was healing his recreating the disintegrated parts of its body.

“These weapons of you are quite effective I must say, I hadn’t expected that but now the tables have turned, they make you too slow now and you can’t expect to block both my swords with your single.”

“Perhaps not, but I can try, I always do and I haven’t lost a fight so far.”

The demon didn’t answer but instead rushed forwards bringing its swords above its head attempting to slice Harry in three pieces.

Harry dodged to the left just as the creature started his downward slash but he hadn’t thought about the fact that the swords of the demon didn’t have any mass so their direction could be altered drastically with out any effort, something he couldn’t do.

The demon slashed sideways at Harry but Harry blocked one of the swords with his own and jumped from the ground letting the other one pass below him.

He knew the demon would attempt an upward slash with his sword and Harry was unable to block it so he pushed his all his might with his own sword and pushed the demon’s sword back enough for him too draw his sword away and slash at the arm holding the other sword.

The arm was not as solid as the blade and Harry’s sword cut right through it separating the limb and making it disappear.

Harry knew it wasn’t wise to stay within arms reach too long so he created some distance between them while the creature was still surprised by the loss of another limb.

“Why is it that you always manage to get out of a dead end.” The demon asked as it repaired its arm.

“Because I won’t allow myself to fail while so many people depend on me and there or some other circumstances.” Harry said as he took a defensive pose.

The demon didn’t answer but charged at Harry once more. This time the demon didn’t aim for Harry’s body but for his sword.

The three blades connected with a loud clang and a ripple of power. Harry and the demon pushed with all their might on their swords, trying to push the other’s blade away but they were now equals.

Realizing he couldn’t overpower it he tried to kick the demon in his midsection but this proved to be a fatal mistake as his foot just went right through the creature’s midsection. Harry didn’t know why but it seemed that mortal things like humans or ordinary metals could not touch this evil being, only magical things could, like his sword or the MAG cannons, he realized now he had been fortunate, if the armoury had weapons besides magical ones he would’ve probably chosen those and they would’ve been ineffective against this enemy, the core’s shot from the MAG cannons did connect because they were magical and reacted to the creature.

Back to the problem at hand, he was now at a serious disadvantage, he had lost some balance with this move and his body was now exposed to the enemy instead of being protected by his sword which was keeping the enemy’s deadly weapons at bay.

The demon would’ve probably smiled a vicious smile if it had possessed facial features.

The demon did the same as Harry but on the opposite side and kicked Harry right on his stomach, this blow did connect since the creature could choose which parts truly existed in this reality, demons were confined to the demon realm unless they were released from it by means of summoning but they could shift from reality.

Harry had the wind knocked out of him as he was thrown backwards by the blow and a twist of the demon's swords and his own was ripped from his hands and tossed to the side.

Harry landed with a heavy thud on the ground some forty meters away, when he was in this mode he supposed it wasn't truly that impressive, here the game was the same, only the scales were bigger.

Harry was sure a few of his ribs were broken and his internal organs were bruised from the blow but no truly serious damage was done but that would probably change in a matter of moments, he had lost his weapons and he was momentarily disoriented, when his vision was blurred and black spots were dancing in front of his eyes. He shook his head and they cleared but it was too late as the demon had already closed the distance, two swords were now hovering a few inches above his chest, ready to strike.

"It seems you have lost, you have failed." The demon said.

"Perhaps, I am lying here on the ground, unarmed with only a few inches between me and a certain death but just because I have lost the duel doesn't mean I've lost the battle." Harry said and knew he had succeeded as he felt a ripple of power coming from Voldemort's position and immediately after the sky darkened to almost pitch black and the temperature seemed to drop thirty degrees.

"What do you mean?" the demon asked oblivious to what was happening.

"I was merely a distraction, the real goal if this fight was to stall you, not defeat you."

"A distraction for what?" the demon asked.

He found out a moment later as he felt the pull from behind him towards the demon realm.

Harry took the opportunity to roll away from the demon as he slashed at Harry's position with its swords.

The demon screeched and trashed against the invisible coils of magic slowly but surely pulling him towards the portal.

Harry stood up from where he had stopped and looked at what was going on.

A large tear of blinding white light had opened in the middle of the circle of Death Eaters but it didn't appear to illuminate the landscape at all as the ground around it was pitch black.

The demon turned around and dug its feet into the ground, attempting to fight the magic pulling him forwards but to no avail.

As it looked fearfully at the gate it suddenly noticed his capturer standing next to the gate smiling vindictively.

Knowing it was a lost cause fighting against the portal he did the only thing it could do at the moment, get even.

The demon focused and suddenly Voldemort felt his magic being drained and his Death Eaters felt it too a moment or two later.

The Dark Lord screamed in agony as he felt his power being stolen from him while the demon cackled maniacally, or so it sounded to its kin, to Harry it sounded like someone was scratching a chalkboard with a pitchfork.

The creature continued its assault but Harry didn't do anything to stop it this time, he was cautious of approaching the portal.

With one final unearthly screech the creature disappeared through the tear and it dissolved into thin air.

Harry breathed a sigh of relief and let himself come out of Drone Mode.

Slowly his mind started its normal process back up.

Harry walked over to his sword and picked it up inspecting it for any damage, he saw none and smiled as he looked at the trusted companion, it was still a mystery to him how he could wield it so expertly but it had served him well even if he didn't have it that long.

He didn't put it away though, the demon maybe gone but there was still the matter of his arch enemy.

He walked over to Voldemort and the Death Eaters, except Voldemort himself the rest of the circle had fallen unconscious from the attack of the demon and looked like they were barely alive judging from their shallow breath.

"So Potter, what do we do now." Voldemort asked as he stood up straighter.

This was the moment Harry had feared, teaming up with Voldemort had been the right decision but he knew once the enemy was defeated they were back to trying to kill each other.

"If you want we can continue our fight." Harry said just as hundreds of soldiers came running through the doors of the castle, heading straight towards them.

Voldemort eyed the newcomers with some apprehension, he had lost nearly all his power when the demon had passed him on its way to the gate and he was certain he couldn't win this battle at the moment, but he might try.

"Maybe we should fight our feud on another day Potter." Voldemort said with a loathing tone.

Harry kept a straight face but inside he was smiling deviously as he saw the harbour behind the Dark Lord and the three cruisers entering it.

"Then take your men with you to your ship and get the hell of my island." Harry said on a harsh tone.

Voldemort was a bit surprised by this sudden change of attitude until he noticed Harry wasn't looking at him but something behind him. When he turned around he realised why Harry suddenly took the upper hand, he was no match for the awesome power of the Fleet in his condition.

"My ship is damaged, it is unable to sail at the moment." Voldemort said without turning around.

"Your ship is being repaired as we speak." Harry said and Voldemort nodded as he shifted his gaze a little to the left and saw a dozen people or so working on his ship in the distance.

Voldemort levitated his Death Eaters and started walking towards his ship while the soldiers escorted him, their weapons aimed at the Dark Lord's back, he may have been weakened but a cornered animal is a dangerous one.

In the distance one of the cruisers approached Voldemort's ship at the stern with its own and a cable was secured between the two ships in order to pull the Blood Purity of the shore and out of the harbour.

It took a few minutes to walk the distance which seemed a lot longer to the soldiers escorting the Dark Lord but once he walked up the ramp and onto his ship they released breaths they didn't realise they had been holding and a lot of tension disappeared.

As soon as the ramp was hoisted back onto the ship the sound of the wooden hull of the ship grinding against the sand was heard and the sound of the towing cruiser's engines roaring in order to get the ship moving. The other two cruisers waited until the ship was afloat again and then flanked it with their guns aimed at Voldemort, while the ship was now without power to fuel Voldemort could still attempt to fuel on or two on his own.

Voldemort stood on the prow of the ship scowling, not only had he lost his demon energy source had had failed to destroy Potter when he had the chance. But slowly his scowl turned into a vicious smile,

he had Salazar's power now, which made him wonder where the founder was in his mind, he hadn't heard from him in a while, something that was peculiar.

He turned around and started walking towards his cabin. As he passed the hole that led straight down to the cargo decks of the ship he scowled as he saw water leaking into the ship, Potter's men had repaired his ship but he could've guessed they wouldn't do a thorough job, he just hoped the ship would remain floating long enough for them to get back to England. His men were lying on the deck unconscious so they wouldn't be any help if the ship needed repairs and he was too weak to do it all by himself, besides, that wasn't a job a Dark Lord had to do, that kind of thing was for servants.

As he looked back at the place where Potter was standing he felt a pang of regret that he didn't have a thing like Harry, a nation of his own where they lived happily but he quickly stumped the feeling down, now was not the time to get sentimental, he was Lord Voldemort and now that he had regained his full potential he could start making his plans for world domination.

Back on the shoreline Harry saw the Blood Purity disappear through the harbour entrance and let out a sigh of relief of his own.

He felt tired and drained from being in the Drone-Mode and the fight itself had taken a lot out of him as well. He just wanted to go to sleep and rest but as he saw Neville approach him he knew that now wasn't the time, there was a lot to discuss first and a lot of planning to do later as well as a lot of explaining since he knew Hermione probably already has a thousand questions ready to ask him, it was going to be a long time before he was going to get some rest.

And after he had a decent night of sleep there would be time for revenge, a lot of revenge involving a certain ex-headmaster.

Author notes: first of all I am very sorry it took this long to post this chapter but the last month has been rather hectic and I've been experiencing some computer difficulties with my computer (haven't we all). Anyway, I'm up and running again (mumbles something about plans for world domination). I know you can all guess what's coming

in the next chapter and I know you can't wait to read it, and neither can I, hope you liked this episode, I did, till next chapter.

Special thanks to my wonderful Beta Chris.

Review responses:

lilac29: I'm working on my spelling and know that I have a beta again that might help, sorry for all the mistakes anyway but as you may have read English is only the fourth language here in Belgium.

imakeeper: Sorry about the pairing, it was a little forced but it fitted the plot, hope your satisfied now, you'll just have to wait when it comes to the staff but there will be at least one for sure. The founders are a little peeved about Hogwarts so they don't like Harry all that much. What do you expect from the greasy git. I'll take the 'holy' part as a positive review. You're correct about protecting Hogwarts.

Warlord Harrsk: I'm honoured you think so positive of my story, glad you enjoyed it and I'm determined to complete this story, I'm sorry that my other story isn't progressing but I've sworn a wizard's oath that I will complete it. As for the originality, sometimes people say I'm a little weird and then I say: "Abnormality is a sign of originality."

karone-sakura: Sorry about the brain part, I tend to get a little technical sometimes, always looking to make the impossible possible, I've got some duct tape if it explodes again and some valium as well.

john1234: praise all over the place, thank you and I still don't get how so many ideas fit into one brain anyway. You know, I'm planning on writing a story of my own which might be vaguely based on this story but it will be an original story, I might try and get it published but that's a far away dream, I'll let you know if it happens, I'm sure you'll be interested and for those who have read this story there will be a few things you'll all probably find very funny and others will never get, but I'm not very hopeful of ever publishing so I might just post it here. Only time will tell, a small sentence that has a lot of truth in it.

Bandgsecurtiyaw: thank you.

I-Y-T-Y: how very right you are, why won't the world bow before.., er, read my stories.

Potter and the Weasley: actually I have nothing to do with the navy although the giant battleships of WWII have always fascinated me and ship design seems like a fun career but too bad the ship building industry in this country is a tad small, like non-existent, as for the pairing, I might disappoint you, not sure about that yet.

A brief interlude

“What the bloody hell happened.” Hermione shouted as she sprinted towards him with her arms open and engulfed him in a hug without slowing down which resulted in the both of them tumbling to the floor of the War Room.

Harry laughed tiredly.

“That was probably the only question I didn’t expect to come out of your mouth Hermione, especially not in that kind of language.” Harry said and Hermione let out a brief chuckle as well.

“Now if you don’t mind getting off me, I’m a bit sore from kicking a demon’s arse.” Harry said and Hermione immediately jumped up looking ashamed while blushing a little while the other members of the Iron Circle that were also in the War Room looked amused.

She extended her hand and he took it but she didn’t dare look him in the eyes as she pulled him on his feet.

When he was up he stared for a few moments at her, he wondered what was going on with her but quickly let it drop, he had some more urgent matters to take care of.

“Alright,” he said “first of all I want you to brief me on what happened during the time I was out.”

“Ginny was a traitor and she has kidnapped Amy, we haven’t tried to go after them just yet since we feared an attack and we were right, the Americans have been testing our defences now and then but we haven’t seen them in two weeks, which is rather strange since we weren’t able to dispatch cruisers to chase them away with Voldemort attacking so I thought they would be invading by now.” Neville informed him.

“I know about Ginny and Amy and I’ll assure you you’ve made the right decision to wait with tracking them down. As for the Americans, I wonder about them, we may have defeated them but they are out for

revenge for sure, we'll have to be cautious of them."

"How do you know about Ginny and Amy, Harry and what was that thing with the wards." Hermione asked.

"Just a moment Hermione." Harry said.

He turned around and faced the other person that had been in the core chamber of the Potter when it had become unstable.

"Hello Sarah, I'm glad to see you're alright, it appears my plan worked." Harry said but Sarah's face remained emotionless like it was carved from stone.

Suddenly the unmistakable sound of flesh hitting flesh at high speed sounded in the room.

Harry rubbed his cheek which had a perfect red imprint of a hand on it.

"Yeah, I guess I deserved that."

"You sure about that, I could always smack you again to convince you." She informed him with a stormy expression but a moment later it softened considerably.

"God damn it Harry, you almost gave me a heart attack when I woke up and they told me what had happened, you and your stupid Gryffindor bravado, couldn't you have done it any other way besides blowing yourself up." She said and tears started welling up in her eyes.

"At first I thought it was all my fault, that I had activated the wards wrong or had disturbed the process somehow while you were making the core or that you had done it to save me, when they told me what had actually happened and the devastation it would've caused if it had exploded in the harbour I knew it couldn't be helped what you did but it was still my fault that someone was able to enter the ship and

sabotage the protective wards, I'm so sorry." She said and tears started streaming down her face.

"It wasn't your fault, Ginny wasn't herself and she had some aid from a powerful ally." Harry informed her as he put a comforting hand on her upper left arm but she didn't look at him, instead she looked sideways at the ground refusing to accept it, she still felt responsible as tears continued to stream down her face.

"We all have done things that we'll regret later, I know, I've done a few of them, sharing the cup at the Triwizard Tournament was one of them, I still feel guilty about that and that will never pass but you'll have to learn to live with it, you couldn't know that Ginny was not loyal to us and that she could pass security without a hitch and neither could I've known that the cup was a portkey."

She sniffed a few times and nodded her acceptance.

"Now, let's get this meeting started we have a lot to discuss and let me begin where it all starts, the core explosion." Harry said and all of them moved to a large table where scattered maps and other equipment were still lying since this was the strategic table during an attack.

With a few quick flicks from Severus the table was cleared and they all sat down.

Neville, Sarah, Andrew, Hermione, Luna, Tom McGuire, Severus, Draco, a few other high officers, still an empty seat for Dean which pained Harry and of course himself.

"I believe we haven't been properly introduced." Harry said as he turned towards Andrew Waldfeld.

"Indeed, Commander Potter, some unforeseen events have prevented our talk, my name is Andrew Waldfeld, temporary Captain of the INIS Ekliptika and fleet commander, temporary as well." He introduced himself, he seemed like a pretty loose guy to Harry, not too serious like Draco or Hermione when it came down to business

but Harry could sense a kind of aura around the man of great leadership and authority, like a lion.

“If Luna trusts you enough to assign you our flagship then that temporary status will soon be a thing of the past, we will have a conversation about that later.” Harry informed him and Andrew nodded his acceptance.

“One month ago,” Harry began as if he hadn’t just had a conversation with Andrew “while I was in the process of constructing the Potter’s core something went wrong, I swear that ship has a curse on it, first it is delayed, then the core blows up and now it looks like it has sunk before it was even commissioned, not now Hermione,” Harry said as Hermione had opened her mouth to explain how that had happened “while I was pouring energy into the core one of the security wards protecting the outside should anything go wrong started interacting with the process, I didn’t know why it did that but it was destabilising the core’s internal structure that held it together so I tried to fight it but by doing that I started losing my concentration and the core began destabilising even more rapidly, there was nothing I could do about it and while I was trying to figure out how to deal with the problem, while looking for a solution the intrusion from the ward began to spread and when it was almost done I could clearly sense the magical signature from the person who had sabotaged the ward and I immediately recognized it.”

“Ginny’s” Luna said without emotion.

“I became enraged, all my self control disappeared and my primitive mind took control, I started pouring vast amounts of magic into the core destabilising it even faster but somehow, I don’t know why, something clicked in my mind and I dissapparated away taking the core with me to the only safe place I knew where the explosion wouldn’t hurt anyone, high up into the sky, of course this stunt caused the core’s instability to go beyond the breaking point and it exploded.”

“We had guessed as much.” Luna informed him, who for once seemed focused and listening attentively to Harry.

“I don’t really know what happened next, I thought I’d died, that explosion should’ve killed me but somehow I kind of connected with all the cores on the island and they seemed to protect me from the unstable magic of the core but they couldn’t protect me from the fall of course but somehow I managed to survive, it was only after some time I realised this, I don’t know how long since time is relative when you’re trapped inside your own mind. That’s where I discovered just how I was able to survive, you see, when the human is trapped in a life-threatening situation the primitive mind takes over, something we like to call survival instinct, your mind becomes completely focused on one thing, staying alive, basically it shuts down everything that’s not needed and focuses solely on surviving, while being trapped, and the next part is solely for Hermione, I explored this mindset and developed Drone-Mode, a state of mind where...” Harry explained.

Luna was looking at Harry with pure awe.

“How does he do that.” She thought “they knock him down, he stands back up, brushes off his robes and continues like before and deals with whatever consequences that knocking down has caused. He’s like a machine that never stops, no, not a machine, they don’t have emotions, more something akin to a god, God has shaped the world but he has been gone for a long time it seems if you look at the state of the world and now a new god has risen and he will reform this new world into a better one, I know it for sure.” Normally people would be afraid of a person with so much power at his command, especially her, Voldemort had done some terrible things and had caused her harm and now here was a person with so much power as well yet she knew there was no way he would ever harm anyone if he didn’t have to, she felt secure when he was around and she was sure that the other occupants of the room felt the same way, she was lost in thought until Harry concluded his explanation.

“... and that’s how I was able to fight that demon.” Harry concluded, he had explained about the block on his magic and the way he had fought the demon but somehow he had left his conversation with Voldemort out, he didn’t know why but he felt it was better if no one knew about that.

“But what about the wards?” Hermione asked as she scribbled a line on a piece of parchment, she had several rolls already full lying before her, apparently she was going to do a thorough research in regards to this Drone-Mode.

“That was another matter entirely, I told you already I somehow linked myself to the cores on the island. Well, during my coma I was able to connect on a deep level with the castle, I had begun on altering the wards before the accident but they weren’t done yet so I continued doing that while I was comatose, I also noticed that this ambient energy was still around me while I was unconscious despite the block on my own and when Voldemort attacked I used it to strengthen the wards, it appears that I can’t use my own magic but that I can still manipulate some types of magic but there are large limitations on it, I can still summon my sword but not my staff and I can’t make the sword do anything anymore, it’s just a tool for cutting at the moment.” Harry said and called for a house-elf to bring some glasses and a large pitcher of water through the intercom.

They all sat in silence for a few minutes while each contemplated the passed events.

“So what do we do now?” Luna asked, breaking the silence.

Every head swivelled to look at Harry who was sitting at the front of the table with his fingers steepled in front of his face while looking down at the table. He slowly looked up and the evil but calm smile on his face made several people in the room shiver.”

“I still don’t think he will ever harm us but I sure don’t want to be the thing he’s thinking about now.” Luna thought as she repressed a shudder.

“We take revenge.” Harry said in a cold voice, hard as steel and a shine crossed his glasses as he moved slightly giving the impression of a truly dangerous man. Harry would’ve been grateful for his glasses being repaired by Neville after the battle if he could’ve seen himself.

“Luna,” he said turning towards her “I need you to make me something by tomorrow, it won’t be hard but I might need it, I’ll tell you what I want later. Andrew, you, Draco and the rest of the officers prepare the Ekliptika and about thirty men that are specialized for infiltration missions, tomorrow we’ll pay a visit to Dumbledore and his little gang, we’re going to get Amy back and Ginny if possible, I believe she was under the Imperius curse instead of acting on her own when she did what she did. Hermione, I’ll want to speak to you about your current project and the progress you’ve made, Sarah, I want to speak to you as well about a new line of ships I want you to build.” They all looked at him perplexed.

“What?” he shrugged “I’ve had a long time to think about things. I’ll explain exactly what we’re going to do tomorrow in the morning. The day after that we’ll start repairing the damage done by the attacks, from what I’ve experienced we’ll have to repair the Potter, a coastal gun, the entrance hall and various other things but a good thing is, we’ve found the Room of Requirement which will be very helpful in the future for experiments and such.”

“That’s not all Harry,” Neville said a little downcast “We’ve lost 112 people in total, the INIS Savage was destroyed when Voldemort first arrived, they had a hundred and six people aboard and six people died when the decoy for the demon was destroyed, it drained so much of their magic their hearts stopped and there was no way to revive them out on the open sea, their ship was destroyed. By the time help arrived, it was too late.” He added and slammed his fist down on the table angrily.

“A ceremony will be held next Saturday, by then the cause of this tragedy will be punished, namely Dumbledore, that will be all for now, I’m in need of some rest, you can all go back to what you were doing, Luna if you could stay a little longer too discuss what I want you to do, Sarah and Andrew, I’ll look you up after I’m done.”

All of them nodded and they left the room except Luna.

Harry got up from his chair and sat down next to Luna and let out a tired sigh.

“What’s the matter Harry?” Luna asked with some minor concern.

“Why can’t the rest of the world leave us in peace, what have we ever done to them, I know we stole the Missouri but that was only for our defence and Dumbledore and the founders because we stole Hogwarts, maybe I shouldn’t have done that but I was quite angry at him but the ministry is just a bunch of idiots who can’t stand it if they are not in control, at least when they believe they are in control they are happy, I’m surprised the Wizarding world survived the first war with Voldemort. Gah, I need some target practice.” Harry said frustrated.

“I’m sorry Harry but Voldemort destroyed all my spiders.” Luna informed him dejectedly.

“I’m sorry Luna, I didn’t know that, I know they meant a lot to you.”

“They died an honourable death, defending the castle and its inhabitants.” Luna said.

“And besides,” Harry said cheerfully “now you have the chance to improve them some more.” And Luna’s eyes lighted up like a roaring fire.

“That’s what I thought.” Harry said “Now, about this thing I want you to build...”

“Enter.” Sarah Brown said as she heard the expected knock on her door.

Harry entered and greeted her as he sat down on the opposite side of the desk.

“So tell me, what do you have planned.” She asked getting straight to the point.

“My, eager aren’t we.” Harry said jokingly.

“I’ve been feeling a little useless lately, Luna and Hermione are working on this new project and while they ask my advice from time to time I don’t really have the knowledge to be of much help.” She said a little downcast, she still wouldn’t meet Harry’s eyes but stared rather pointedly at her computer screen.

“That’s not true, without you we would have a lot of things that would need to be altered later on, I’m sure of it and without you our ships would’ve never been what they are now.” Harry said with conviction.

“Thank you Harry.” She said and turned to face him at last, it seemed strange to her how such a young man could lead a nation and calm her down when she was so much older, it should be the other way around.

“Now about these ships.” She prompted.

“Alright, I had been thinking about a larger submarine, while I didn’t see the use of it before it would be handy if we could transport and repair TSFs while we are out on the sea, while the Ekliptica can carry eight of them and the Potter six that won’t do when we’ll be facing a large battle and it could be a valuable defence against those American submarines.” Harry said.

She nodded and prompted for him to go on while she took notes and started drawing a rough sketch.

“I’d also like some fast and agile smaller boats, two types if possible, one line of ships will be fitted with Gattling guns, I have a rough drawing here, made it on the way over here.” He said and handed her a few pieces of paper.

“Impressive, I like the idea, we’ll see what we can do about it. And the other type?” She asked.

“A small, fast and agile boat as well with the technology from the Potter ingrained, it would take too long to modify all the cruisers and

they are not built for this purpose, the energy requirements are too high for their systems which would mean a complete remake of all the power conduits which is not only time consuming but it would weaken our defences as well and the shipyard wouldn't be able to build new ships at the same time, instead these small boats could carry a front and aft shield turret."

"You've really put a lot of thought in this Harry, I'm impressed and I think they will be a good addition to our fleet but if you continue like this we'll have to expand Hell's Bay pretty soon."

"That's another advantage with these boats, you can easily store them on land if the need arises because they are relatively small and a few cruisers could even take one aboard." Harry said excitedly

"Alright, I'll get a design team or two working on the small ones and another on the submarine although this will once again be a mega ship like the Potter or Ekliptica." She said with a smile.

"The bigger the better they say."

"Indeed."

"I'll leave you to it then." Harry said and stood up to leave.

"Harry," Sarah suddenly said in a weak voice as he was almost out of the door "thank you, for everything."

"You're welcome." He said with a warm smile and left the office. Harry entered the bridge of the INIS Ekliptica and everybody immediately jumped up and saluted him.

"At ease." He said and everybody continued with what they were doing.

"Welcome, Commander Potter." Andrew greeted him and shook his hand.

“Harry will do just fine Andrew, how do you like the ship.” Harry asked as he looked around the bridge.

“She’s a mighty beast Harry.” Andrew said with a smile as he stroked one of the stainless steel surfaces lovingly.

“That she is indeed.” Harry agreed “May I?” he asked and Andrew immediately knew what he meant.

“She’s all yours Commander.”

Harry’s posture switched immediately and authority seemed to sweep through the bridge like a cold gust of wind.

“Increase engine power to maximum, advance to top speed, turn to heading 000, inform me when we have reached top speed.” Harry ordered and the men immediately did as they were told.

Andrew asked himself what Harry was planning but did not voice this question, Harry knew this ship better than him.

Two and a half minutes later a crewmen informed him they had reached top speed and Harry nodded, indicating he had heard him.

“Lower the bridge shield and activate anti-water barriers, prepare for emergency dive to two hundred meters.” Harry ordered but a few crewmen hesitated.

“Sir,” Andrew said “are you sure about that, this ship has its limits.”

“Believe me, I’m sure.” Harry said with a slightly derailed smile.

The crew on the bridge shrugged and continued as a siren blared throughout the ship, announcing an emergency dive followed by another siren telling them it was a drill.

The bridge was lowered down to the deck and Harry felt the ripple of power as the anti-water barriers were raised.

The ship suddenly gave a lurch and groaned as the front rudders were aimed downwards abruptly to a forty degree angle and the bow was suck underwater while massive pumps pumped twelve cubic meters of water into the water tanks per second.

When the first turret hit the powerful wave of water that crashed onto the deck the crew was afraid it was about to be ripped off the deck but it held although the ship groaned some more. Special shields had been devised making it so that no water could enter the turrets' gun barrels but you could still shoot the turrets without destabilising the field. Luna had told him something about it and it had something to do with the fact that the energy holding up the shield was one hundred and eighty degrees out of phase with the beam energy but still in the same phase as the water when it came to physical things, he found it very confusing. Luna had also mentioned something about visibility cloaks having the same property but with light and that she was now investigating technology to make things invisible, the things you could do with Thecnomancy, as Harry remembered Luna had called it and he shook his head in wonder.

As the water rose higher and hit the shield protecting the windows of the bridge the structure of the bridge groaned, while the water didn't actually touch it the device holding the field had a fixed place and the distance between the shield and the device was always the same so the water actually pushed on the device which was welded to the bridge structure, now even Harry had a few seconds of doubt but they soon passed as the windows were now completely underwater.

The ship continued descending into the depths of the ocean while creaking noises continued to alert the crew of the increasing pressure on the ship's hull and superstructure. When they reached the set depth and the ship levelled out Harry spoke again.

“Reduce engine power to 25 per cent and turn to heading 180, maintain this course until we are two miles offshore, then continue patrolling around the island.” He ordered and the ship immediately started to turn.

“Shall we go to your office Captain and have this job interview.” Harry said as he addressed Andrew dropping his commanding posture.

“Sure Harry but I think it might be better if we go to your office.”

“Isn’t that the same room?” Harry asked.

“No, Luna didn’t think it appropriate to just give me your office, mine is much the same albeit on the other side of the corridor and a little less luxurious and not as nicely decorated.” He said with a wry smile.

They walked down the narrow staircase at the back of the bridge but it was a little disorienting as the ship was turning and listing slightly to the left.

“Maybe Luna can devise an internal gravity system so that it would seem like we’re walking horizontally.” Harry mused.

They reached his cabin and Andrew opened the door but let him go in first.

Harry was a bit shocked at the room, he hadn’t actually been in here, he had always used his office on the Missouri but this room was even bigger and more expensively decorated.

The room was about fifty meters square and had red carpeting on the floor, the walls were painted red as well about halfway to the ceiling which gold lines running over the red forming intricate patterns, the ceiling was covered in dark brown wooden boards that had been polished until you could see yourself in it.

The ceiling was quite high as well, a good four meters and in the centre of the room a giant chandelier hung dangling from the ceiling, its candles producing far more light than was normal as they lighted up the entire room. On the wall there were lampposts as well, every five meters or so which made sure there were no shadows at all in the room which Harry liked best. Opposite the door, in front of the furthest wall stood a massive mahogany desk, a tiny plaque at the

front that said 'Commander Harry J. Potter'. Behind the desk was a stretch of wall where two katanas had been hung, crosswise and above that a replica of the painting wherein Harry was fighting the Dragon and Hogwarts crumbling in the distance. The wall also displayed six large windows that all stretched from top to bottom and were all three meters across in front of which heavy looking red drapes hung with golden trim, Harry wondered briefly how that was possible because he was sure there was only one window on the outside and that was a very small one. To his immediate left was a section where the floor wasn't made of red carpet but of stainless steel, a post from where the entire ship could be controlled but with less crew members, of course it was less effective but it was in case of emergencies, there was an exact replica of the bridge as well in the lower parts of the ship should the bridge ever be taken out, which was highly unlikely. To his right there was a large space preserved for something akin to a living room with some large comfortable looking couches, a small table, several large bookshelves filled with everything imaginable and a smaller desk where a computer had been placed, they had thought it wasn't appropriate to place a modern piece of equipment on the large mahogany desk and something Harry was a little surprised about, a giant pool table, the ship was still listing slightly but he saw that the balls weren't moving so he figured had already designed a gravity devise for such purposes. While he had never played the game he knew he would enjoy it immensely. Several paintings had been hung at various places on the walls as well, each with their own lamppost, lighting them so you could all see them clearly, like a nice one of the Missouri and Dean standing on the bridge and waving at whomever was painting. There was another of the moment when the Ekliptica had been revealed in all its glory "Must've been a picture." Harry thought and then there was another one that would make any Commander proud.

The entire fleet of Insania skimming across the surface of the ocean in attack formation, a V pattern, several rows of them with the Ekliptica in the lead, the picture had been taken from the air, the sea was covered in white foam, created by the powerful propellers of the fearsome Fleet. There was a pattern to them and Harry noticed that there were a few spots empty, probably for when the Potter would be finished.

There were two doors, one in the middle of the left wall and the other on the opposite side. Harry presumed these led to a bedroom and the loo, he would look at these later.

All in all it was a nice room.

“This is,..., nice.” Harry said awkwardly.

“Nice,” Andrew sputtered in astonishment “that’s got to be the understatement of the century, I thought mine was a bit over the top but this is ridiculous.”

They looked at each other and shrugged, again one of these Luna-things, they concluded.

Harry walked across the room and sat down in a large comfortable armchair, way too comfortable to be normal so he figured there were charms placed on it.

Andrew sat down in one of the ornate chairs on the other side of the desk.

Harry pulled open the lowest drawer on the left of the desk as he was curious to see what they stored in it and to his great surprise he found several bottles and a few small glasses.

“Just what I need.” He said and picked a bottle of Firewhiskey from the drawer and two of the small glasses. He offered one to Andrew who inclined his head. He quickly poured the two of them a healthy dose and put the bottle back to where it came from.

Harry picked up his glass but didn’t drink from it, instead he seemed to think of something, then he suddenly raised his glass towards Andrew and said: “For Freedom.”

“For Peace.” Andrew said and clinked their glasses against the other and gulped down the contents in a single swig.

Harry coughed and a puff of smoke escaped his mouth.

Once he had recovered he began the conversation.

“So Andrew, tell me something about yourself, like why did you decide to join us.” Harry suggested.

“That’s a long story so I’ll guess I’ll start at the beginning.” Andrew began and let out a weary sigh.

“Thirty years ago I was a captain on one of the MFA cruisers of the time, they were far less advanced back then, the government had only just discovered an interest in the might vessels but new technologies were discovered every day, my son was a new recruit who was serving on one of the new experimental vessels. Something went wrong and the ship blew up, the commanders told me that it had been a terrorist attack but after I called some people who owed me some favours I found out the truth, there had been a crucial error made during the construction of the vessel and they had known about it but they had presumed that the risk of something was not high enough to spend a lot of money on the vessel to correct it. They had lied to me, one of their most trusted captains and veterans who had served them for twenty three faithful years so I resigned and moved to the United Kingdom to some distant relatives of mine, my wife was shattered by grief and after a few years she killed herself, losing our only child had been too much for her and I never even told her the truth behind the accident, I know it would’ve completely devastated her. After that I started looking for ways to avenge my family, I even briefly considered joining the upcoming Dark Lord but I knew it was no use, he attacked innocents, like my son, my wife was a muggle, and he was certainly never going to attack the MFA so I continued my search and then one day a niece of mine came over to our house and told us about what you said, her family decided not to join you but I immediately made up my mind, even if you didn’t plan on fighting the Americans, you were going to fight for the right thing and I was looking for a fight, I had almost given up hope and would certainly have followed in her footsteps if I couldn’t take my mind off things and now here I am. Don’t be alarmed, I’m not looking for revenge anymore on the MFA, that’s past me now, I’ve found a meaning to

live again in this nation where people live in harmony and the fact that the occasional American shows up doesn't hurt either."

Neither of them spoke for a long time after that but Harry did fish out the bottle of Firewhiskey again and poured them another dose which they drank without comment.

Harry didn't know how much time had passed but he guessed it was about twenty minutes when all of a sudden Andrew spoke up.

"So did I get the job?" he asked back in his usual spirit.

Harry said nothing but stood up and extended his hand towards Andrew.

"Congratulation Captain, the Ekliptica is all yours, I'm sure now that the fleet is in good hands while I am unavailable, now if you don't mind, I'd like to get some sleep, it's been a long day." Andrew nodded and left without further comment although Harry thought he could hear a whoop of joy coming from the other side of the door.

He looked around the room one more time and marvelled at the work that had been put into it and then went to the bedroom where a large four poster bed stood waiting for him, the room was as richly decorated as the main one, he didn't even bother to undress, he was too tired for that, he fell asleep before his head hit the pillow. He woke quite early the next day as was his custom when he was not in a coma and got out of bed, he turned on the lights since his room had no windows, security precaution he guessed and saw to his amazement Hedwig sitting on the single dresser in the room.

"He girl," he said and she flapped her beautiful black wings a few times while thrilling a joyful note that warmed Harry's heart while she landed on his shoulder "long time no see."

He stroked the feathers on her head for a few moments which he knew she liked.

“Well, I was planning on calling the hydrofoil again to take me off this ship but it appears that my personal transportation has arrived.” He said with a smile as he opened the dresser and took out some clothes to wear while Hedwig settled on the bed while she gave an undignified reply about being personal transportation.

Harry laughed, he took out his clothes and walked over to the bathroom.

It was twenty minutes later that Harry arrived on the bridge with Hedwig still on his shoulder, and after he told the men to continue as they were he approached Andrew who had sat down again in the Captain’s chair.

“I’ll be off now, I expect you in the War Room in half an hour, I’m going to make a brief visit to Luna first.” Harry said and Andrew nodded his acknowledgement.

Harry grabbed one of Hedwig’s tail feathers and they disappeared in a flash of black flames that gave no light whatsoever.

He appeared right outside the door but while he stood there he suddenly thought of the fact that the security device wouldn’t let him in because he had no magical signature at the moment so he asked Hedwig to take him inside the workshop.

When they appeared and Hedwig settled on his shoulder he looked around the workshop, searching Luna.

“Hello Harry.” Luna said from right next to him and Harry jumped in surprise and let out a very unmanly yelp.

“Damn it Luna, don’t do that, you just scared two years of my life.” He said as his heart thudded painfully.

“What do you think you just did to me, appearing out of thin air in a burst of black flames.” Luna said in an even tone as she looked down at a notepad like she wasn’t having a conversation at all.

“Sorry about that,” Harry said while rubbing the back of his head but Luna didn’t seem very frightened to him “but since my magic is blocked the security device probably wouldn’t let me in without a magical signature.”

“You’re right, that’s why we programmed it to only ask fingerprints, iris identification, voice recognition and password when someone used it without a signature.” Luna said still in the same tone.

“Should’ve guessed you had thought about everything.” Harry said looking sheepish but grateful to have such good friends.

“You’re welcome.” Luna said.

“How is the device coming along by the way.” Harry asked.

“It’s nearly finished, they’re installing the timer now. Don’t worry,” she said as she saw his worried face “they haven’t installed the secondary explosive that will trigger the primary ones.”

“Ones, you mean you installed more.”

“Yes, it will be more effective that way.” She said as a matter of fact.

“Of course it will be more effective but don’t you think that one was more than enough you have seen what devastation they can cause.” Harry said a little alarmed.

“Yes, I know very well what kind of devastation they can cause.” Luna snapped, Harry was taken aback by this, Luna snapping was something he had never seen before.

“I’ve seen the damage done myself Harry, how we almost lost you, how the entire harbour could’ve been destroyed, the castle included, how it could’ve killed us all thanks to that manipulative old ...” and here Luna used a string of words that would make any sailor blush and be proud at the same time.

“Calm down Luna,” Harry said in a soothing tone and he lay a comforting hand on her shoulder.

She suddenly turned around and threw her arms around his waist and gave him a hug that would make Molly Weasley proud, if they were on the same side.

“God damn it Harry, don’t you realise what you mean to all of us, you have changed our lives so drastically and for the better, we’re all happy now, we know our place in this world and we know we’re doing the right thing, for the first time in my life I know what it is to be truly accepted, to be part of one gigantic family, all thanks to you.” She said with her head buried against his chest and while he didn’t hear it he could feel his t-shirt getting wet from her tears.

“That day when you went missing the world collapsed around us, while we managed we knew we could never win the fight without you. It’s just that you are always there when we need help, when the situation looks like it can’t be won you show up like the knight in shining armour, saving the day and while you can’t save everyone now does as good a job as you, you make us feel safe. I know for sure that the relatives who have lost their loved ones are very proud of them and don’t blame you in the slightest, they realize how much trouble you’ve gone through to ensure our safety, and nothing will ever change that because we all believe that while you’re with us we will come out victorious.” She said and now she cried freely.

Harry was stunned, he had felt guilty about the people that had died on the ships that had been sunk and other casualties and while the people didn’t show he had expected to be blamed somewhat at least but was this truly the way they felt and then he suddenly thought of those that had died on the Missouri while saving him, about Dean Thomas and the other crew members whom had given their lives for him and the dam burst.

Slowly but surely tears started to form and while he tried to fight and blinking them away it was no good and slowly they made their way down his face.

He wrapped his arms around her now and he cried freely as well, although in a slightly more masculine way of course, and rested his chin on the top of her head.

After a few minutes of this he slowly separated from Luna and looked her straight in the eyes which were still shining from her tears.

“Thank you.” He simply said gave her a bone crushing embrace and lifted her slightly of the ground in the process.

“No,” she said near his ear “thank you.”

As he put her down her expression changed immediately and she was back to business.

“Come, I’ll show you what we’ve made.”

Twenty five minutes later, Dragons’ Keep War Room

Draco, Andrew, Luna and Harry were all present in the War Room.

The three of them were looking expectantly at Harry who paced in front the table.

He suddenly stopped and looked at the, he seemed surprised for a moment that they were there that he quickly recovered.

“This is what we are going to do today,” he began “this will most likely determine the course of our actions for the next couple of months. In a few hours we will set sail to England, I, along with Andrew and Draco, will take the Ekliptica and use the Transportation Drive to go to our front base their, namely Potter Mansion which will be given another name later, it’s going to become confusing with a ship, a base and me around with the same name but that’s not important right now. Once we’re there Andrew will set up base camp and establish a security perimeter, we’ll be taking a thousand men with us, I know it’s a lot but we’ll need a good defence, we’ll be on enemy territory, let’s just hope they don’t notice us being there for another week or so. Luna’s teams have already rebuilt some of the

AIDS forces that will help with the defence and a few transportable Gattling turrets which can be relocated within the hour and deployed in half an hour, five of these are available at the moment and about four spiders which will be enough to start with, two cruisers will be transporting most of the equipment and men, the Ekliptica will only carry what's absolutely necessary since it's on such short notice, the ships will be expected to join us within seven days. When we've arrived with the Ekliptica and the house and grounds are deemed safe Draco, me and two dozen soldiers will head out and pay a visit to Grimmauld Place where our beloved ex-headmaster is most likely to be, we'll storm the house and stun or incapacitate everyone inside, I do not want any casualties, not even accidental ones, we'll see if Amy is there and Ginny and get them out of there and bring them over to the Ekliptica, Amy is our priority, Ginny we will have to determine if she is in the right state of mind, if not, leave her. Once that is done we will order everyone to get out of the house and we will use this device Luna has built especially for this mission."

"And what might that be?" Draco asked.

"I'll show you on the ship since it is already on board. After we're done with that we'll retreat back to the Ekliptica and have a debriefing and see if Amy is all right. Tomorrow the Ekliptica will return briefly in order to aid in lifting the Potter out of the water, I know that most of you don't know bar Luna but the cannons on the Ekliptica have more than one function but we've been a bit apprehensive about the other functions since we haven't tried them yet and because up until now they had no purpose, but besides destructive beams we also have a levitation option, a banishing option, which might have had some uses in the past but I hadn't thought about it then, a heat option for making the seawater boil and using the vapours as a veil to hide from view, there was a fire option, it basically makes the gun shoot flames in a straight line over a distance of a kilometre that can reach temperatures of over four thousand degrees Celsius but I have never opted to use it against enemies because I thought it was a truly horrible death for those who weren't immediately killed but were set on fire, once a certain temperature is reached human skin will burn you know, while the normal beam just wipe out everything in its path, many don't even have the time to realize it had happened, then there

is the water option for should a ship next to you be on fire but be careful with that, those water hoses are extremely powerful and then there is the last option. This one was a hard decision to make, should we include it or not but I said it might be useful someday. The cruisers only have five options, Destruction, Banishing, heat, water and the last one." Harry said and paused.

"Well, what is it." Draco snapped.

"It's a self-destruct mode." Harry said simply.

"A what, are you out of your bloody mind Potter, do you know what would happen if an enemy found out about this and infiltrated one of our ships." Draco yelled outraged.

"We thought about that and therefore you will first have to enter a password and a magical signature check which has to be done simultaneously by the Captain and the second in command, it also has a detection system of free will, to see if you do it on your own accord, it can only be overwritten by me, I alone can set the detonation device of on my own." Harry explained.

"Alright then but was it really necessary, do you think we'll ever need it." Draco said as he calmed down somewhat.

"You never know in what kind of situation you might be in sometime in the future, suppose the ship was compromised and the enemy was about to take it over, we can't risk of a ship like the Ekliptica to ever fall into the wrong hands and neither any of the cruisers, if the enemy ever got their hands on one of those cores and use it as a bomb the results would be catastrophic."

"I guess you're right," Draco said reluctantly "but why do you only mention this now and not sooner."

"No idea," Harry said "with everything going on around here it must've slipped from my mind. Tomorrow we'll test them for the first time for real."

“I must say I’m curious about these functions but right now I’m anxious to get on with our mission and I know you are too Commander.” Andrew said.

“And you’re right,” Harry said “and I prefer Harry.”

“As long as we’re on the job I would rather refer to you as commander.” Andrew replied.

“Very well. The ships are being loaded as we speak, we will be taking some powerful weapons with us in order to establish a base camp for our upcoming campaign, I’m sure we’ll face an attack within the next two weeks so we’d better be prepared, the plan is that we’ll start to fight actively against Voldemort and the Ministry in one month starting today, during that time we’ll transport about seventy five percent of our troops over to England, the largest part of our fleet will remain behind in order to defend Insania, we’ve made some rough calculations and we should be able to transform the mansion in a stronghold within a month. A lot of work has to be done, barracks built, underground complexes excavated, defences built and most important of all, a printing press has to be built in order to house the Quibbler.” Harry said with a ghost of a smile.

Luna beamed at him but the rest showed confusion on their faces except Hermione, who had probably already figured out why this was so important.

“But why,” Draco cried bewildered “surely there are more urgent issues than giving refuge to that rag.”

A shiny metal sphere flew over the table and hit Draco square between the eyes and with a heavy thud connected with him, he was knocked backwards making his chair topple over.

“Oww,” Draco cursed “what the hell was that for.”

“For insulting my father’s paper.” Luna said simply.

“What is it anyway.” Draco asked he picked up the object and inspected it.

“It’s a device that causes impotency by any male that touches it.” Luna said in an airy tone.

“What!” Draco yelled in a high squeak and all the males in the room took a step away from the object.

Draco fell backwards again as he fainted and dropped the device in the process, making it roll across the floor straight towards Luna who picked it up calmly.

“Now Luna, that wasn’t very nice.” Harry admonished, he hadn’t taken a step backwards.

“But he insulted the Quibbler.” She whined.

“That’s no reason to frighten him like that, it’s a very sensitive topic amongst men, now hand over the remote detonator.” Harry said sternly.

“Oh come on, now you’ve ruined my fun, now everybody knows it not a device that causes impotency but just a detonation device, which reminds me that you still have to insert the detonator in the bomb itself, it’s also on board.”

“Don’t change the subject Luna, give me the remote detonator.” Harry said and some people could’ve sworn his aura had flared up but that was of course impossible with the block in place.

Luna handed over the remote detonation device reluctantly.

“Could someone please wake up Draco.” Harry said.

Somebody cast an Ennervate and Draco immediately woke up, looking around wildly.

His head suddenly snapped in Harry’s direction.

“Please tell me that she was just joking.” Draco said in a pleading tone.

“Afraid not Draco, and it appears to be highly effective as well, it worked on all four test subjects.” Harry said dead serious.

Draco paled dramatically and fainted again.

“That was cruel.” Hermione said with a disapproving tone.

“But you must admit it was funny.” Harry said and only then did he notice the faces of the other occupants of the room, expressions ranging from horror to fear to shock. Whether it was because of the impotency, the confirmation or the fact that Luna was throwing around with a remote detonator he did not know but they certainly seemed shocked.

“You’re bonkers.” Sarah suddenly exclaimed.

“Only a little.” Harry said sheepishly. “For those of you who are wondering, the quibbler will serve the purpose of making the people see the other side of the war, the Daily Prophet is on the ministry’s side and they will not be bathing us in a very good light so we will fight fire with fire, while the Quibbler is not nearly as popular as the Daily Prophet I believe it will stir an interest in the people.” Harry concluded

“I suggest we round up this meeting, I think everything has been said that needs to be said, if anyone needs me I’ll be on the Ekliptica.” Harry said and started heading out of the room.

“Shouldn’t we wake up Draco.” Severus said.

“Yes, but would you mind waiting till I’m out of the room, he’ll probably be a little agitated with me once he finds out what that thing really was.” Harry called over his shoulder as he suddenly sprinted out of the room, Hedwig flying in front of him. He jumped and grabbed

one of her tail feathers and they both disappeared in a burst of black flames.

Harry could've sworn that he heard someone screaming 'POTTER' but from very far away some five minutes after he had arrived on the bridge of the Ekliptica.

"We're good to go sir." Andrew said as they all stood on the bridge.

"Commence operation Countdown, shields to full power, weapons' safety disengaged and charge to full power, fire up the Transportation Drive, notify me when it is fully charged and Draco stop glowering at me, it was just a joke." Harry ordered.

Draco mumbled something Harry didn't hear but seemed to stop sulking and focus on the mission.

A couple of minutes later a crewmember notified Harry that the Drive was fully loaded and ready to go.

"Engage transportation Drive, destination two and a half miles away from Potter mansion to the South-East, sound the transportation alert, as soon as we have arrived head over to Potter Mansion at half speed and scan the perimeter thoroughly for enemy threats and make sure we aren't followed." Harry ordered and the familiar power ripple of the Drive starting up confirmed that his orders were being followed.

"If you two wouldn't mind of joining me in the cargo compartment, I have something to show you." Harry said addressing Draco and Andrew and the three of them left the bridge and headed down to cargo compartment number three.

"We all hoped that it wouldn't be necessary Albus but right now we have no choice, we can't keep on fighting two battles at once like this." Rowena said

"Three if you count that bumbling fool of a minister as an opponent" Helga quipped in.

Dumbledore sighed as he stood at the centre of the crater that once held Hogwarts, he spread his arms wide.

“Be quiet now, I have to concentrate and this place is not helping me,” Dumbledore said “I’m still not very happy about the fact that you were the ones that made the decision to destroy Hogwarts.”

“Better destroyed than in the enemy’s hands.” Godric said with determination.

“You have destroyed Hogwarts’ soul, it could’ve been a powerful weapon in the future.”

“He would’ve destroyed it anyway Albus, it didn’t fit his purposes.” Helga said.

“No, Harry wouldn’t have destroyed, it was too much of a home for him to do such a thing but he would’ve transformed it, but at least this new castle won’t be able to think on its own.”

“That’s what you think.” Rowena said.

“ You didn’t see this new castle Albus, Hogwarts is nothing compared to that, although we already know a few things about the castle there is still a hundred times more we don’t know about it and I think that this one also has a soul, a part of Harry’s soul.” Godric said.

“ That boy continues to amaze me.” Dumbledore said and he mentally ordered the founders to be quiet as he concentrated on what he wanted.

“Apertum Antrum Parentalis.” He chanted in a clear voice.

The earth started to rumble

The ground in front of his feet disappeared and descending stairs were revealed.

“Let’s just hope everything’s still there.” Dumbledore said as he lighted his wand and descended the steep stairs.

In the distance deep down into the Earth he could see a bright white light and this gave him hope that this expedition wouldn’t be for naught, he had been apprehensive of Leaving Ginny alone so he had put her in a safe location for the moment, once this was over he could revitalize the order and begin opposing Voldemort more actively.

After what seemed like of hundred miles of chairs he finally entered the chamber, he had to shield his eyes with a spell on his glasses to darken them or else he would’ve been blinded by the intensity of the glimmering pool of raw magic below him.

He crossed the bridge with some trepidation and stood before the pedestal at the centre.

“Just put your hand on the pedestal and let us do the rest.” Godric said reassuringly.

“While I do trust your expertise or you sure that my body will be able to handle absorbing such a massive amount of magic.”

“It might hurt a bit in the beginning.” Godric said and Dumbledore could hear he was already starting to concentrate.

“What do you mean it might hurt a bit in the begin...” but that’s all he managed to say as magic coursed through his body and he let out an unearthly howl that could be heard all the way to the surface. Harry woke up with a start, he looked around the room frantically searching for a threat but he found none.

He let himself fall down again onto the bed, he had been dreaming about something important but he couldn’t remember what it was.

He was lying in his bedroom on the INIS Ekliptica, he had decided to take a little nap to be well rested for the mission later that day while the soldiers performed a sweep of the grounds and the manor to make sure that there were no threats or that it had been visited lately.

The Ekliptica was currently anchored at the base of a twenty meter high club on top of which stood Potter Mansion., they had gotten here without encountering anyone that they didn't want to encounter or without being followed, which had been a relieve. There was a lake next to the mansion where they would rest the Ekliptica once the estate had been deemed safe, this was also the place where they had constructed the largest part of their cruisers in secret and where the idea for the ship elevators back at Insania had come from since the lake wasn't on the same level as the ocean although that the one used here was slightly more complex, the cliff would've been ideal to hide such an elevator in if it would've been a good thirty meters higher and then they still faced the problem of there being no cliffs on the shores of the lake so when they had to get a cruiser out it would anchor in a specified location on the lake. The water around it would start to lower the ship down while the rest of the water looked like it was held back by an invisible wall, about a good three hundred meters down a cavern had been excavated through which the ship could sail to a good two hundred meters out into the sea where it would be raised up again, the lake was only big enough to house five of these if they were put close together, three if the Ekliptica was anchored in it so when they had completed the first five they hid some in the cavern below where a few side tunnels had quickly been excavated, this was where the idea for Hell's Bay had originated, it had been a complicated issue to construct the ships without them being noticed and a costly one as well wince Harry had paid the goblins to help them dig the caverns, they were experts when it came to underground complexes but with expertise also came a nice donation to the bank. Harry had been amazed it had remained unnoticed at all. But it had turned out fine and now this quickly assembled boatyard would become their stronghold in the UK.

The house that stood on these grounds was huge, big enough to house three hundred of his men without them even having to share a room but like with Dragons' Keep the upper part of the house would be the least used part, the levels underground were what mattered, while the mansion already had a vast amount of basements, dungeons and underground tunnels it would not nearly be enough to house the force Harry was planning to station hear, never mind the assembly plants for weapons and the repair shops, training grounds,

some minor research facilities, the Quibbler, holding cells for prisoners and a whole variety of other rooms but now was not the time to ponder over all this, the excavation teams would arrive with the other two cruisers and he was expected in the briefing room on deck six for the start of the mission.

Ten minutes later he was in the room along with Draco and the twenty four men that would accompany them.

“This is the house we are about to storm.” Draco said and he showed a floor plan of the building “we will stun and incapacitate only should we encounter resistance, after we have retrieved what we are looking for that device at the back of the room,” and he pointed to a large wooden crate at the back of the room “will be activated and we will escort everyone inside the house out, one way or the other and the the hell out of there, any question.” He asked but no one raised his hand.

“Good.” Draco said “Gear up.”

The men did as they were told and checked their weapons, took everything they might need with them and went over the specifics of the device.

Harry mused about the fact that he had been lucky to be able to talk about the place itself while not being able to tell them the address itself, but Hedwig knew where it was and if he led them inside there would be no problem, he just hoped Dumbledore was smart enough to cooperate or else there would be casualties.

Everyone was ready and Hedwig, who had been sitting on Harry’s should started hovering at the centre of the room.

“Everyone grab onto on of her feathers.” Harry ordered.

The men looked sceptical that they could all hold on to these feathers but as if by magic (no pun intended) the feathers on Hedwig’s tail started to grow longer till they could comfortably hold onto it.

They all nodded, giving the signal they were ready and all of them disappeared in a burst of black flames.

They appeared on the little square near the house and Harry told them to follow him and grab onto each other so they could follow him into the house, the last two men carried the crate between them.

As he stood at the spot where the house was supposed to be he concentrated and slowly but surely the house appeared, as if it was reluctant to do so.

Harry picked a metal cube out of his pocket and yelled 'Deploy' and the MAG cannon landed on his shoulder, he aimed at the door and squeezed the trigger which was blown clearly off its hinges and flew noisily into the hall. The men stormed inside, most of them going up the stairs while the portrait of Surius' mother started screaming at them.

"Shut up you inbred old hag, I'll deal with you later." Harry snapped at it as he strode past it.

He opened the door to the kitchen, his gun still on his shoulder prepared for anything except encountering the only occupant of the room.

"Hello Harry." Remus Lupin said.

Author notes: I'm impressed with myself for getting this chapter done so quickly but it was about time, besides I have something to make up for the long wait of chapter eleven, I'm sorry that the real scenes you're all waiting for haven't come up just yet but had a lot of loose ends that I had to tie up first but next chapter will be interesting. Reviews are more welcome than ever, my yahoo group is still open to anyone who wishes to join and I hope you enjoyed the chapter. Till next chapter.

Special thanks to my wonderful Beta Lordvitriss (hey, I remembered)

Review responses:

Hamm On Wry: good thing that this is fanfiction, isn't it, that means it doesn't have to be possible and I can post all this claptrap I write without having to worry if it sounds convincing.

RexMyno: she still serves a purpose.

john1234: coincidence I guess and thank you. Somehow it seemed appropriate to let them work together just this one time.

karone-sakura; while there are fics that I like where they work together they are few and very unlikely to ever happen but as the saying goes, My enemy's enemy is my friend.

5HAD0W: that was one of the reasons for me to start writing this story, thanks for confirming I've completed at least one of my goals.

Thanks to everyone else who has reviewed:

read-on, imakeeper, bandgsecurtiyaw, Drake0x.

The ministry assault

They stormed into the atrium, guns blazing. There were only five of them, as much as they were able to fit into the small booth that allowed entrance to the ministry of magic.

The security guard was the first to go down, one of the victims of Harry's skilful aiming.

Draco was right behind him as well as three other men from the Black Phoenix. They stunned the three dozen people in the atrium with relative ease, the people were so surprised they didn't even realise what was happening before they were stunned.

The world was a blur with streaks of red from stunners in it as Harry moved with the speed of a leopard. This went on for twelve seconds or so and then the sound of the guns firing ceased, all at once and the last sound of battle was the sound of a body falling to the ground, unconscious.

Harry surveyed the scene with satisfaction, they had been swift and hadn't harmed anyone one. The people inside hadn't had the chance to raise the alert so the rest of the ministry didn't know they were under attack yet.

A ping alerted them an elevator had arrived on the far side of the Atrium and before the golden gate had even opened a man was standing before it, stunning those inside.

They all slumped to the floor, unconscious and Harry gave a nod of approval to the soldier.

There was no need to say anything, everything had been planned before they got over here.

The job was simple: storm in and secure the Atrium. Once that was complete, get everyone inside the ministry. The two men handling the device would secure the atrium while the rest took care of the floors above them.

Once that was done they would've taken hold of the minister already since he was on the top floor. Get back down to the atrium, the people inside the building would be evacuated by Harry's men, sending them down in the elevators and out of the ministry through the floo. Then they would all head down to the department of mysteries and take it over. The holding cells were on level nine as well, the holding cells were in fact the main reason they were here, when he thought about it, Harry's blood began to boil.

Fort minutes earlier, Grimmauld place

He opened the door to the kitchen, his gun still on his shoulder prepared for anything except encountering the only occupant of the room.

"Hello Harry." Remus Lupin said as he calmly sat at the table.

"Remus?" Harry said bewildered.

"Harry." Remus replied.

"Lupin." Harry snarled and aimed his gun straight between the werewolf's eyes.

"What you are looking for is not here." Remus said calmly, not bothered by the gun at all and he picked up the Daily Prophet the table and started reading the front page.

"Where are they?" Harry snarled and applied some pressure on the trigger.

"I don't know where Ginny is, Dumbledore has moved the Order of Phoenix's headquarters somewhere lese, I decided to abandon the Order so I don't know where it is now."

"And Amy?"

“Is that her name?” Remus asked but instead of answering Harry’s question he picked up another Daily Prophet that had been lying on the chair next to him and tossed it on the table in front of Harry.

Member of Potter’s faction apprehended

by Rita Skeeter

Today the Minister for Magic Cornelius Fudge announced that a member of the Independent Nation of Insania has been arrested during a heroic infiltration mission by the Ministry Aurors on Insania. The minister has confirmed that the member is very close to Harry Potter, sources have said that the captive is a young girl so what exactly minister Fudge meant with very close we are not sure about. Another quote the ministry made gives us more insight into the matter why the Boy Who Turned Dark did what he did. “I always knew the boy had a soft spot for this hero worshipping thing but clearly this has added with his mind, the Harry Potter I knew would never go against the will of the ministry.” So says Cornelius Fudge. Not long after this...

Harry didn’t read any further, he was too furious. His eyes flashed emerald green and he didn’t think about it when his finger changed the mode of the weapon from Stun to Destroy and he squeezed the trigger sending a blood red bolt from the gun.

The bolt hit the paper in the centre where a photograph was displayed showing fudge shaking an Auror’s hand and the table underneath exploded, sending splinters and large chunks of wood everywhere.

Remus tried not to show any surprise, he had expected some things to be blown up when Harry saw the article but this weapon terrified him.

“We’ll talk when I come back, we have some things to discuss.” Harry said and turned around, walking out of the kitchen.

“Where are you going.” Remus asked a little worried, he knew he was not going to like the answer.

“I’m going to pay a visit to our beloved minister.” Harry said in a dangerous tone and Remus heard him starting to shout some orders in the hallway, something about a second device having to be brought over.

One of the fireplaces’ flames flashed green and an elderly witch came spinning out, she was stunned before she could even get her bearings.

“Continue to stun anyone trying to enter, we’ll take the elevators and secure level by level, we’ll block them when we’re clearing a level and send someone down with each elevator when we send down the stunned people.” Draco said addressing the two men “The rest of you, get inside an elevator.”

The all gave a quick acknowledgement and hurried inside the elevators.

Harry and Draco took one of their own and gave the order to ascend one floor.

“Is there a specific reason you’re not very talkative at the moment.” Draco said addressing Harry without looking at him, his gaze was fixed on the closing golden fence of the elevator.

“People are going to get killed today Draco and it will because of me, I ask you all to go on this mission just to save Amy.”

The fence closed and the lift began ascending.

“It’s not because of you but because of them, Dumbledore and the minister and we are not only here for Amy although that is our most important goal, we’re here to make a statement and the quibbler will make sure that tomorrow the world will know what we are and what we fight for.” Draco said with conviction and Harry noticed Draco’s grip on the gun tightening.

Harry nodded, accepting that although he knew Draco couldn't see it.

"Let's give 'em hell." They both said in unison and in that moment Harry thought how strange it was that Draco and him understood each other like they did these days.

It had been weird in the beginning, while Harry had accepted him into the fold that they called the DA at the time, god it seems like an eternity, that didn't mean he trusted him completely.

He was suspicious of the Malfoy heir and his intentions, he might as well be infiltrating his ranks just to get close to him and kill him. As the weeks progressed Draco didn't give him any reasons to doubt him. At the time he was progressing with his Legillimency and tried to probe the Slytherin a few times, he didn't like doing it, not even to Draco although he was still Malfoy at the time to him.

It didn't surprise him of course that the Slytherin had studied Occlumency, he didn't exactly come from a family without secrets.

A few days later Harry couldn't stand it anymore, he had to be sure of the Slytherin's motives, at the time he was about to go into the next stage of his plan and he needed to be sure about Draco so he could tell him about his grand design and give him a proper function, he could use Draco's skills. While the Slytherin boy didn't always showed it he had a good and keen mind.

So one night he confronted him.

Hogwarts, two weeks prior to Operation Insania

Another DA meeting was just over and the people were trickling out of the room.

Harry spotted Draco walking on the edge of the mass that was trying to get through the door.

He was still sort of an outcast, people didn't show any real signs of hate or distrust but on the other hand nobody volunteered to work with him either.

Draco had tried of course and some had grudgingly accepted him, more because they respected Harry and he had asked it of them than Draco trying but he had tried and Harry respected him somewhat for that.

It wasn't easy being one of the only Slytherins and he used to be Harry's strongest opponent in the school.

"Draco." Harry called over the noise of the chattering crowd, preferring to use the boy's first name in this situation.

Draco turned around startled.

He looked frightened for a moment but he masked it quickly.

"Potter," he drawled but Harry saw it wasn't meant as an insult like it used to be "What is it?" he asked as he approached Harry.

"We need to talk." Harry said with his arms crossed in front of him, giving an intimidating look.

Draco nodded, already understand what it was about and a grim expression appeared on his face.

Slowly the crowd disappeared until there was no one about anymore. Normally Ron and Hermione would stay behind but now that they know what his true intentions actually are they only help him because they have no choice, the secrecy and loyalty spells made sure of that, they couldn't betray him in any way, at least for the moment. It pained him to see their friendship like this but there was no going back now. What he was planning needed to be done, for the sake of the wizarding world he had come to realise and also for his revenge. His mind was always in turmoil these days, angry at Dumbledore, the ministry and the entire wizarding world. Only those truly loyal to him he cared for these days, all the rest could go to hell and if his plan succeeded hell they would get.

Now that everyone was gone Harry let the room feel his needs and it changed from the large space where they made the preparations for

his plan. It was always divided into several smaller rooms, some working on developing devices, other on blueprints for buildings and some on difficult problems that the wizarding world was trying to solve for years. It was truly amazing what young people can sometimes accomplish when they use their heads and work together. These areas were restricted to some members that weren't trusted as much as others, they were told that it was in case someone accidentally entered the room they wouldn't see everything they were working on. The main part of the room was used for training. If he wanted to go through with this he would need people that were able to fight and fight well enough to be able to beat Death Eaters and even Aurors.

After the changes were made it looked more like the Gryffindor common room but without the colour theme, it probably wouldn't be a good idea to do that with Draco.

"So what do you want to talk about Potter?" Draco asked as Harry sat down into one of the comfortable looking couches while Draco remained standing defiantly.

"Please Draco, there's no one else around, you can call me Harry, and sit down." Harry said the last bit with authority in his voice and Draco sat down, albeit reluctantly.

"I want to talk about the fact that I need to know if I can trust you." Harry said and held up his hands as Draco opened his mouth to respond.

"I know I trusted you enough to accept you into the DA but that doesn't mean I trust you completely and for what I have planned for you I need to be able to trust you completely." Harry explained.

"And what do you have planned for me." Draco asked curiously and also a bit apprehensive.

"Although you don't always show it Draco you have a good and keen mind, you're a good strategist and I've seen you duel, when you train and give everything you have you could give most people a

good run for their money and that's why I want you to become the commander of the soldiers."

"What?" Draco asked bewildered "What do you mean, YOUR soldiers."

"I'm pretty sure you've already figured it out that the DA isn't merely a group that learns new spells and how to duel and that we're not just here to learn how to defend ourselves."

"Yes," Draco said somewhat smugly "I already figured out that wasn't all you're doing here, but what are you planning then, fighting the Dark Lord more actively?"

"I'm not simply planning to fight against Voldemort more actively but going against the ministry and Dumbledore as well."

Draco stared at him for a moment, scrutinizing him and then started laughing, not laughing like he always did when he was making fun of Harry but a true, genuine laugh. Harry didn't think he had ever heard Draco Malfoy laugh like that before and to be honest, he found it a little disconcerting. Draco was laughing quietly in the beginning but soon he was laughing like mad.

"Oh Potter, I've heard a lot of stupid things coming from you but did you actually believe I was about to fall for such a stupid idea, you'll have to come up with something better than that."

"Who said I was joking." Harry said dead serious.

"Oh come on, how do you think you could ever stand up to Dumbledore, Fudge and Voldemort while you are still in Hogwarts where Dumbledore rules, In Great Britain where Fudge rules and where Voldemort can get you easily enough if you openly start defying him." Draco said while he laughed a little more."

"Who told you we were staying in Great Britain?" Harry asked smugly.

“Alright, you can stop now, it’s not funny any more.” Draco said as he composed himself.

“It never was funny, I’m planning to leave Great Britain and start a nation a new nation along with a large part of our fellow students and some of their parents.”

“And where do you think you could start a new nation.” Draco asked sarcastically.

A map of the world appeared on one of the walls. Harry stood up and slowly walked over to it. He took his wand and drew a red circle in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean.

“Right there.” Harry said, indicating the red circle.

“You’ve gone mad potter, there are no islands there, and if there were, they probably wouldn’t be just lying there waiting for someone to start up a new nation.”

“You’re right, that’s way we’re going to create a new island.”

“And how do you plan to do that.”

The map disappeared and a white stretch of wall took its place.

He picked something out of one of his pockets and waved his wand over it, enlarging it again to its original size. It was a desk complete with one of the computers able to run on magic and a projector.

Draco looked a little dumb as he stared at the strange devices like they were something from another planet.

Harry asked the room for a plug and it appeared. He quickly fired up the computer and took a small data crystal from one of his pockets.

“Allow me to show you what we have accomplished.” Harry said as he inserted the crystal into a tiny device sitting on the desk.

“Aren’t you going to make sure that you can trust me completely first before you tell me your plans.”

“No, I’ll do that afterwards.”

“And what if I’m not trustworthy? Are you going to erase the memories, you know that memory spells can be broken.”

“I know, so I won’t use those, I’ll just destroy your mind, leaving nothing behind, you’ll be an empty shell, much like a person who’s been kissed by a dementor.” Harry said dangerously.

Draco swallowed and nodded, acknowledging he had understood but he made no attempt to stand up and leave the room.

Harry waved his hand and Draco’s wand flew into it.

“Hey!” Draco yelled outraged and surprised.

“Just making sure you’re not trying to steal my plans once I’ve shown them to you.”

“Alright, I can see the logic in that but how did you do that.” Draco asked.

Draco’s reaction put Harry at ease that he could trust the Slytherin more than he had thought so he figured it wouldn’t hurt telling him some more.

“Some things happened during the summer and it has caused some changes in my magic, it’s a long story that I’ll tell you some other time, and since then I have become a lot more powerful and I can do some things that are quite advanced, I don’t really know how myself.”

Draco nodded, absorbing the information.

“All right then, let’s begin.” Harry said and some blueprints were projected onto the wall.

“This will be our primary defence in the first weeks, the INIS Missouri...” and so Harry began explaining the rough details of his grand design.

It was about three hours later that Harry finished and Draco was awestruck.

“You came up with all this stuff in the last month and a half?” he asked a bit overwhelmed.

“Not really, I had most of the basic ideas worked out during the summer but about ninety percent of what you’ve just seen has been done in the past month and a half.”

“How is it possible that you got so much done with just students and without Dumbledore knowing.” Draco asked.

“Well, we did get some outside help here and there but surprisingly enough it was mostly thanks to Luna.”

“Lovegood,” Draco asked surprised “Loony lovegood?”

“I wish you wouldn’t refer to her like that, least of all in my presence.” Harry said in a slightly dangerous tone “She might be a little different from the rest of us but she is a clever witch and she comes up with the most fantastic ideas and solutions. That are also the most efficient machines of destruction.” He added as an afterthought “I know,” he said as he saw Draco’s astonished look “I was surprised myself when she first got on the research teams and came up with a dozen solutions in an hour on which we’d been working on for more than a week, she’s our top researcher.”

“I must admit some of these things look very impressive, even if some of them are modified muggle inventions.”

“That will be another thing you will have stop doing, condescending muggles, you’ll have to remember that seventy percent of the people that have joined me so far are half bloods and muggleborns. I think that is the main reason why you are not being accepted as you

should be. I'm not saying you're still doing it like you used to," Harry said quickly as he saw Draco starting to protest "but you have to admit that your reputation is not working in your favour but I can change all that if you become one of my most trusted, one of the Iron Circle."

"But for that to happen you first have to be able to trust me completely, I understand but how exactly are you going to do that, there are of course the loyalty spells and such but even they can be broken with enough willpower." Draco said.

"I think you misunderstand me Draco, I won't force you to do anything, I never force anyone who is on my side nor will I put spells on you that make you do things you wouldn't do of your own free will."

"Then how?"

"I want you to completely lower your mental defences and I mean completely, I can tell if you don't and then I will probe your mind and see who you truly are. Don't worry, I won't look for anything private or embarrassing, I'm not Snape." Harry said "Do you agree?"

Draco was shocked by this, he had been prepared to let himself be put under a loyalty spell or whatever other means that would ensure his loyalty to Harry. To be honest he would rather have a loyalty put on him, Harry gave him a choice which was nice and all but the problem was, he didn't know if he could trust himself to remain loyal. And then there was of course the fact that he had to let Harry into his mind. He was of course prepared to do it if that proved that he was trustworthy but on the other hand Potter would be able to see some things that he was not particularly proud of and even some things that might change Potters mind.

He shook his head in order to clear it of those kinds of thoughts, he had to trust Harry and let go of the image of Potter that had been burned into his mind since their first encounter. They were both different persons now, he wasn't a true Gryffindor anymore, Draco could see that now and neither was he a puppet of Dumbledore anymore.

“Do you refuse?” Harry asked mildly surprised as Draco shook his head, he had of course been expecting it but a part of him had hoped that the Slytherin could see the reason in his plan and help him, he could prove to be a valuable member.

“No,” Draco said immediately “I was merely thinking about my decision and some other things.”

“Take your time.” Harry said and leaned back in his chair.

And then there was of course the issue of his father, how he hated the man, he always preached about blood superiority while he had to bow or be tortured every day, how was he superior. Pure bloods should be equals who ruled over the other classes, or so he had thought a long time but things had changed, Hermione Granger for example, even if he hated to admit it she was superior to him in school and in duelling, if it were a fair fight, and she was a muggleborns. There had been countless other cases over the years and he begun to realise his father had it all wrong, he still thought that he was more in some way, you can't completely deny your upbringing but he had to admit that Voldemort's ideas were wrong. He had thought many times about these things and he had to find a way out of Voldemort's service and then Harry had come along with this madness he called a plan. If he was completely honest with himself he had made his decision the moment Harry had given him the choice.

“I accept.” He said simply.

“Good, I was afraid for a moment there you were refusing.” Harry said as he sat up straight in his chair and stared intently into Draco's eyes.

He felt the push against his shields and lowered them instantly, allowing Harry access to his mind.

Harry was a little surprised about what he found out about Draco Malfoy, he never could've imagined he was such a complicated

person, so many contradicting ideas and views. There was also an incredible amount of loyalty and an almost equal amount of doubt, mainly about himself, and then there was the thing that truly scared Harry. Hate, hate as strong as a force of nature and boundless all directed at one person, Harry suspected something of the kind existed within his own mind as well but he had never dared look for it, although it was not aimed at the same person. He never suspected how much he truly hated his father. He withdrew shortly after that, he didn't want to go any deeper and find out things he rather didn't know, he was satisfied by what he had seen.

Harry broke eye contact and the connection between their minds was broken.

Draco was shivering from feeling the feelings Harry had been looking for.

“So what's the verdict?” He asked as he tried to smile.

“Welcome aboard.” Harry said and extended his hand. The elevator doors opened and they all stormed out, not hesitating, shooting left and right, stunning one person after the other.

They swept through the first three floors with relative ease, there hadn't been that much opposition and the few that did put up a fight were quickly subdued. They had blocked incoming floo travel when they had taken over that floor so now the men in the Atrium didn't need to worry about incoming floo travel. The Apparition and Portkey wards had also been raised, this would of course attract some attention from the outside world but the only way in now was the muggle entrance and that one was covered by his men.

It was on the fifth floor that things started to go wrong.

One of the people there had been able to raise the alarm so now the rest of the building was warned they were coming.

“Damn it.” Harry cursed as he heard the alarms.

“It’s not that big a problem.” Draco said as he approached Harry.

“Maybe not but I had hoped to delay the alarm until we reached the Auror headquarters, I was sure they would be able to raise the alarm but now every wizard capable of fighting will be holed up on the first floor defending Fudge and it won’t be easy taking on the entire Auror department.” Harry said and he switched the empty clip in the gun with a new one.

“You’re right but how are they going to get to the first floor, we’ve disabled the elevators.” Draco said indicating the large chunks of wood conjured to keep the doors open so that the elevators couldn’t leave.

“There has to be another route the Aurors can take in order to get to Fudge, if there ever was an emergency like this one it would be foolish to rely solely on the elevators.”

“You’re right but Fudge isn’t really the smartest of men.”

“He is a fool but when it concerns the general public but when it comes down to protecting himself he is a lot smarter than you think.”

“Maybe you’re right.” Draco said “there’s only one way to find out, the Auror headquarters is the next level so we’ll know immediately if you’re right.”

Harry nodded and they ordered all the men back inside the elevators.

They rose another level and when the door opened they all dove out of the elevators, hitting the floor hard but it was a small price to pay as behind them a dozen spells struck the rear walls of the elevators.

They returned fire immediately, the Aurors had put up a barricade at the end of the corridor where the door to the offices was. The Aurors were hiding behind it and were now shooting spells blindly, not risking looking and exposing their head.

Harry and his men on the other hand had no cover whatsoever and they were now trying desperately to avoid the spells, some were quite nasty. There were the doors on the right side of the corridor but they were all locked. Breaking the doors open would cost a few seconds they did not have at the moment and a loss of concentration. Even if they took cover there they would be pinned down, all the Aurors would have to do then was shower the doorways with spells.

“They’re not using stunners Harry, they cast to kill.” Draco said as he ducked sideways and tried to hit one of the Aurors’ hand, the only thing visible as the wand in it cast spell after spell.

“I know,” he said “switch to Destruct and bring down that barricade, as soon as it is down stun them, kill them if you must.” He yelled.

The moment it took for the men to switch mode on their weapons one of the Aurors poked his head from behind the barrier and shot a spell at Harry.

Blue crackling lightning rushed towards him and he knew it was too late to dodge it.

Time seemed to slow down as he saw the deadly spell speed towards him, he tried to command his body to move, to summon his sword and try and block it, to do something, anything, but it would not respond.

The when the ray was mere moments away from him something large in black clothes appeared in front of him right in the spell’s trajectory.

The spell hit the man in the chest and his entire body was surrounding by blue flashes of light for a tenth of a second and then he continued to drop to the ground.

Time sped up again as the body hit the ground.

Around him red streaks of light rushed towards the other end of the hall blasting away the desks and other furniture of which the barricade was made but Harry didn't care.

All he cared about was the man who had sacrificed his life for him.

"Why did you do that?" Harry asked him, spells fired by the Aurors zoomed past him on all sides but he paid them no attention.

"Because it is our job to protect you, sir, we are supposed to fight for Insania and what it stands for but most of all we fight for you, commander Draco has made that very clear to us." Gregory Conner said, he struggled to speak and his voice was weak, Harry knew what the spell was, it was a heart stopping curse, it send a high amount of current through your body, high enough to kill you almost instantly but what made it a truly nasty curse was the fact that it burned a large part of your organs and muscles, make it almost impossible to restart the heart and Conner had taken it to the chest, it was miracle he was still alive.

"You're not supposed to die for me." Harry said angrily.

"No, but we were prepared to do so all the same because we know you won't let us down, because we know you'll succeed." Gregory said and then his heart stopped beating and he died.

Harry let out an angry roar, so hard his throat hurt but he didn't care, he had been responsible for this man and he had let him down but he would not let another man die, not today.

He slammed his fist down onto the ground, hard enough to crack some of the tiles.

He slowly looked up and Draco, who had been looking at the two men as the Aurors were being pushed back into the office space, was truly afraid when he saw the green fire blazing in Harry's eyes.

He didn't know how it had happened but he had slipped into his Drone-mode so fast he hadn't even realised it. He could feel his body

being fuelled by anger, adrenalin and magic strengthening his muscles and bones making them harder and more solid than steel.

Harry sprung up faster than the eye could see and charged forward, past his own men and towards the door that led to the Auror offices.

Of the barricade nothing remained, just a few scattered pieces of wood, one Auror was bleeding from a deep gash on the side of his head and another was dead, Harry knew this for sure as a large part of his chest was missing and a few others were stunned.

He rushed towards the large oak doors that the Aurors who had fled the onslaught were now desperately trying to close before he reached them.

Harry was only meters away when the door closed and he could hear the locks click but that didn't stop him.

He discarded his weapon and summoned his sword.

When he was right in front of the door he leaped higher than should be humanly possible, his sword appearing in his hand while he did so.

He jumped high enough to reach the ceiling, turning around in mid air so that his feet touched the ceiling.

He pushed a way from the ceiling and towards the door.

His sword lashed out and it pierced the wards protecting the door and went straight through the wood like it was butter.

He dragged his sword downward and diagonally across the door, left to right. He spun around again and landed on his feet, pulling his sword out of the door and he jumped straight up.

He turned around in mid air once more and pushed himself off from the ceiling digging his knife in the upper right corner of the door this time and dragging it down diagonally, right to left.

He landed on his feet again and took a step backwards.

All this had happened in the span of three seconds.

There was no visible damage to the door and the men were baffled, they hadn't exactly seen what had happened since Harry had just been a blur to them.

It was only after a few second that the door suddenly split into six separate pieces with a loud snap and the hinges groaned but none of the pieces fell out and the door remained standing.

Harry picked up his discarded weapon and switched the mode to alternate destruction while leaping a few meters backward.

He opened fire and the powerful destructive magic was unleashed from the gun.

Twenty spheres of destructive energy hit the doors in various places and the segments of the door were blown away, hurled in the Auror Headquarters, the hinges didn't break or weren't ripped from the door, instead four pieces of the wall were ripped from their positions and hurled trough the cubicles, causing large scale devastation.

Harry didn't wait for his men, instead he had already rushed forward as soon as he had pulled the trigger.

He had discarded his weapon again, preferring to use his blade in his current state of mind.

He rushed inside and saw that most of the Aurors had been smart enough to take cover behind the walls next to the door instead of standing in front of it as soon as they had closed it.

Most of them were staring dumbly at the shattered pieces of the door now lying everywhere.

One of them noticed Harry but he was too late as he tried to raise his wand and take aim.

Harry swung his sword in a wide arc, severing the limb just above the elbow.

The arm slowly separated from the rest of the body and fell to the ground, blood spraying from the stump, coating the floor in slippery blood.

But Harry didn't notice, he was already moving on to the next target, the man he had just attacked hadn't even screamed, the cut so clean and fast from his magical blade he didn't even feel the pain yet.

The three other Aurors who had been standing on the right side of the door quickly fell under Harry's blade.

By now the others on the left had noticed him as well and were turning around to face him.

The one nearest to Harry didn't stand a chance sliced through both his legs.

The one behind him he caught with an upward swing, cutting all the way through his torso, starting from the left hip to the right shoulder.

The one standing next to him underwent a similar fate as Harry brought his sword back down and sliced through the man's left shoulder and all the way till he exited the man's chest on the other side just below his right lung and sliced through the man's right arm which had been hanging limply from shock.

He turned around completely and stood still for a moment in an attack pose, only five men remained.

One man standing a good two metres in front of Harry and the other four standing in a semi-circle behind him.

Harry rushed forward, stabbing the first through the chest and giving the sword a deft twist.

He turned the cutting edge of the sword to the side and pushed. Slicing through half the man's chest.

He pivoted on one foot and took a couple of steps forwards, his sword at his side.

He swung his sword in a large arc just grazing the four Aurors' abdomen with the tip of his sword.

The four Aurors that had just had their bellies sliced open clutched at their abdomen trying to stem the flow of blood and preventing their entrails from spilling out as they fell down to the ground in pain.

The Auror missing his arm was wailing non-stop, screaming for help.

The members of the Black Phoenix rushed in and looked around.

They were shocked by the carnage around them.

Blood was everywhere along with limbs and other body parts that weren't meant to lie scattered on the ground.

Draco was repulsed by the sight, he didn't feel emotions in the Drone mode or at least not as strong, only anger and the will to survive and kill.

"Stun the survivors and give them whatever aid you can, then get them out of here." Harry ordered, his current state of mind struggling with the order.

"Harry are you all right." Draco asked a little worried, he was sure Harry would be devastated by such a sight but instead he showed no signs of emotion whatsoever and it scared him, he had never seen Harry in person when he was in his Drone-mode

"I'm fine," he said "get your men into the elevators and wait five minutes before going up to the next level, I'll search for the alternate entrance, there's no way only so much Aurors were in here when we attacked the atrium."

“Don’t you want some support?” Draco asked, he knew Harry wasn’t weak, even without his magic but still he worried about him.

“I’ll be fine, now go. The men need you to guide them, the entrance for fudge’s offices will no doubt be heavily guarded so I’ll attack them from the rear, distracting them while you attack from the front. I don’t need any help when I’m like this, you’d only get in the way.”

Draco nodded, handed Harry the rifle he had dropped earlier and headed back towards the elevators while his men stunned and healed the downed Aurors to the best of their abilities but they would need urgent medical attention.

Harry slung the weapon over his shoulder and headed past the small offices and down the hall he had gone with Arthur Weasley, the way up had to be there.

He turned left and then right and at the end of the hall was the Misuse of Muggle Artifacts Office. Right in front of it stood Arthur Weasley.

“What are you doing here?” Harry asked as he continued to walk forward.

“I knew it would be you that was attacking the ministry, I expected you to figure out that there was another entrance to the Fudge’s offices so you would most likely pass here to look for it. I’m here to try and stop you, there’s no way you can win against the Aurors protecting the minister.” Arthur said resolutely and with determination.

“I can and I will, I have to get Amy, but now that you’re here I have two questions for you.” Harry said and he stopped right in front of Arthur, his gleaming sword still in his hand.

“And what might those be.” Arthur said, his composure slightly faltering as Harry stood before him looking dangerous.

“Where is the other entrance to the first level and where is Albus keeping Ginny?” Harry asked, he had so much more questions but these were the only ones that interested him right now.

“I don’t know.” Arthur said but Harry knew he was lying.

His free hand shot out and grabbed Arthur by the throat.

“I don’t have time for this, tell me or die.” Harry said and put a small amount of pressure on the man’s throat but Arthur refused to answer.

He slowly lifted the man off the ground and increased the amount of pressure.

“I know you Harry, you can’t kill an innocent man in cold blood like this, much less with your bare hands.” Arthur stated, feeling braver than he felt.

“Then I can count myself lucky I have my sword with me, and believe me I could, that red substance on the blade is not paint.” Harry said and put his sword at the man’s throat now.

Arthur gulped, he could smell the blood and knew it was real.

“The other entrance is at the back of the broom cupboard, you just have to touch it with your wand and say the password but I guess that might be a problem in your current condition.” Arthur stated boldly.

“I see you’re aware of current conditions, doesn’t matter.” Harry said and increased the pressure just a little more so that Arthur had trouble breathing “And Ginny?”

“Albus has locked her away somewhere, I don’t know where, because he said she was infected by your magic and was uncontrollable, he is out now to find a cure.” Arthur spat at him.

Harry was enraged further by the explanation Dumbledore had given but he knew Arthur wasn’t lying when he said he didn’t know where she was.

He threw the man down onto the ground hard towards the broom cupboard.

“It did not infect her, merely made her stronger and now she is able to fight him but you wouldn’t be able to see through the pretty words Albus uses but that doesn’t matter now, I’ve got some things to deal with right now, open the entrance.” Harry said and he pointed the tip of his sword at Arthur’s back.

Arthur stood up and entered the cupboard, touching the back wall with his wand and whispering the password so quietly Harry didn’t hear it, it didn’t matter anyway, soon there would be no need for it anymore anyway.”

The wall shimmered and disappeared revealing some stairs leading up.

“Get out of here, go to the elevators and let yourself be stunned by my men , they will get you to safety, it won’t be safe to stay here.” Harry said as he passed Arthur and walked up the stairs “Hurry or they will be gone.”

Harry didn’t look back, he had warned the man, now it was his choice to be saved or not.

The stair took several turns until it finally ended in front of a solid wall.

“He didn’t tell me that.” Harry thought.

A few quick slashes of his sword and the wards were broken, the wall now cut into four neat pieces.

Harry took a step backwards and vanished his sword, taking a large metal cube out of his pocket while doing so.

He threw it up into the air where transformed into a MAG cannon as soon as he said deploy, he didn’t know why that happened, others he to use their wands to make it deploy but he didn’t, he supposed it was because it was imbedded with his magic.

The large weapon dropped down neatly onto his shoulder, a fact that still stunned everyone when he did it, with other people it just formed in their hands and then you had to hoist the thing onto your shoulder which was not an easy feat as the thing weighed thirty kilos with the lightening charms, normally it weighed somewhere around sixty to seventy kilos.

He aimed the monstrosity in the right direction and opened fire.

The bang of the gun going off was increased tenfold in the confined space but Harry didn't let that bother him, the effect the gun had was worth all the discomfort. The rush of air pushed him backward a step or two and dust filled the corridor.

He pressed a button on the side of the gun and it quickly transformed back to a metal cube which dropped neatly into Harry's hand.

He quickly pocketed the metal cube and summoned his sword again while taking his rifle in the other hand.

He rushed forward and jumped through the hole created by the blast which was not as big as he had expected, the wall had been thicker and his blade hadn't been able to through it entirely but it was enough.

Behind it was another corridor with a small door at the end.

He quickly ran towards it while firing his weapon several times. The door was blasted off its hinges and Harry quickly changed the clip in his gun, it wasn't empty but the few seconds it would take him to reload when he ran out might be the difference between life and death, and switched the mode to stun, the weapon used less energy in this mode.

He rushed through the doorway and entered what looked like a conference hall for holding press meetings, he had entered the room on the stage where the minister normally stood when he was addressing the press, it made sense to make this the entrance for the secret passageway, this was the most likely place for assassinations.

He ran across the room to where large double oak doors gave entrance to the next room, Harry expected this to be the entrance hall if the Minister's offices.

He stopped just in front of the door and put his ear against it listening for any kind of noise.

He only heard a few quiet murmurs he assumed were Aurors waiting for him to show up.

He waited for a little while longer until he heard the distinct sound of the elevators coming up.

He silently counted until he knew the elevators were only a few moments away from arriving.

He stepped back and kicked at the door with all his might.

The door flew open with an audible crack of splintering wood as the lock broke, knocking over a couple of Aurors in the process.

He could see the hall now, a large circular space with large round marble columns standing about a metre away from the wall, in the centre floor turned from white marble at the sides to black marble in the centre.

Harry quickly switched modes on his rifle and chose Transport.

He squeezed the trigger and a faint pop was heard as a small round ball made of a strange kind of rubber shot out of a small tube beneath the barrel.

The strange rubber ball flew across the hall and landed on the other side behind the line of columns. The Aurors were now just getting over their shock and prepared to storm the hall. Just as they got past the open doors Harry pushed the transportation button and he disappeared.

It was a feeling he had never felt before, being transported like that, it felt like you were being sucked into a very small tube with great force,

then he was sort of propelled out of the tube and he felt like he was soaring freely through the air at a speed not even jet fighters would think safe, only to be pushed inside a small tube again that appeared out of nowhere and then he was standing back on his feet, albeit a little disoriented, on the other side of the hall while the strange rubber ball lay between his feet.

He quickly picked it up and stuffed it back in its storage place.

The Aurors were rushing into the Conference Hall. To Harry's left was a corridor that presumably led to the elevators, judging from the noise.

A few of the Aurors that had been guarding them came to see what was going on, thinking that the elevators might have been a distraction but the moment the noise of the elevators coming up stopped they were proven wrong as the noise of fighting started.

Harry didn't waste any time, he switched his rifle to stun and opened fire with a hail of small red spheres that zoomed towards the surprised Aurors in the Conference Hall.

More than half were taken out before they realised they were being attacked.

Some turned around to shoot whatever spell came to mind at the intruder but they too were stunned within moments.

The rest of them tried to get out of the hall knowing they would be trapped there if they took cover there so they tried to get past the doors and behind the columns but Harry's careful aim took out most of them.

Only three of four Aurors managed to get behind a column and started to return fire blindly.

Harry quickly ducked behind a column, quickly inserting another clip. Draco would soon be finished taking out the Aurors stationed in the corridor leading to the elevators.

The sound of fighting from the elevators stopped and Harry could hear the heavy thumps of men running towards the hall.

Draco stopped just short of exiting the corridor entirely and saw four Aurors shooting spell at the columns on the other side of the Hall so he ordered his men to flank them.

The Aurors were too surprised to react, they had thought that all the attackers were now in the hall judging from the amount of spells coming their way.

All the Aurors in the hall had been taken out in less than two minutes while they hadn't even got the chance to fire a single spell.

Harry quickly counted those in the hall and taking a rough estimate on the numbers in the corridor he guessed there had been about eighteen Aurors guarding the hall which seemed a too small number for Harry's comfort.

To Harry's right was another set of large oak doors that led to the Minister's offices.

Harry eyed the door suspiciously.

"What do you think?" Harry asked Draco as Draco stopped next to him.

"That it's a trap." Draco said.

Harry nodded in agreement. Just as he was about to reply they heard a muffled shout and the doors burst open. Wave after wave Aurors started rushing towards them, throwing spells left and right.

Harry and some others cursed loudly as they dived sideways and quickly tried to reach cover.

Harry, still in his Drone-mode, found it easy enough to dodge the spells, to him they were moving in slow-motion. He quickly aimed his weapon in the direction of the Aurors and squeezed the trigger.

About a dozen Aurors fell before he came close to one of the pillars, he thought about continuing to dodge for a while and try and shoot some more Aurors but he discarded that idea as the Aurors were now slowly focusing their spells instead of shooting around blindly. He quickly ducked behind the pillar nearest to him.

“What do we do now?” Draco asked as he poked his gun out from behind from behind the pillar and opened fire blindly.

“I don’t know, there’s no use in stunning them now as the others will just revive them.” Harry said and noticed that the stream of spells had lessened somewhat.

“Do you suggest we start killing them?” Draco yelled over the noise and quickly looked sideways as a spell struck the wall in front of him sending pieces of marble flying at high speeds. A few of them struck his face leaving small bleeding wounds.

“No, that’s only as a last resort but unless we think of something quickly it will be our only resort.” Harry yelled back and opened fire in Destruct mode as a spell hit the floor next to him and thick vines tried to restrain him.

The stream of spells lessened some more.

“What are they doing?” Harry asked.

Draco snapped his wrist and his wand appeared in his hand, most of the wands in the weapons were secondary wands, he murmured a spell and a mirror appeared at the tip of his wand.

He used the mirror to peer around the pillar and towards the doors.

“Those bastards are putting up a barrier.” Draco cursed.

“That might actually work in our favour.” Harry said as he shielded himself from some flying debris using his arms.

“How?”

“Simple, you all shower that barrier with explosive spells and I flank them, once I can get close enough they don’t stand a chance against me, it has to happen quickly, I can only keep this up for another thirty five minutes safely and we don’t know what other obstacles we might encounter.” Harry said.

“Good idea, but how do we inform the rest of our men that are on the other side of the hall?” Draco asked. When the initial barrage of spells had been fired the members of the Black Phoenix had fled to the side of the Hall that was closest.

“That isn’t the problem, they can’t approach us from the back since the elevators are still blocked so we can just sneak around to the other side and if that is too dangerous well just transport ourselves over.” Harry said, indicating the gun.

Draco nodded and prepared to tell the orders to the rest of the men on this side of the hall when another wave of Aurors started shooting spells at them but this time it came from the direction of the corridor leading to the elevators.

“Damn it.” Draco cursed.

“It looks like there is another secret passage to the elevators.” Harry shouted over the noise of the barrage of spells.

He made a gesture and Draco understood what he wanted and handed over his wand with the mirror.

“O no you don’t.” Harry growled as he saw them trying to put up a barricade from desks and other bulky but strong wooden furniture.

He quickly discarded slung his weapon over his shoulder and picked the metal cube out of his pocket again.

Seeing the object Draco quickly screamed at his men to prepare for the explosion.

Harry quickly deployed the weapon and prepared himself for what was probably one of the most reckless things he had ever done, which was saying something if you looked at the events he had gone through.

He jumped up from his crouched position and walked towards the wall, the back of the gun against it.

He ran forwards, jumping high enough to jump over the dozen spells launched at him.

He quickly twisted in the air so that he could aim the bulky gun at the piece of wall above the Aurors, the barricade was now complete and the doors had been closed, Harry guessed they were trying to put up a shield, not that it would do them any good with the weapons Harry and his men had at their disposal.

He fired the weapon, the backfire throwing him off balance.

The projectile hit the wall as he had intended it to and a large section of the wall was utterly destroyed, debris flew everywhere and a few larger pieces of wall came loose and tumbled down, crushing two and wounding another few Aurors.

Harry landed painfully on his backside but he hardly felt it, he used his legs push himself off the ground and made a backwards somersault and land on his feet. He had no time to care about the dizziness he felt and ran towards the corridor leading to the elevators, desperately dodging spells, not an easy feat with a thirty kilo piece of weaponry on your shoulder.

He saw an opening and dove forward, he knew this was going to hurt, even in his current state of mind.

He grabbed a metal bar with a rubber coating at the front of the gun just beneath the barrel and twisted, this was the second support the soldiers used when handling the gun, he was the only one to almost never use it. The bar bent and could now be used as a handle.

In his current position, flying forward, he could not let the gun rest on his shoulder so he had to take it off his shoulder and just use both his arms.

He fired and this time the backfire slowed him down enough to crash down on the ground painfully, face first.

The projectile in the meantime rushed towards its goal, namely the ceiling of the corridor.

The ball of energy exploded, the blast wave causing Aurors to fly in all directions, those closest to the blast or standing right under it were simply torn to shreds.

The ones fortunate enough to take cover behind the barricade came out mostly unscathed, the blast had pushed the desks and other furniture a little forwards but it had prevented them from being blown away.

Harry didn't risk lying still any longer or taking any more time so he abandoned the MAG cannon, summoned his sword and took his rifle in the other hand.

He rushed forward, ignoring the bodies that had been blown over the barricade. There were no spells coming from in front of him so he didn't have to worry about those but a few of the Aurors were trying to hit him, the amount of dust in the air and the chaos his attack had provoked didn't help their aim.

He quickly closed the distance to the barricade and jumped over it, the muzzle of his weapon flashing red as he stunned Auror after Auror, they were all too dazed to retaliate. The two that did manage to raise their wands quickly found them cut in half and themselves stunned a moment later. Harry didn't want to spill blood here, his men would have to take cover here.

He quickly scanned the corridor, looking for remaining enemies there but he found none and saw that his shot had done exactly what he had meant it to do, collapse part of the ceiling, effectively blocking the way.

The members of the Black Phoenix, seeing what he had done, quickly got the idea and began to make their way over to him.

He made his sword disappear, picked his cell phone from his pocket and dialled the number of one of the two men downstairs.

His call was answered immediately.

“Sir?” the man asked.

“We have lost the elevators for the moment, remain vigilant and shoot everything that comes down before I call you again.” Harry ordered, they needed no explanation, there was no time.

He quickly put the phone back and rummaged through his pocket.

He drew out a second rifle and admired how handy those expanded pockets with their feather light charms were before he focused again on his current objective and switched both rifles to Destroy.

He jumped up and opened fire with both weapons at the opposite side of the hall, providing cover for his men.

He kept firing until both ammo clips were empty, the one a lot sooner since the other since he hadn't changed it after taking over the Aurors' cover.

Not a single spell had been fired from the other side while he had done so and as he ducked behind the upturned desks and other furniture he saw that all his men had made it to safety.

He found it strange that there had been no return fire although his barrage of destructive energy might have had something to do with that.

Both rifles were starting to get uncomfortably hot so he laid them down on the ground to cool of.

One of his men wordlessly handed him his spare as he put one of the guns Harry had laid down in his own pocket.

Draco quickly drew his wand again and made the mirror appear.

He used it to peek over the barrier.

At first he couldn't see anything due to the dense cloud of dust stirred up by Harry's assault.

When he was finally able to see something as the dust settled he scowled.

“They managed to put up a strong shield it seems, and just in time, it appears that they haven't suffered any losses and their barricade is still intact, a pretty powerful shield.” Draco assessed. Head Auror Lain Dorian smirked satisfied as the barrage of magic stopped and the shield still stood strong.

They had done it, even if it had been a close call they had succeeded. They now had a strong fort that would protect them, at least for now, he didn't know if the shield could withstand a few blasts from that weapon the boy had used to blow up a piece of the wall, despite the casualties they were now in the stronger position, they were even using the chunks of the wall to fortify their barricade.

He had scowled in the beginning, the plan had been for the few men posted in the hall to slow the intruders down, the ones posted at the elevators were meant to be defeated, they had just been for show and to boost the intruder's confidence that they could take them easily but the enemy had been smarter than that, they enemy was supposed to storm into the Hall and then be pinned them by the Aurors in the Hall for a little while, then the men in the hidden passageway leading to the elevators would storm out and so would they and then the enemy would've been pinned down but instead they had been defeated and driven back without any losses to the other side.

It didn't matter now, there was no way they were going to get past him. The corridor collapsing was not what he had planned but at least it prevented the enemy from taking the passageway.

Now that his shield was in place and his defence established he felt cocky and stood up, showing himself to the enemy now that the dust had started to settle down.

He saw one of the men that had been on the team supposed to defend the other side approach him out of the corner of his eye but he dismissed him with a hand gesture.

"Member's of Insania's Army," his voice boomed through the corridor as everything was now quiet but for a few hushed whispers "surrender, we have you pinned down. You cannot defeat or get past us, not now."

"Our name is the Black Phoenix and we don't agree with your statement." Someone yelled from the other side of the hall.

"Oh, is that so, and how do you suppose you are going to bring down our shield and overrun our position." He mockingly yelled.

"Like this." The other voice yelled and all the members of the Black Phoenix stood up and opened fire simultaneously.

Small forest green spheres shot from the muzzles of their weapons and united as one giant sphere which flew towards them.

Some Aurors fired spells at it but the sphere simply absorbed them. The Head Auror ducked and yelled the order to fire at will.

The sphere had by now attached itself to the shield and began to pulse while growing larger and larger. The members of the Black Phoenix ducked again as soon as they had fired.

"Lethal force is allowed as of now, do all that you must in order to survive." Harry said as he waited for the popping sound and the crack

of the energy stones that were holding the shield up. That was his cue to jump over their own barricade and run along the wall of the hall, behind the pillars and storm the enemy, taking them by surprise.

It would have to happen fast, his men knew it was futile to open fire while the shield was up but it would have to come down fast since their barricade was rapidly being reduced to splinters by the barrage of spells from the Aurors.

“What is that thing?” Lain demanded as he saw the energy stones pulsing, they were lucky to have these, not many of them existed, they were ancient artefacts made by Elves. Wizards weren’t capable of making such things, they never discovered how to do it. Sure they could create wards by using focuses and things like that but they could not imbed power into an object and then use that object for a specific purpose on command.

The stones were becoming hot and pulsed dangerously as their energy was drained rapidly.

“We don’t know sir but it is bringing down our shield, fast.”

A loud crack and a pop was all he heard as the four stones exploded and threw him of balance and against the barricade.

Harry heard the crack and took off, jumping over the barrier and running at speeds that were unhealthy for his body as he felt his muscles protest.

He ran along the wall, as he passed the space between two pillars he saw that his men had started to return fire while the other side didn’t cast spells anymore the discharge from the focuses must’ve knocked them off their feet.

As he passed the next gap he saw a single sickly green beam head towards his side of the hall but he had no time to see if it had struck anyone, he could only hope it had not.

He was approaching the enemy fast and nobody was looking in his direction.

He jumped over the makeshift barricade, opening fire with his weapon spraying blood and gore everywhere as the explosive machine did what it was designed to do, take out the enemy.

He was moving faster than he ever had before, slashing with his sword blindly, not caring what he hit as long as it died, and fast. He would not let more of his men die for him if he could help it.

As soon as he started slaughtering the enemy the fire from the other side of hall stopped and the soldiers knew that the battle was over, Harry had reached the enemy, they were beaten.

It took Harry about twenty seconds to finish of the enemy, a few of them had managed to fire of a curse but he had been to fast for them, body parts were scattered everywhere, the floor tainted red from the gallons of blood he had spilled.

He stood in the centre, panting heavily, he finally let himself slip out of the Drone-mode. He could feel the fatigue slowly seeping into his consciousness, he might need it again so it wouldn't be a good idea to remain like this.

As he got back into his normal mindset and the world stopped being grey with green blue and red mixed in it his sense of smell returned and he could feel the particular smell of blood entering his nostrils.

He quickly clamped down on the feelings that threatened to overwhelm him as he surveyed the scene around him.

He slowly looked around, he could almost not believe he could kill so mercilessly while he used his Drone-mode, there were women amongst the slain, it made him afraid but a small part of him knew he had done what had been necessary, it was time to let his noble Gryffindor slip a little and act more like a leader and a ruthless defender of his country, those inhabiting it and those dear to him.

He heard a cough and quickly turned toward the sound.

One man was still alive.

“Great job Potter, I truly didn’t believe you were gonna beat us.” Lain Dorian said, wheezing. Harry saw a deep cut in his side, blood flowing out in a steady torrent.

“I wouldn’t if I didn’t have to.”

“If you didn’t have to,” Lain said and tried to laugh but instead he started coughing, blood lying from his mouth “was it absolutely necessary to attack us then.”

“Yes it was.” Harry said firmly, he was not about to be put down, they had held Amy in their cells, they could’ve released her, even if it was a single person, it was a good reason.

“The girl you ‘captured’” he drawled.

Lain did not show any outward reaction but he knew they had not captured her.

“Was a single girl worth all this, I’m sure you have lost at least one man.” He said.

“She’s part of my family and a member of our society but that is not the only reason we are here but you will probably not be around to see what the other reason is.” Harry spat at him.

Lain didn’t answer, he glared a few more moments at Harry and then his eyes unfocused and his breathing stopped.

“Everything alright Harry?” Draco asked as he approached Harry. He hadn’t even noticed Draco jumping over the barrier.

“No, but now is not the time, we have a mission to complete.” Harry said determinedly

“Come, Fudge’s offices are just beyond the doors.” Draco said, indicating the large double oak doors.

“I believe you lost this sir.” One of the men said as he handed Harry a metal cube.

“Thank you, any losses on our side.” Harry asked.

“Collins sir, he got hit by a killing curse.” The man replied.

Harry nodded, another one that died partly because of him, was it all worth it.

Harry shook his head to clear himself from these thoughts.

He swung the rifle onto his back and gripped his sword firmly in both hands.

The rest stood behind him, weapons ready to open fire as soon as the door fell.

Draco nodded, indicating that they were ready.

He ran at the door full speed, allowing his mind to slip a little part into Drone-mode, feeling the power ripple through his muscles.

He leaped at the door, his sword above his head.

He swung his sword downward, once again the sword pierced through the wards like they were not even there.

A few quick slashes later and another door was ready to fall.

A few short burst of fire from his men and the door collapsed backwards.

What lay behind them was not what they had expected.

They had expected an ambush, more Aurors, something to hinder them but instead they found an empty peaceful corridor.

Harry entered first, his sword in one and rifle in the other, the other followed closely behind.

Harry aimed his rifle at the door at the end of the corridor, a large ornate oak door with gold lettering informing them that it was the minister's office.

The others all took aim at different doors, and when there were no doors left to aim at a blank stretch of wall where a hidden passageway might be located.

One was pretty clear as it appeared that the men who were supposed to attack them from behind had forgotten to seal it again when they had retreated or it could be that the remaining Aurors and office workers had used the passageway to flee to the elevators and escape, they would be surprised when they got down to the Atrium.

They advanced slowly and cautiously.

There were three doors on each side of the corridor, when they passed one they would quickly check inside and look for Aurors but all of them were empty confirming Harry's suspicions about them fleeing. The thought that the minister had fled crossed Harry's mind but it would have been futile since Harry's men in the atrium would've stunned him then, and they would've called him by whould that be the case.

Finally they had crossed the entire length of the corridor and they were standing in front of the door leading to their target.

Cornelius Oswald Fudge

Author notes: I'm sorry it took this long to write this chapter but something always slowed me down, I had written about half the chapter when I suddenly decided I didn't like it and then started from scratch again but it's done now and I'm glad. Reviews are still very welcome, I can't help notice that I've received more reviews than for the last chapter than any other, maybe I should wait this long to post another chapter more often (quickly ducks out of the way of a dozen spells launched his way, non lethal but certainly painful) just kidding. Reviews are still very welcome, I'm not going to tell you it speeds up

writing because it's a lie, it only motivates the writer to write more often. My yahoo group is still open for anyone who wants to join, the link is on my bio page. 'Till next chapter, may it be sooner than this one. I'm also looking for a second beta reader, if anyone is interested just let me know in a review.

Thanks to my beta reader Lordvitoris

Review responses:

Ranger Dragen: now that you mention it, they have joined Harry, forgot about that, to be honest I'm not that proud of the first five chapters and certainly not about some things I used in the story in the beginning, I did just to get them out of the way actually but now that I remember they might make an appearance, I should start writing this all down in my notebook, it's becoming too much to remember all of it. The Dursleys have been floating around for some time, but something always gets in the way of bringing them up, I've changed the title of the last two chapters at the end since the event to which the title referred wasn't included in the chapter and it was supposed to be, but it will be in the next chapter, and believe me, it will be a blast. He is certainly more powerful, if Harry was the most powerful the story but be over rather quickly, now wouldn't it. The founders are bound to Hogwarts and another room that Harry left behind without knowing it, that's why they are a little pissed.

bill560682: you have such an imaginative spirit, I can see your story already. One day Harry decided to make a sword and kill Dumbledore with it. The end. A story is supposed to have complications if everything always works in your favour there is no fun to it. The money idea, not bad only that it has not been proven to the ministry that some are Death Eaters and that it is then considered murder, you know, a crime and where is the fun in this one.

justanotherfan756: you need to have some opposition on all sides capable of standing against you, keeps you sharp and focused.

Guardian Dimension: well I hope to see them now and I know what you mean about the thing crashing and then you don't particularly feel like writing another long review and thank you, I like unique.

critic unknown: sorry about that but it doesn't last, I bloody well can't tell you that in the beginning, that would ruin most of the surprises.

Star Spellsprite: there might be one but the only thing keeping me from creating one is that it would get too complicated and it is very advanced muggle technology, lots of electronics and such and while they have made computers on magic avionics is another matter entirely.

read-on: a lot, but he's not more powerful.

karone-sakura: I try but sometimes it just drags on and the you can't seem to find the right words, I've taken some advice from exiled rain on this, only write when inspiration hits you, there is nothing uglier than forced writing.

sugargirl16: something might happen but I'm still not sure what, with whom, how, etc. a lot of ideas and a difficult choice.

Jarno: you can't rely on only your strong points, the weaker ones can help you as well.

RainSeaker: that'll have to wait 'till next chapter, not quite sure on it either, he probably will but it won't be that simple.

5HAD0W: I stop where I can annoy you all the most and when the length is long enough for my standards.

Confused: I'm not biased against her, I just used her like this in this fic, in my other fic it might turn out otherwise when I finally get around to continue it, which I will.

Telamon: two words, IMAGINATION and FANFICTION. You're allowed to write anything you want here, we even got HP/LOTR crossovers, crossovers with gundam, anything is allowed here, why don't you people get THAT.

Imakeeper: no, sorry to disappoint you.

john1234: yes he will become powerful, I need that to happen, or else there will be no fun writing the part where Harry beats him (I should not have said that, meh, you all know it will happen eventually but I didn't tell you how it will happen).

Bellashade: happened in one of the previous chapters, don't remember which.

Thanks to everyone else who has reviewed:

bandgsecurtiyaw

The end of the beginning

Cornelius Fudge looked at the door in fright as the sound of something smashing against the wards on his door echoed in the office, something strong and powerful but not powerful enough to breach the wards, he knew they were strong wards, they had cost enough. Goblin magic didn't come cheap but it was money well spent he thought as the wards held up, none of the previous ones had been able to stand against the attackers it seemed as they were now standing just a dozen meters away from him. And yet he was still afraid, he wasn't a very brave man.

"Will you stop fidgeting for at least two minutes?" Mad Eye Moody growled as he looked at the portly man with a slight hint of distaste, throwing a look at the lime green bowler hat in the man's hands which looked a bit worse for wear at the moment.

"How can you be so calm when the enemy is standing just outside that door?" the man whined piteously.

"Because he hasn't gotten through yet and he did get though the other door without much effort, I saw it." He said and tapped his steel blue eye with his wand. The minister shuddered a little, the way he did it so casually like it was normal having an eye like that, and then he remembered what the eye was capable of.

"That's right," he said "you can see them, who is it, is it him?" he asked fearfully.

"Yep, it's him and he's probably come to get his revenge." Moody said casually. Fudge paled to the point where white was a dark colour.

"He is coming for me," Fudge started babbling "he is coming for me, the Dark Lord has finally come for me, he's going to take control of the ministry and I'll..." he was interrupted by Moody giving a barking laugh.

"What's so funny, he will kill you too, the Dark Lord has no mercy for those who oppose him." Fudge shrieked shrilly.

“He may be Dark but he is no lord and certainly doesn’t call himself that, no, it’s not Voldemort, it’s a dark haired young man who’s come to get something that belongs to him.” Moody said, his normal eye looking at Fudge while his other stared at the door.

“It’s Potter,” Fudge cried incredulous “thank the merciful heavens. Oh, this is a good day, imagine tomorrows headline when we catch the boy who lives.” Fudge said gleefully as he took his wand out of his pocket.

Moody rolled his eyes, one normally but the other spun around entirely.

“Fool, the thought of Voldemort alone makes you piss your pants while the thought of Harry Potter makes you think of a good publicity stunt, he’s not a spoiled brat Fudge, he wouldn’t have gotten past all those Aurors if he was, even in his current condition, I hope Albus is right and he won’t regain his powers for a long time because if he has already I won’t stand a chance against him but at the moment it doesn’t seem like he will be able to get through these wards. Doesn’t matter, if that buffoon has his way we’ll probably storm out in an attempt to try and capture the boy. We’d be dead before the doorknob was even turned all the way, the moment he starts turning the knob the wards are deactivated.

“Stop.” Moody ordered as the foolish man approached the door, an eager expression on his face.

“What?” fudge snarled as he whirled around.

“Something’s happening,” Moody explained “hmm, haven’t seen one of those before.”

“What is it?” Fudge demanded.

“I don’t think it might be wise to go out there just now, Potter’s trying out one of his toys.” Moody said just as a massive boom was heard

on the other side of the door which made everything in the room shudder slightly.

“God damn it, be destroyed.” Harry yelled above the noise of the guns going off and the sound of explosions.

The two MAG cannons on his shoulders were firing of one bullet after the other, the backfire giving Harry’s shoulders a violent shove every time they did, his men had winced the first few times but they were getting used to it, all of them had fired one of the monstrosities at one point in their training and all of them had sworn never to use one again unless the situation required it. There had been more than one person that had been carried of to the infirmary with a dislocated shoulder the first day they had trained with the things.

“Do you think he’s almost vented his frustration.” One of the men asked Draco, yelling loud enough to be heard above the noise.

“Don’t think so, he’s pretty upset right now, the key to his daughter is right behind that door and he can’t get there.” Draco said, his face blank, as if he didn’t want to show his emotions.

Harry’s yell of anger rose above the noise as shell after explosive shell was hurled at the door that was the only thing separating him from the man that held the key to his daughter’s freedom, he knew there were Aurors as well that knew the password and exact location to the holding cells but it would’ve taken too long to ask them which Auror and then find him and capture him alive.

The guns clicked empty, he was breathing heavily and his shoulders were burning with pain from the backfire but he hardly noticed this, he was seething at the flimsy piece of wood that wouldn’t budge.

The corridor was quiet as the dust slowly settled.

Harry looked at the door intently, scanning for any damage. He saw none on the door itself, the walls on the side were scorched from the heat but the wall around the door was still in pristine condition, or so it looked. After a few seconds a small piece of the wall came lose, not

much larger than a galleon. Harry's eyes widened in realization and a feral grin spread across his face.

"I should've known, the door is very heavily warded but the walls around it aren't as strong, fool." He cursed as much at himself as the minister.

He let the heavy guns fall to the ground, he didn't bother with returning them to their more practical state for carrying them, there would be time for that later, right now he had an appointment with the minister.

"Get away from the door, I don't know what's happening but Potter has something up his sleeve." Moody warned.

"What could the boy possibly do, he hasn't gotten through the wards yet and those explosions stopped so we can go out and attack him now." Fudge said arrogantly, he didn't even notice the shimmer of steel flashing three times around the door.

Moody's normal eye widened and he ducked, yelling for Fudge to do the same.

The man's quick reactions weren't really all that good so he was not in time to get down and he was thrown halfway across the office and smacked against the wall with his head banging against the wall, hard, and was knocked unconscious by the blast that caused the door and a section of the wall flying inwards, over the desk, and against the opposite wall with such force it made the wall crack.

"That felt GOOD." Moody heard someone yell from the corridor, he couldn't quite identify who, his ears were buzzing from the noise. He didn't get up but crouched instead, some people might think it was difficult for him with his wooden leg but that was just appearances, in reality the leg acted much more like a real one than the wooden outlook betrayed. He quickly stunned Fudge and put him in a full body bind.

"This confrontation with Potter I'm about to have is going to be a tense one and some of the things that are going to be discussed

aren't for anyone else's ears but ours, besides, he would only get in the way." Moody thought as he contemplated on what to do next.

He heard something heavy fall to the ground, metal on stone, he noted and then heard several pairs of footsteps approach the office, ..., hole.

Harry approached his newly created entrance and smiled, in a few moments, he would have Amy back and get his revenge on one of the persons responsible for keeping her away from him.

He approached the hole and saw Fudge lying unconscious on the ground, which gave some satisfaction but he still tightened the grip on his sword's handle, there was something wrong here.

He suddenly took a swipe at something with his sword and a spell bounced off it and crashed into the wall to his right.

"Stay out of this." Harry growled at his men and Draco, he knew now that there was someone inside and he hadn't thrown that curse for the sake of hitting Harry but for testing his reflexes since it hadn't been aimed at him but a little to the right, it also didn't look like a wild shot since they would've used something more destructive like a blasting curse rather than a stunner, he also hadn't seen anyone poke their heads around a piece of furniture so there was a large possibility he knew who was in here.

"Alastor 'Mad Eye' Moody?" Harry asked.

"You have good reasoning skills Potter, It's me." Came the reply.

"Are you here on Dumbledore's orders and if so, why are you defending that incompetent thing some people call the minister." Harry called, he didn't move, he knew it was pointless, Moody could see through anything as far as he knew and there weren't many places to take cover anyway.

"Nope, haven't heard from Dumbledore when it came to my being here, he left this morning on a secret mission, he said he had some

urgent business to attend to, I thought it might be looking for a location to start a new Hogwarts but I don't truly believe that. I'm here because the ministry demanded me to be here and I couldn't refuse because I knew it would either be you or Voldemort, in case it was Voldemort I would've probably gotten this fool out of here a long time ago, he may be a fool but Dumbledore can still manipulate him enough sometimes to get something done for our side, although the same can be said about Lucius Malfoy." Moody said and threw another spell at Harry which he sidestepped "Good reflexes by the way, better than that over there, against the wall." Moody remarked.

Harry knew it was meant to distract him and make him look so he didn't, he was contemplating on what to do next, he didn't have a weapon with the purpose to stun or disarm, only his razor sharp blade which was still coated in blood, just a speck here and there but it was enough to remind him what he had done, but he didn't want to kill this man, he hadn't done anything wrong to him, not yet anyway.

"Surrender, Alastor Moody, you are outnumbered and outgunned, I have no wish to harm you but I know you are a capable duellist, if you wish to fight me, then come out and duel with me." Harry said.

"The boy has a sharp mind." Moody thought as Harry didn't look at fudge. Then he heard the offer and thought about it "I could try and fight him but to what purpose, I'm here more out of curiosity than anything else, I'm not interested in fighting him, I was more interested in his techniques, Dumbledore will be surprised when he hears what I have to tell him."

He threw his wand over the desk he had been hiding behind.

"And the other one." Harry said.

Moody grumbled something but did as he was told.

"Now stand up slowly, don't try anything, even if you manage to take me out, those behind me will probably get you." Harry warned and he slowly stood up.

“Alright, I have surrendered, better write that down, it’s the first time I’ve ever done so, what are you planning to do now?” Moody asked.

Harry said nothing, he didn’t need to as a stunner passed narrowly over his right shoulder and slammed into Moody, a nice shot from one of Harry’s men.

“Draco, come here.” Harry said over his shoulder and Draco entered “Put him in a full body bind and wake him up, I have something to say to him.” He explained, his voice cold and hard as steel.

“I didn’t want to kill you because I need you to deliver a message to Dumbledore.” Harry said as he looked down at the Auror, now petrified but awe of his surroundings.

“When he pulled off that little stunt of his I went into a coma that lasted for a month but during that time I was quite awake if trapped inside of my own mind, don’t ask me how or why, I don’t know. The thing is that I have learned a lot during that time, mostly about myself but also about my body and my magic, I can manipulate my mind, some parts of my body and once that block on my magic is gone, even my magic, at my own free will and once that has happened I’ll come for Ginny as soon as I find that old bastard and make sure that he’ll never be able to practice magic again even if I have to rip the magic from his very soul and it will happen, even now I can feel my magic hammering against that stupid block on the other side where I can’t reach it but it is desperate to get back to me. I hope he will prepare because he will not stand a chance against me otherwise, at the moment I hate him as much as Voldemort, he harmed my family and friends and for that he will pay.” Harry said as he loomed dangerously over the Auror.

“Take that buffoon out of here and down to level nine,” he ordered Draco “and you, take him over here down to the Atrium and get him out of here.” Harry said, facing his men and indicating Moody.

One of them gave a quick affirmative and levitated Moody out of the office while Draco levitated Fudge out.

Harry looked around the office, seeing if there was anything in it that was worth investigating.

“Simmons,” he said “shrink every cabinet in here and take it with you, there might be something useful in them that we can use against them.”

The man in question did as he was told.

He briskly strode out of the office and past his men, all of whom followed him without a word being said.

They walked back towards the elevators through the secret passageway and came out on the other end of the collapsed part of the corridor that led to the entrance hall, one of the Aurors had apparently survived the collapse and was trapped beneath the rubble with his legs, his colleagues had been hurrying to get to the other side and back to the fight that would be their doom instead of helping the man.

The man was not screaming in pain or asking for help, instead he was glaring hatefully at Harry and his men.

Harry glared back and the man's gaze faltered a little, Harry was in no mood to play games and his expression at the moment frightened even his own men, they sincerely hoped nobody would be foolish enough to get in his way as he was only minutes apart of freeing Amy.

“What,” Harry snapped at the man as he did not avert his gaze but continued to glare “did I insult your mother or something.”

“The Dark Lord will get you Potter,” the man said in the most hateful voice imaginable “he has been very angry and agitated since you disrupted his plans back on Insania and has been punishing us around the clock but he has discovered new ways to destroy you, it won't take long from now before he finds you and kills you.”

“Oh, you're one of his supporters,” Harry said with a malevolent grin “and here I was thinking this day couldn't get any better. If he is so

mighty then why doesn't he come and get me right now, he knows where I am, I'm always at home, back at Insania that lasted an entire month against him under siege and wiped out a large part of you, without my help I might add."

"Yes, I know, I was there, I was the only survivor of the younger Death Eaters so he made me an elite, the fact that I was an Auror and could easily spy around here as one of the minister's guards helped as well. I saw what those monsters of you did in the entrance hall and how your men slaughtered us while making our way across the ground without us having a chance to fight back." He snarled, apparently he was losing blood since he was slowly turning very pale.

"You're accusing me of unfair warfare," Harry yelled incredulously "while your so called master attacks unarmed muggles and helpless muggleborns in their sleep, your master who unleashed a demon so powerful it would've killed him without my intervention, the master who has time and again tricked me, a young and untrained wizard, into situations where he had the upper hand in order to kill me and failing instead of facing me outright."

"Insania was an attack where you had the upper hand." The man said.

"I was in a coma for over two weeks and he knew it when he attacked." Harry snarled.

"It doesn't matter, the master will kill you." The man said as if it was a fact or he merely did not have the energy to give it any emotion any more as he died a few moments later.

"What is it with these fools," Harry asked no one in particular "why do they follow him blindly when he is so notably evil, are there truly so many people with an evil side on this world that he can gain so many followers."

"The same can be said about you." Draco said as he came back from putting Moody in an elevator.

“What do you mean?” Harry asked.

“I don’t know if you’ve noticed but there are people following you blindly as well and a lot of them, are you so notably good then, you’ve done some things that you’re not proud of as well. Like today, you can ask if there are still that many people with a good side as well since sometimes it doesn’t look that way.” Draco said.

Harry looked at him strangely.

“I’m not justifying their actions, I’m just trying to make you understand the enemy better, in a way they are just the same as us, convinced of their right and our wrong, look at these men,” Draco said and with a broad sweep of his hand indicated the men listening attentively around the two of them “they’ve seen you kill today, they’ve seen you use brutal ways to kill people and all of that for a single girl. I know,” he said and stopped Harry from making a comment “she’s nearly family but you put the life of many men on the line for freeing her and one of us was killed for it and yet we don’t blame you for it, we still follow your command unless it is unreasonable, which it never is, and although I admit that we did it not only to get Amy out, assaulting this place, it was the primary goal of this mission.” Draco explained.

“Perhaps you’re right, perhaps I’m no better than them.” Harry sighed, thinking about the people he had killed today.

“I didn’t say that,” Draco added hastily “you don’t make people follow you out of fear, people trust you, you’re fighting for the good of the planet, Voldemort fights for his own ideology.”

“But how do we know what we are doing is for the good of the world,” Harry asked “how do we know we will not become a ruling nation that oppresses those too weak to stand up to us.”

“Because we’re like them, only that we’ve united under one banner, except you, you have more power than ever imaginable at your disposal, the entire nation runs on your energy and yet you are the

same as us, even you couldn't fight this war without our support and besides, I think defeating Voldemort and overthrowing the corrupt government in the end couldn't be anything else than for the good of the world." Draco said with conviction.

"I don't know anymore Draco, I'll continue fighting but I never expected there to be so much death on my account, at least not on this side of the war." Harry said with resignation.

"They played dirty first, we're just returning the favour." Draco said.

"But that's no way to bring peace around, you kill a man and then his family is angry at you and strikes back, or in this case the country fights back, and then your side fights back again and the cycle continues on and on, do we really have to fight until there are enough people killed on one side for them to surrender, do we really have to kill so many people." Harry yelled frustrated.

Draco blinked in surprise, he had never looked at it that way.

"You're right," Draco said after a few moments of thought "we can't win this war like that, we wouldn't be able to live with ourselves anymore, at least I wouldn't anymore. But what other options do we have?" Draco asked after a few moments of silence "Neither side will surrender or will even speak with us at this time, they will never agree whatever we offer or demand, I realise we can't win this way, neither side can with so many casualties but what other option do we have, we can't surrender, we are at war, we chose to be at war with Fudge and the ministry when we left, I know we didn't with America but that can't be helped, they feel threatened by our superior forces and Fudge is just being Fudge, whoever doesn't follow his rule is an enemy, I see no other way than to fight and kill our enemies, we can stun as many as we want but that doesn't mean they won't fight against us anymore or come over to our side, they'll just try to get us again the next time we fight them, we can't stun them forever, eventually they'll get us down, what other option do we have, today was an exception, just to show the world we're not heartless killers but other times more people will be killed, those are the facts. What do you think we should do instead?" Draco demanded.

“I don’t know,” Harry said regretfully with a saddened expression “I just don’t know.”

“But now is not the time to dwell on that,” Harry said suddenly, his mood replaced by determination to free Amy, his expression fierce and unyielding “we have a mission to complete.”

Harry took his cell phone and called the men in the atrium, making sure everything was alright and notifying them they were coming down, or else there might be a case of friendly fire.

After a few moments of talking Harry hung up again.

“All clear.” He said simply.

Everyone nodded and piled into the elevators, removing the wooden blocks while doing so, apparently the surprise attackers hadn’t taken the time to do so, the argument postponed for now and every one present something to think about, after they returned to the base of course.

“Down to the atrium. Three, two, one, go.” Harry yelled, making sure they all departed at the same time, should the atrium be overrun when they got there they had a good chance of fighting back as the enemy would be confused by all the elevators arriving at the same time.

The elevators stopped at the Atrium and the two men quickly got into one of the elevators, taking their cargo with them.

Harry repeated the order to descend to level nine.

They arrived a few moments later, adrenaline pumping through their veins, not knowing what kind of resistance might be waiting for them on this level.

They quickly filed out and took stock of the situation, there were no other people around, nobody was firing at them so they were safe for

now but a few of them kept a careful eye on the plain black door at the end of the hallway and the almost unnoticeable path leading down to courtroom ten.

The men quickly got the device out of the elevator and Fudge as well.

Harry gave a signal with his hand and his men groups together and quickly discussed how they were going to handle the situation, after a few moments they broke apart and took positions

“Wake him up.” Harry ordered, his voice cold as steel.

One of the men viciously kicked Fudge in the guts but there was no response of course.

“Forgot he was stunned.” The man merely shrugged at Harry’s gaze and Harry shrugged as well a moment later.

“Nice invention, steel tipped shoes, didn’t feel a thing.” The man commented as he woke Fudge up and Draco gave a nod of approval.

Fudge grunted as he woke up and he immediately grabbed for his guts while moaning in pain a moment afterwards.

He suddenly realized he wasn’t in his office anymore and the men around him all had black pants and boots on, which his Aurors did not.

He slowly looked up, a scared expression on his face, one that made most people around think that he was about to piss his pants, of course that was nothing compared to the colour he turned when he noticed Harry, ghosts were rainbows of colour in comparison to the white fudge turned.

After a few moments Fudge apparently found a penny of courage.

“Hello Harry, what brings you to the ministry?” Fudge asked in a friendly sort of tone, although with a voice that wavered and sounded more like an eight year old girl.

“Hello Cornelius,” Harry said in a tone without emotion, something which made Fudge shudder for some reason “I think you have something I want.”

“I don’t know what you’re ta...” Fudge began.

Whack

“Oops, I’m sorry Minister, I guess I wasn’t holding my gun properly while I turned around, what were you saying.” Draco asked in a sweet voice.

“Draco Malfoy, how dare you show your face here!” Fudge yelled outraged.

Crack

Fudge howled in pain as his shin splintered into a thousand pieces.

“Yep, nice invention those shoes.” The man from before commented as he slowly turned back around to guard the perimeter.

“Thanks MacBurly. You were saying?” Harry asked Fudge, he hadn’t even blinked the entire time and was still showing no sign of emotion.

Fudge ordered the tears to stop flowing and glared at Harry for what it was worth, Harry glared back with all the hatred he felt for the man for just a second and he immediately cowered back, whimpering like a dog taking a beating.

“Where is she?” Harry asked back in his emotionless tone.

“In the holding cells.” Fudge answered.

Whack

“Tell us something we don’t know.” Draco snarled, the gun hanging loosely over his shoulder again like nothing had happened.

“Where are the prison cells?” Harry asked.

Fudge opened his mouth to speak but the man with the steel tipped shoes was already turning around and fudge closed it again.

“Behind that wall is a staircase leading down to the cell blocks.” Fudge said with resignation, pointing at a blank piece of wall right next to the elevators.

There was silence for a moment.

Crack

“One kneecap down, one to go.” MacBurly said cheerfully.

“Potter’s grave, Potter’s grave!” fudge yelled desperately to stop the madmen surrounding him.

The wall opened up but nobody paid it any attention, their eyes all fixed on one individual.

Suddenly there was a lot of commotion in the moments before the silent corridor. Yells of pain, the sound of bones snapping and joints splintering was heard for a good fifteen seconds before everything quieted down again.

The only sound was whimpering cries of agony.

“Take him along, we don’t want any surprises and I have something in mind for him.” Harry announced.

Harry took the lead and headed towards the opening while two of his men took Fudge by the arms and dragged him after them, not bothering with levitation charms, while two more stayed behind to guard the device.

Harry and Draco, side by side, quickly walked down the staircase while Fudge's agonised yelps of pain were heard every time he was dragged down another step.

"Any guards down there?" Harry asked.

Fudge refused to speak once more, Harry gave a tiny nod and both men holding him started going in opposite directions, normally this wouldn't hurt that much but with two dislocated shoulders it was an entirely other matter.

Fudge yelled loud enough for the entire ministry to hear as his shoulders popped back into place, which didn't help any since both his elbows were either broken or shattered.

Fudge, nearly unconscious from the pain only faintly heard one of them suggest they dislocate them again and quickly rasped out a "No." his throat was raw from the screaming.

They continued descending and quickly arrived in a scarcely lit corridor with wooden doors on both sides.

"In which cell is she being held?" Harry asked.

"At the end of the corridor turn right, farthest door on your left." Fudge said without hesitating this time but with difficulty, he probably had a collapsed lung.

Harry gave a hand signal and his men stayed where they were standing, even Draco.

He quickly made his way over to the cell, but when he was standing in front of it he suddenly realised they had forgotten something, these doors didn't have locks, you needed a magical signature key to enter but Harry didn't have the patience to go looking for it, it could be anywhere, most likely some of the Aurors they had killed had one but they could all be buried under a ton of rubble for all they knew. Unlike the other doors this one didn't have a small barred window but was completely solid.

He quickly entered his Drone-mode, letting his mind and body gain super capabilities.

It took only a few moments and as soon as he was in it the world changed and the door glared a pulsing red, it was his enemy.

With a battle cry he balled his fist and punched at the door with all his might where the key hole would be. The wood splintered a little but held, he heard a cry of fear from inside but he didn't care about that now, first he had to get through this door.

He punched it again, more wood cracked and splintered but still he didn't get through, he could've used his sword, he realised suddenly, but he needed to get rid of some pent-up anger and this door would do just fine.

He gave the door a mighty kick with his foot and he finally managed to create a hole in it.

He pulled his foot back out and grabbed the side of the hole with his hand, with a mighty tear he pulled a large part of the door out, another kick and the only thing that remained where two small chunks of wood still clinging defiantly to the hinges.

He quickly left his Drone-mode and the world turned back to normal.

He quickly scanned the room, which was in fact quite nice, for a cell, there was a normal bed, not a prison bunk, a small table with a single chair and a few books lying on it and a door which probably led to a bathroom. He didn't immediately see Amy and he started to think Fudge had lied to him, but there weren't any traps, no Auror battalion or tricks on the doorway. Then he heard a sob, a muffled one, coming from under the bed.

"Amy?" he whispers hopefully to the darkness in the cell, while nicely decorated only a single candle above the bed illuminated the chamber.

There was a sharp intake of breath coming from under the bed and then a hopeful tiny voice.

“Harry?”

“Yes, Amy, it’s me.” Harry says in a tearful voice filled with suppressed emotions.

A small figure scrambles from under the bed and rushes towards him, almost knocking him of his feet as she clings to him for dear life and sobs freely.

“Oh Harry, I was so afraid and lonely, when Aunt Ginny attacked me I had these horrible visions of my real parents not wanting me and then her doing the same, I’ve been so lonely here and afraid and those nasty men only make crude remarks instead of helping me, they even spat on my food from time to time.” She managed between her sobs, she didn’t feel comfortable calling Ginny and Harry mum and dad so it became Aunt Ginny but Harry remained Harry.

“It’s alright now, you’re safe. We’re here to save you, we even kidnapped Fudge to get to you.” Harry said in a soothing tone but inside he was seething, he started to regret evacuating all those people but then he reminded himself that they were just sheep and it wouldn’t do his image of peace any good if he killed innocents like Voldemort does.

“Really?” she asks in an awestruck voice.

“Yes, really. Now, we have to hurry and get out of here, we can’t keep outsiders from reaching for much longer, we have a job to finish.” Harry said, his steely tone returning slightly “Are you good enough to walk.”

She shook her head and shivered slightly.

Harry took one of the blankets lying on the bed and wrapped it around Amy and picked her up in his arms.

He scanned the room again, he didn't know why but he wanted to imprint this room in his mind. He suddenly turned around and sprinted out the door, through the corridor, towards his men.

As soon as he arrived he gave a firm nod, his men immediately understood this meant the primary objective of this mission had been accomplished, breaking out Amy.

As soon as Amy spotted the man lying on the ground while whimpering quietly she suddenly shot out of Harry's arms and kicked the man where it hurts the most, throat already raw from all the previous screaming the sound he made was a bit unnatural and indescribable but it certainly was a sound of pain.

"That's for the password." She yelled angrily at the man and spat at him, her surge of adrenaline at seeing the man disappearing she quickly hurried back over to Harry and hugged him tightly as if she was afraid he would disappear any moment. The blanket had fallen off her and Harry quickly wrapped her in it again as the shivering continued.

"Amy," Harry said gently, he could feel his shirt getting wet from her silent tears, "I'm going to let Hedwig take you away from here and to Hermione, she'll take care of you while I finish what we have planned, alright?"

She gave a small nod but hugged him even tighter for a moment.

Hedwig appeared, feeling she was needed, and gave a thrill that made all the people in the room feel more relaxed and peaceful. Harry could feel Amy's vice-grip on him slowly become less hard. After a few moment the girl slowly turned around and walked away from him, still hugging the blanket. Harry's heart almost broke when he saw her walking away from him in the current condition, if it didn't flare up his hatred at the same time he would've probably gone with her but right now he wanted revenge, and revenge they would get, they would not kill their enemies today but they would shake the foundations of the British wizarding and show them how powerful they were.

“I’ll come over as soon as I can.” Harry promised as Amy gingerly with a slightly shaking hand reached for one of Hedwig’s tail feathers.

“Take her home girl.” Harry said to Hedwig. The beautiful bird of war gave a thrill as an affirmative and disappeared in a burst of black flames.

“You alright Harry?” Draco asks a little concerned.

“I’m not to be honest but there is time to discuss our problems after we’ve finished our mission here.” Harry said, his face showing no emotion at all once more.

“Where is your most heavily warded cell?” Harry asked the whimpering Fudge who was still lying on the ground, too injured to even try and crawl away from them.

“Behind the door straight ahead.” The man answers with difficulty.

Harry briskly starts walking towards the door while two men each grab one of Fudge’s arms and drag him after Harry.

Harry opens the door which reveals a dark corridor of rough grey stone with no lighting at all.

He gives a sign to one of his men and the man enters first while lighting his second wand.

The corridor leads on for about fifty meters and at the end is a solid steel door. They slowly advance towards it, cautious about traps, Fudge might be willing to answer their questions but giving only half of what you know can also be considered an answer to a question.

“How do you open it?” Harry asked harshly.

“You need a magical signature, only mine and that of the Head Auror will be accepted.” Fudge said.

“Then it’s a good thing we have you with us.” Harry said and grabbed Fudge’s hand. He yanked the man forward roughly so that his hand touched the door while eliciting a rasp of pain from Fudge.

The door glowed blue and swung inward.

“Throw him inside and disable the door so that he can’t get out.” Harry ordered his men and they did as he was told.

One of the men took a device out of his pocket that looked much like a cell phone but was actually a magic disruptor, it worked much like a magic filled surrounding on electricity, it made the magic act weird and uncontrolled, disrupting whatever it was supposed to do.

He put the device next to the door and quickly activated it, the device was actually quite advanced, you could disrupt different kinds of magic like locking charms, detection charms and other less powerful magics, wards it could not disrupt, they were simply too powerful unless some custom domestic wards.

“Let’s hurry back upstairs and put the device together, then we can go home, we’ve been here long enough, soon people will break in and then we’ll have another fight on our hands.” Draco said.

Harry nodded his agreement while staring at the door, on one side he wanted to kill the man behind it with his bare hands but then he reminded himself he would not become a ruthless killer. No, not like Voldemort, instead he would let fate decide over Fudge’s fate, if he survived what was about to come he was allowed to live a little longer. If not, too bad for him.

They made their way back to level nine.

“Any problems?” Harry asked the two men standing guard.

None so far, strange actually, I would’ve expected some resistance from the Department of Mysteries, they have the most skilled men.” One of them remarked.

“We didn’t try to get in there and when they heard the alarm they probably fled the building taking whatever valuable objects lying there with them, I’ve been there and some things in there could be dangerous if used the wrong way, let’s just hope they don’t use them against us or else we’ll have no choice but to fight back.” Harry reasoned.

“No time to think about that now,” Draco said, let’s get this over and done with, we did what we come for, if they didn’t leave by now that’s too bad, we can’t save everyone, that’s war.”

Harry nodded his agreement.

The two men that had been guarding the crate drew their spare wands and cast a charm at the wooden crate. The lid flew off and landed a few feet away while the other four panels fell over and clattered on the ground.

Inside the crate were four things: a small metallic sphere with three short tubes sticking out from it, each a 120° from the other. Next were three larger metallic spheres with a long tube attached to each.

The two men worked swiftly. First they took the small sphere out and put it down in the middle of the corridor. Next they took one of the larger spheres and screwed the longer tube into one of the short tubes. After all three of them were installed a small hatch on top of the device opened up revealing a small needle.

“Are you ready Harry?” Draco asked.

Harry nodded and put his thumb on the needle, the needle penetrated his skin and a small amount of blood was taken. A few moments later the device gave a beeping sound confirming that an authorised person had given permission to activate the device but to be sure you two authorised persons had to give authorisation, only members of the Iron Circle had this authorisation.

Next Draco pressed his thumb on the needle, after a few moments the machine gave two longer beeps confirming it was now fully armed.

As if on command Hedwig appeared, her tail feathers already lengthening so everybody could grab hold of them.

“Let’s go.” Harry said and just before they vanished he pressed the button on the detonation device.

A few moments after they disappeared a small energy core in the centre sphere exploded, destabilising the three larger ones in the outer sphere and at the same time blowing the outer halves of the spheres off at a high speed and the destabilised cores were ejected. The blown off halves were used as drill bits, creating large holes through walls and solid ground. A few meters behind were the destabilized cores.

Once the outer halves ran out of momentum the cores crashed into them and exploded.

January 30th 1997

The Daily Prophet

Morning edition

Potter attacks the ministry

Minister for Magic presumed dead

By Rita Skeeter

Yesterday Harry Potter led a brutal assault on the ministry taking it over by surprise with extreme violence. While many people managed to escape due to inexperience and carelessness on Potter’s behalf an entire division of Aurors and the minister’s personal guards were brutally slaughtered. The attack was probably an act of retribution for the infiltration and capture of one of Potter’s high ranking officers, while no pictures have been released even a month after the facts of the prisoner it is believed he was a high ranked researcher that develops new weapons to use against the ministry. Three of these new devices were used yesterday in the assault. One of them looked

like a giant wand carried on the shoulder and if used caused massive explosions and destruction, according to witness and survivor Alastor 'Mad Eye' Moody, the man had been personally assigned to guard the minister but was taken down while heavily outnumbered and use of another new weapon. He fought bravely in an unfair fight and is now nominated for the Order of Merlin, second class. Alastor Moody was not available to comment on this. After the highly skilled Auror was taken down Potter and his men captured the minister and dragged him away. After this the investigators looking through the remains of the ministry don't know what happened next. According to them a third unknown device was used on level nine of the ministry with enormous destructive capabilities. The bottom floors were all blown away and the upper floors crashed down soon after. Luckily the shields protecting the Ministry held. Normally these are meant to protect the ministry from the increasing pressure on it from Muggle buildings above but in this case it held the structures up, protecting London from disaster. Of the minister himself no trace has been found, so far the rescue and investigation teams have found no survivors but have recovered the remains of forty seven people, none of them was Minister Fudge, some still have hope for the man who refused to flee from the building, instead facing Potter straight on but as the situation looks now either he has been taken hostage or is buried on the lower levels of the destroyed ministry which are still unreachable at this time. On the other side most of the Unspeakables managed to escape taking valuable and powerful artefacts with them in an attempt to stop Potter from stealing them, furthermore the Ministry has declared open war on the Independent Nation of Insania and asks every capable civilian to join the Aurors to build up our forces and destroy the terrorists that call themselves The Black Phoenix, a bounty has been put on several members of Potter's gang including Draco Malfoy, Luna Lovegood,...

The Quibbler

Harry Potter and members of the Black Phoenix rescue

fourteen year old Amy Harold from the clutches of Cornelius Fudge

By Gerard Lovegood

(picture of Amy still wrapped in the prison blankets and being comforted by Hermione)

Yesterday, twenty six courageous me, including Harry Potter and Draco Malfoy, infiltrated the Minister, in order to save a young girl that was kidnapped by a inhabitant of Insania put under the Imperius curse one month ago at the same time as an act of sabotage caused an explosion in the docks, luckily the blast was contained by Harry Potter himself, his courageous act saved the life of many people. There were no injuries even accept for Mister Potter himself whom was in a coma for a month. They quickly made their way through the ministry using non lethal force as much as possible and then transporting the mostly stunned people out of the building. Harry Potter himself confessed to using lethal force on two occasions when they met some resistance, the Ministry personal on the other hand used extreme violence which resulted in a casualty of one of the men of the Black Phoenix. After making their way through all the floors of the ministry they finally reached the Minister and took him captive after dealing with heavy resistance from a single Auror, in this case both sides used none lethal force and Harry Potter says he has a great deal of respect for the man for this. After taking the Minister to the Ministry holding cells and freeing Amy Harold they threw him in the most heavily warded cell and left him to his fate. Harry Potter insisted we put this in our article so that the people know where to look for the man should he still be alive. After locking the minister up they left the cells and activated a highly destructive device which they admit was a retribution for the surprise attack of the MFA on Insania in which several civilian casualties resulted. "We only did it to make our stand," Harry Potter said "we will not surrender and we will not allow for the other side to attack us without reason, when the MFA attacked us we had done them nothing wrong, I admit we borrowed an old military vessel that served as a monument at the time but we had intended to return after we didn't need it any more, that is, before they themselves destroyed it. We only fight against Voldemort without reservation and against the prejudiced ministry, to any other force that opposes us we will fight the same way they fight us, if they use extreme violence so will we. We fight for the rights of everyone, for a normal witch or wizard as well as Muggleborns, half bloods, even werewolves and vampires, everyone deserves an equal chance, that is what our nation stands for." Those are the words of Harry Potter,

Leader of Insania and commander of the Black Phoenix. Anyone who wishes to join the Independent Nation of Insania can do so at Potter Mansion. If you plan to join us and then turn against us, don't even try, we know who is loyal and who is not, despite previous incidents. If any other people than civilians try to approach us we will use our right to actively defend ourselves. For the sake of a quick end to this war I wish of all of you make the right choice.

Harry Potter and Gerard Lovegood.

Hunt for the Crumple Horned Snorkack continues...

Harry awoke slowly and with a groan as his muscles protested from sleeping in his current position, sitting upright in the sofa of his living quarters back in Insania.

On the opposite end of the sofa two females were still sleeping soundly.

Hermione was leaning slightly to the right but she was sleeping mostly upright while Amy had stretched herself on the sofa, resting her head in Hermione's lap and her feet on Harry's.

She had cried for hours, telling them between sobs the agony she had gone through. The agony of being lonely surrounded by people who hated her, betrayed by one of her pseudo-parents, it felt too much like being back at her old home and she had to endure it for an entire month.

Harry had been seething internally the entire time Amy spoke and cried but kept himself calm on the outside. Initially he had kind of hoped that Fudge had died in the explosion but his ideals had told him that he could have a chance of survival. Now he sincerely hoped the Minister had survived, so that he could attempt to kill the fool again.

He quickly quenched these homicidal thoughts, there was work to be done. He carefully lifted up Amy's legs so he didn't disturb her sleep and carefully got up from the couch. The morning newspaper was

already lying on the table like it was every morning and when he saw the article in the Daily Prophet he had to smile, even ordinary people would be able to see right through the web of lies, nobody would believe the crap about the courageous government standing against the attackers in the way Rita put it, the article in the Quibbler on the other hand sounded much more truthful, mostly because in the Daily Prophet the Ministry had apparently done nothing wrong while in the Quibbler he had admitted some things, making it appear as if he was speaking the full truth which he mostly had.

He rubbed his hands together, his plans for the war had been set into motion, the Ministry would be hostile towards him from now on which suited him just fine, as long as he attacked only those attacking him the propaganda those fools spat out wouldn't have much effect and Voldemort would probably remain like he always was, trying to lure him into traps or doing some demonic rituals in order to defeat him, of these he was not afraid since they were predictable. To admit something, the thing he was most afraid of was Dumbledore, the man was a question mark at the moment, he was missing and with the power of the Founders behind him he was probably making his own schemes to defeat Harry or convince him to join the Order or surrender. While Harry had no intention of doing either Dumbledore did have some leverage over him, namely Ginny. While they had all been betrayed by her and a lot of information had leaked out because of her Harry still believed in her innocence, that she had been forced to do what she had done. He knew Dumbledore was manipulative, but not on that kind of scale. He hated the old man for that. And yet, he still kind of respected him, he did what he thought was best just like he himself. He doubted the old man would use Ginny to bargain with him, the Weasleys were still on his side and they were too valuable to lose, but he doubted Ginny was free at the moment, if she were, she would've returned by now. But with his destruction of the ministry the war had truly begun, everything previous to this was just a testing of each others forces but now things would get interesting

He gazed fondly at the two persons lying on his couch. He quickly scribbled a note and put it next to the table telling them he was going to do some work, there was a lot that had to be done today.

First of all there was the raising of the Potter and the inspection of the construction work at Potter Mansion. Then there was looking at the giant project Luna and Hermione worked on and the construction of the new types of vessels. He also hoped that there would be people arriving to join them by the evening, there was also a new law being passed because of this, any person who doesn't believe in the ideals of his nation anymore is free to leave but they have to agree to having vital and secret information wiped from their minds or swear an oath of secrecy. But first of all there was breakfast, he could eat a horse at the moment, he hadn't had much time for food yesterday and in the month he was out the only thing he had gotten were nourishment potions so a truly good meal certainly brought up an appetite as his stomach rumbled in anticipation.

He left his quarters and headed down to the kitchens where one eager elf was hugging his legs before he had even got through the door all the way.

"Master Harry Potter is back and healthy, master Harry Potter is back and healthy,..." a high pitched voice yelled over and over as rears of joy escaped from Dobby's eyes.

Harry managed to free his legs from the deadlock Dobby had it in since he was cutting off the blood flow to Harry's legs.

"Yes I'm back Dobby and what have I told you about calling me master?" Harry said in a reproving manner, he has given up on trying to get Dobby to only say Harry, that part was truly hopeless.

"Dobby is sorry Harry Potter, but Dobby is so happy ma..., Harry Potter is alright."

"It's alright, I wouldn't be able to get some breakfast now?" Harry asked in a friendly tone before being swept off his feet by an army of elves, carried to a table which was already stacked with numerous kinds of food.

It was a half hour later that he exited the kitchen with a full belly and ready to face the bunch of things that had to be done today and there was a lot to do, he had been out of the loop for a month after all.

He quickly walked down to the Luna's dungeon where he knew there would be some new projects and enhancements waiting for him.

As he approached the door he was on his guard, magic or no magic at his disposal he was sure Luna wouldn't just let him enter without a test.

He was now standing in front of the door and cautiously pressed the button that made the black identification device appear.

No traps or metallic spiders had popped up, so far, so good.

He suddenly realised he had no magical signature at the moment so he had no way of entering the dungeon except Hedwig but he knew she was resting at the moment from all the transporting she had done yesterday so he didn't want to disturb her deserved rest.

Instead he just let his fingerprints be scanned, his iris scanned, gave his name and password when he was asked for it and the illusion of a small door disappeared and a large gate appeared instead. After a few moments the door opened up like it normally would. He should've guessed Luna had taken his temporary handicap into mind and he eased up a little.

He slowly walked through the gate and into the tunnel leading to the dungeon filled with Gatling turrets but all of them seemed to be on stand by as they didn't track his movements.

He finally let himself relax, it seemed that today there would be no surprises.

No sooner had he thought this or two of the turrets swung his way and opened fire.

He managed to jump out of the line of fire just in time and immediately entered his Drone-mode. More turrets started tracking

him and firing at him, he continued to dodge the streams of energy that shot from the dozens of muzzles around him while trying to make his way to the end of the tunnel.

After about thirty seconds of intense dodging and a lot of effort he managed to reach the end of the corridor, his mentality of his Drone-mode taking over completely and drawing his sword, ready to slaughter those responsible for attacking him.

Luna just came out of the control room to congratulate him on his performance as a glint of steel sped towards her.
A few moments earlier

The metal of his blade glinted in the light as he searched the perimeter for enemies, a door opened slowly and a figure emerged, his mind painted it red, indicating it was an enemy, he jumped up from his crouched position, his sword held horizontally just beneath his shoulders, the right height to decapitate the enemy now just coming through the door.

It happened so fast he had just enough time to stop himself from killing Luna as he recognised her widening eyes but it was close, the blade of his Katana was already against her throat, drawing a drop of blood where it barely touched the skin.

He quickly dropped out of his Drone-mode.

“Luna?” Harry said in surprise “Oh damn it, I’m so sorry but I went into my Drone-mode and I recognized you for an enemy with all those things firing my way, everything became a target, I’m so sorry.” Harry stammered out.

Luna just stood there for a moment, her eyes as wide as saucers, her mouth hanging open in surprise.

Then she recovered and blinked with her eyes but did not move.

“It’s nothing Harry,” she said cautiously “we were just trying to learn you never let your guard down, it’s our fault, we shouldn’t have done that in your current state.” Luna said

“It’s nothing, it’s that this slipping into Drone-mode is becoming too much of a habit already and I’m somewhat afraid of it, I might hurt someone if I don’t learn to control it better.”

“We can discuss that later but right now I wouldn’t mind if you take your sword away from my throat.” Luna said calmly.

“Right, sorry. Let’s just call it even.” Harry said in apologetic tone and quickly took his blade away and returned it to its ring state.

“Come this way.” Luna said, once again in her dreamy voice as she beckoned Harry into the control room.

She led Harry to the manufacturing plant.

When they arrived Harry noticed massive dull grey pipes of about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a metre in diameter and ten metres long lying on the floor about against one of the walls that separated the gigantic space in smaller individual sections.

“What are those for?” Harry asked, making a gesture with his head to indicate the pipes.

“Oh, those are the barrels for the assault Gatling gun.” Luna stated.

“Wow.” Harry exclaimed, his mouth hanging open in surprise “when I read the specifics and saw the size of the thing and its weapons I was impressed but seeing one of the things in real life is a little mind boggling.”

“Well, we did think about the fact that it was a bit much in the beginning but once after the MFA attack we didn’t think that anymore, we could of course go a little farther later on if that proves to be necessary but there is still you to think about, this thing runs on you and we all know you’re pretty powerful, fighting with this thing for long

periods of time will be exhausting. We'll do a test once you're back to normal, will just tap energy from you and send it to the castle core."

Just before Harry could answer the annoying sound of an incoming call on his cell phone rang.

"Harry," Neville's voice said before he could even say hello "we have a situation at Potter Mansion and we need you here right away." Author notes: well, I'm back and better than ever, I'm sorry it took so long to update but a some of you might've read I've been on a little hospital visit for two weeks so I couldn't really write on my story but I'm back and no matter what, I won't stop writing on this story until it is done. I know, I also said the same about PoB but I promise I will continue it someday. For anyone who is interested my Yahoo group is still open to anyone who wants to join, the link is on my bio page and of course reviews are still very welcome since they improve my writing (I think) and are a good motivation. 'Till next chapter.

Special thanks to my wonderful beta reader Lord Vitiris

Review responses:

LionofCaliban: thank you very much and you're right, the people closest to you hurt you the most, one of the reasons for my hospital visit. As for the outdated machinery, there is still the problem with magic and technology not mixing very well, while a lot of magic has already been integrated into some more advanced technology there is still technology that is too advanced too combine with magic at this moment like avionics, there is a large difference between a broom and an airplane, there is just too much technology involved in more up to date weaponry and it had to be done fast, constructing army in only a couple of months isn't that easy and I like the WWII battleships more because of their awe inspiring guns, the newer cruisers are not nearly as impressive. By the way, did you know the P90 was developed here in Belgium.

The Lady Reaper of the Shadows: I think that question has been answered.

Estarc: that's the thing about this story you see, you are dropped in an entire different situation from where OotP ended and as the story goes on you read about why certain people did what and how things went the way they did.

DanielHimura: one Fudge down, a Dumbledore to go.

Cassandra: thank you and yes, I know, the first few chapters I'm not really that proud of.

karone-sakura: that's why I came up with the MAG cannon. OBLITERATE DESTROY ANNIHILATE, Death to the writer's blocks (insert evil laughter) (yes, it was the psychiatric ward where I was on vacation).

Suiadan: there is some Space on the way.

john1234: I'll have a look at it and I'm over that depression now, took me long enough, my life has truly changed, I cut off some bad connections from the past and made some better new ones, ah, life is good.

Romy: and you don't even know me in real life.

Steve's Place: I know but at least I have a good excuse this time.

Jarno: they are the most fun scenes to write.

Thanks to everyone else who has reviewed:

Matt101, highbrass, Ranger Dragen, with it, Beth5572, star spellsprite, Snowy123, The War General, moss and stone

The turning of the tide

“What is it Neville?” Harry asked a little worried, was the enemy attacking them already.

“There are people already Harry, hundreds of them, willing to join us, they’re waiting outside the doors of Potter Mansion but I think it would be best if you were there to greet them so could you get over there and take the Loyalty Stone with you. Do you need transportation?” Neville asked.

“No, leave the Ekliptica where it is, with so many people joining us already we might meet some opposition at any given time, how’s the construction work coming along?”

“Pretty well, we’ve moved about thirty five per cent of the wall sections into place already, the Ekliptica has been a great help on this part, especially with the levitation beam, the spiders are prowling on the grounds, looking for intruders, and we have four Gatling turrets deployed, one at each corner of the mansion. We should be fine for now. Good thinking by the way, having the wall prefabricated in large sections, at this rate the wall will be completed by tomorrow morning, normally it would be faster but laying the foundations is taking a little longer than expected, all we need now is the men and other weaponry from the cruisers, then this base will at least have a good defence. You know, I was afraid for a while that all those expansions in our military we were going to run out of men to defend both Insania, this place, fight the war and crewmen for the new vessels but now if people continue to arrive at this rate we’ll have to start thinking about even further expansion of our military.” Neville said excitedly.

“Don’t count your chickens until they are hatched Neville, there might be many people but we don’t know how many have an interest in fighting for their ideals, we don’t really have the upper hand at the moment.” Harry said carefully.

“Sure looks like it to them, we have defeated the MFA of which there is little news at the moment and have destroyed the ministry

which is still recuperating, there are not many forces that could oppose us at the time being.” Neville said joyously.

“Dumbledore and Voldemort.” Harry said simply.

Harry could almost hear the wince from Neville through the phone.

“I don’t think Voldemort has recovered yet and Dumbledore,..., well,..., I don’t really think he would outright attack us. Besides, he doesn’t have the strength nor the force necessary to attack us, he only has the couple of dozen members from the order.” Neville said.

“ You’re right about Voldemort, and Dumbledore not outright attacking us, but I’m sure he will try to sabotage us in another way.”

“We’ll deal with it when the time comes, just get your butt over there right now.” Neville yelled and hung up.

Hedwig appeared next to him as if on command.

“I’m sorry Luna, I’ll have to continue my visit another time but right now I’m needed elsewhere.” Harry explained, Luna said nothing and just before he disappeared he saw her give a sad little nod, which was unusual for Luna.

He fireflashed into the entrance hall, grabbed the loyalty stone and fireflashed away to Potter Mansion.

When he arrived in the entrance hall of Potter Mansion the large front doors were standing wide open and a small stage had been erected in front of it blocking the entrance entirely, standing on it was a certain blond who was trying to calm down the restless crowd gathering in front of it.

“People, people, please calm down, I’m sure Harry will arrive any moment now. Don’t worry, you are save here.” Draco yelled and he even already had cast a Sonorous charm on himself.

Harry let go of Hedwig's feathers and walked up onto the stage, the pedestal carrying the Loyalty Stone in hand.

Slowly at first but quickly afterwards the crowd quieted as they noticed Harry on the stage.

As the crowd completely fell silent Harry spoke, his voice not even amplified but it rang over the grounds as if it was.

"People of wizarding Britain," he began "you are all gathered here to join the Independent Nation of Insania." a cheer began from the crowd but with a gesture of his hand it immediately stopped "But before you do I want to explain to you what exactly that means, being a member of Insania. Standing next to me is what we call the Loyalty Stone, it is a powerful magical artefact that can tell if you truly believe in this nation's ideals, if you don't, you will be rejected, no harm will be done to you, you will just be sent away." Harry had managed with the help of Luna to edit the workings of the stone for new members "I know many of you are here because you believe you are doing the right thing but let me explain first what our goals are and what exactly awaits you. Being a member of our proud nation means that there will be no discrimination towards anyone or anything, you will not violate any of our laws. We do not make people join our military but those who wish to fight for our ideals can join up, just ask for General Draco," he said and indicated the man standing next to him, proudly displaying the symbol of the Black Phoenix on his uniform "it also means that there will be no communication allowed between you and any other non-Insania members unless it is family and then it will be under supervision. We are truly sorry about this rule but we must protect our homeland with everything we've got, we have got to keep Insania safe." There were some murmurs and two or three families left discreetly hearing this, Harry gave a signal to Draco with his hand which went unnoticed to the crowd quietly murmuring amongst themselves, they would not be harmed but merely memory wiped.

"If all you are now sure you still want to join please step unto the stage on at a time to swear your loyalty." Harry yelled this time to rise over the noise.

The Daily Prophet

Late edition

Ministry bans all editions of the magazine The Quibbler

By Herald Moore

The first thing the Heads of the different departments did was have a meeting on banning the latest edition of the magazine The Quibbler after establishing a temporary Ministry on the island of Azkaban. While opinions are dispersed it looks like the telling of events from the Ministry's side isn't as accurate as they made it look according to a lot of witnesses telling they remembered a lot of chaos and people being stunned and the next moment waking up in the Leaky Cauldron instead of fleeing the building, even Alastor Moody admits this. Who is telling the truth, that is the question. In all honesty, we don't know so we will take the same path as Harry Potter in this case and let the people decide. But instead of reassuring the public they were deciding to ban a magazine just because of an article which sounded far more believable than what the Ministry themselves told us. Alastor Moody has admitted that the single purpose for threatening the Minister was to get Amy Harold out of prison. The rumour of a fourteen year old girl imprisoned instead of a war criminal was in fact true. According to other sources a lot of people agree more with Potter than the ministry and are willing to join him, there are numerous reports of people leaving the country to join the Independent Nation of Insania. Potter Mansion has been declared the stronghold of the Black Phoenix in Great Britain, while the ministry knows this they have not undertaken any action nor has the MFA of which there is no reaction to the recent events up to now. There has been little news from them at all since the defeat they suffered from the Insania fleet, whether they have already given up or rebuilding their forces, we simply do not know.

Minister might still be alive

Banned or not, the statements in The Quibbler have blown new hope in the minds of rescue workers

By Herald Moore

The statements in The Quibbler may have been banned by the Ministry none the less they spur the rescue at the destroyed ministry site on in their search for the missing Minister Fudge, they have reached level seven now and have already recovered over forty three bodies but no survivors, all the bodies recovered until now were Aurors, the level that was hit the hardest, Level nine and the Department of Mysteries, had been evacuated at the time and any valuable artefacts or weapons had all been taking out by the Unspeakables, this was announced in a statement by the head of the department, Daniell Rigor. Further news...

Harry smiled as he read the paper that evening, no wonder someone else wrote those articles, Rita was too proud to admit writing an article saying that she had been wrong and turning entirely against the Ministry she was too cowardly for.

He sighed in exhaustion and he slumped down in the couch of his living quarters, it had been a tiring day. He had not been able to do anything that he had planned, the entire day he had stayed at Potter Mansion to welcome and initiate new arrivals, Hedwig was still busy transporting people and their luggage to the island, which, even with the luggage shrunk, was still tiring for her, she had already taken two breaks but she was a determined bird and continued to work as much as she could, Harry was glad to have such a faithful familiar as Hedwig. Draco had finally convinced him to take a break, he would continue to welcome them in his stead.

4397 people had joined them so far and more were coming in every hour. Harry was surprised that so many believed in him but it didn't lighten the burden resting on his shoulders. He was responsible for these people.

So far 735 of them had joined the military which was good with the expansion of the fleet coming very soon, they were already building some prototypes of the new smaller vessels.

“How am I ever going to bring this war to a good end without too many casualties?” He thought and didn’t see a clear path at the moment, there were just too many opponents to deal with in an offensive war, the Ministry, the MFA, Dumbledore and Voldemort, all of them powerful enemies. His homeland was safe for the moment, that was something at least but the base at Potter Mansion was an entire different matter. He certainly wasn’t sure they would be able to keep it, they would have to wait until the first attack to see if their defences would be strong enough. He hoped so but in war emotions are not enough to defend something, you need power, and lots of it, but too much power corrupts people. You need a strong person with an iron will to not be corrupted by too much power.

“Am I a strong enough person?” he asked himself “Can I stay loyal to my believes and not continue to want more power, to rule more? NO, I only want power to protect and defeat my enemies, nothing more. But what if the rest of the world sees us as a threat after we have defeated our current enemies, will they start a war after this one ends, will we ever know peace. I’m starting to doubt if all of this was a good idea, look what has happened to Ginny, there .”

Just then there was a soft knock on the door.

“Come in.” he called.

Timidly Amy entered.

“Amy,” how many times have I told you, you don’t have to knock before entering, you live here too.” Harry said in a mildly reproving manner.

“I know.” She said “But I’m still getting used to being free again and I’m afraid of disturbing you, I’m not disturbing you now am I?” she asked a little worried

“You know I always have time for you Amy, you can always ask me anything.” Harry said in a gentle tone.

“Is something wrong?” Amy asked.

“Damn, she’s sharp, she can always sense it when something’s bothering me.” “Just some things that I’m thinking about.” Harry replied honestly, he couldn’t lie to her, he just couldn’t.

“Would you mind telling me what is troubling you.” Amy asked in a worried voice as she cautiously approached Harry and slowly sat down on the couch.

Harry let out a defeated sigh.

“Not really.” He answered.

“Come on,” Amy said “if I can always ask you for advice or comfort you have to let me do the same for you.”

“You’re too grown up for a fourteen year old.” Harry sighed.

“And you for a sixteen year old.” She replied a little stronger than before.

“I guess you’re right, we’ve both gone through too many things to enjoy our youth.” Harry said dejectedly.

“Maybe.” Amy said a little put out “So what is bothering you.”

“Just the fact that the fates of over twenty five thousand people rest on my shoulders and I’m doubting if I did the right thing.” Harry said in a weary voice.

“What are you talking about?” Amy asked.

“Everything, breaking away from Dumbledore, starting this nation, opposing the Ministry, dragging everyone along in my fate.” Harry said in a voice as if the entire world depended on him, which in a way it did.

“Why would you doubt that?” Amy asked

“Because I don’t know if there will ever be an end to this war and if there is, will it be a victory for us, if not this entire land will be destroyed, I know it for sure. I don’t know if I can do this.” Harry said and a single tear escaped his eyes.

“Why wouldn’t you be able to do this, I believe in you and so does uncle Draco, aunt Hermione, aunt Luna and is those twenty five thousand people didn’t believe in you they wouldn’t be here right now. You don’t have to do this alone Harry, there are a lot of people that you can depend on here and I’m one of them.” Amy said with conviction.

“Do they really believe in me that strongly?” Harry asked in a tearful voice.

“I don’t really know but I think they do, I certainly do.” Amy said and gave a firm nod to get the point across.

Harry was speechless, he embraced Amy while his tears started flowing freely.

“Thank you.” Harry croaked lightly tightened the hug as a sign of appreciation.

“I will always be here for you Harry,” Amy said and squeezed back “you’re my real dad after all.”

Those words stirred something in Harry he had never known before. He now truly believed he was loved and he had a family even if a part of it was currently missing, of course there were Luna and Draco and Hermione whom he knew they all cared about him a great deal but Amy made him feel something he had never felt before.

“And you are as much my child as any child I may have in the future could ever be.” He croaked out while tears still flowed freely, now from the both of them.

“Harry?” Amy asked after they sat there like that for a long time.

“Yes?” Harry asked quietly.

“Will you teach me how to fight?” Amy asked out of the blue.

“What!?” Harry exclaimed and broke the embrace to look Amy in the eye.

“It’s just that I felt so defenceless in that cell and I never want to feel like that again.” Amy explained.

Harry thought about it for a few moments and then nodded.

Amy gave a whoop of joy and tackled Harry so that he was lying on his back on the couch now.

“But I have to warn you, I’m not an easy instructor, I’ll push you to your limits and beyond.” Harry warned but it was good heartedly.

“I don’t mind, I just want to learn how to fight like you.” Amy said excitedly, the mood completely changed now.

“Why don’t we first let you experience some exercises with one of Draco’s squads and see what you have to say then and if you do that well I’ll teach you personally.” Harry promised.

“It’s a deal.” Amy said excitedly and they shook hands, confirming their agreement.

“Now let’s get some sleep, we have a busy day tomorrow.” Harry decided.

“Alright,” Amy said energetically, Harry was sure she wouldn’t sleep much tonight “sleep well Harry.” She said and gave him a peck on the cheek before scurrying off to her room.

Harry shook his head in exasperation and wondered what he had gotten himself into, but he had to admit she had helped him, he was

completely up to the task again to bring this war to a good end and happily walked to his room and crawled into bed, he had a busy day ahead indeed.

“Harry, wake up!” an excited voice yelled in his ear.

“Five more minutes.” He mumbled sleepily and swatted the annoyingly energetic voice away.

“Ouch, that hurt Harry, Aguamenti.” Amy yelled and a jet of water shot from her wand and doused Harry.

Harry jumped up startled and very awake from the cold water.

“What is it?” he asked rather roughly but didn’t bother Amy.

“You promised to take me to uncle Draco’s training grounds and let me exercise with one of his squads.” Amy said as a matter of fact.

“Tempus.” Harry said and a holographic clock appeared above his hand telling him it was 6.15 AM “Too early.” He mumbled.

“Not for uncle Draco, his men are already up and training.” Amy said while tapping her foot impatiently.

“Draco is a little maniacal when it comes to training.” Harry mumbled.

“Aguamenti.” Amy yelled again.

“Aaah, alright, alright, I’m up.” Harry yelled as he was once again doused with cold water.

“Finally.” Amy said exasperated.

“How can you be so energetic this early?” Harry asked as he got out of bed and searched for some clothes to wear in his closet.

“Because today my training starts.” She answered.

“You won’t be so optimistic on the third day, believe me.” Harry said as he picked up a fresh set of clothing and headed into the bathroom.

“We’ll see about that.” Amy said defiantly.

Fifteen minutes later they were walking up to Draco who was brutally commanding his men to try harder while trying to complete a difficult obstacle course as fast as possible.

“Draco!” Harry yelled joyously.

“Uncle Draco!” Amy exclaimed excitedly and ran up to her ‘uncle’ and hugged him tightly.

“Good morning little tigress,” Draco said fondly, returning the embrace and using his personal nickname for her “what are you doing up so early?”

“Harry promised I could come and train with one of your squads to learn how to defend myself.”

“Is that so?” Draco asked while throwing a questioning look at Harry

“Yes, I promised her, she said she found it awful while she was away to feel utterly defenceless so I promised her to train her myself IF she would first train here for a while and can keep it up.” Harry explained.

“Ah, I see,” Draco said, nodding in understanding “come and we’ll get you a uniform and then we’ll start training you but I must say that I won’t go easy on you just because you’re family.” Draco warned.

“I know, see you tonight Harry.” She called over her shoulder as Draco guided her to the barracks.

As she left Harry turned around and left the training grounds and headed over to the boatyard, the Ekliptica was bound to arrive any minute to lift the Potter out of the water.

A few minutes later he was looking at the Protector of Insania as people had started calling it since he was a protector as well, that's why the ship was given the name the Potter, just like him the ship was a defender. He gazed at the ship that now lay partly under water. One pontoon had sunken entirely to the bottom of the lake, the centre hull partly pulled under as well and the portside pontoon lifted slightly out of the water.

There was a bright flash of purple as the giant purple dome created by the transportation drive appeared out of thin air and slowly the dome faded away and revealed the Ekliptica as it softly floated down to the lake surface and stirred up the calm surface of the lake.

Hedwig appeared next to him and took him away to the bridge of the Ekliptica.

"Good morning commander." Andrew Waldfeld said happily in a salute as Harry appeared on the bridge.

"At ease." Harry said and everyone on the bridge returned to normal "Let's get this over with quickly, I don't want Potter Mansion unguarded for more than two hours and if we are lifting the Potter we can't stop in the middle to transport over there."

"You're right, let's begin." Andrew said

"Turn and bring the Potter on our portside, switch the gun mode to levitate," Harry ordered "aim turret number one and two at the Potter's main hull, turret number three at the portside pontoon and turret number four at the starboard pontoon. Fill the starboard side ballast tanks. Lower the starboard anchors and make sure they are secured firmly." This was necessary for the ship to remain upright, unlike a levitation charm where you ordered an object to float the levitation beams actually gripped an object as if with an invisible hand and actually lifted the object up.

“Activate the cannons,” Harry continued “make sure to tune the power just right so that we don’t stretch the frame beyond its limits.”

“Activating cannons, power flow steady, calculating needed power to lift the ship out of the water.” the head gun control officer said from his station “turret number one and two, increase power to fifty per cent,” he ordered the two men controlling those turrets “turret number three and four, increase power to seventy two per cent.”

“Check.” came the reply from the four men.

“Sir, we have a firm hold onto the ship from all turrets, shall we continue?” the head gun controller asked Harry.

Harry gave a nod and the man continued.

“Turret number four, slowly increase barrel angle from minus fifteen degrees to minus one degree and thirty minutes, two degrees per minute, turret number three, decrease barrel angle from five degrees five minutes to minus one degree and thirty minutes, 58 minutes and thirty seconds per minute, turrets number two and three, follow the main hull’s movement carefully.” The man ordered and slowly the Potter partly rose out of the water. Although the turrets were at different heights barrel angle was the angle the barrel of the lowest turret made in regard to the ocean surface and the others were tuned in to that turret and adapted their personal barrel angle accordingly.

The ship structure groaned slightly as the behemoth slowly rose.

Six minutes and forty five seconds later the Potter was once again lying horizontally on the water as if it was floating on it own, water was gushing out of the starboard pontoon.

Now came the hardest part, righting the ship was nothing compared to lifting it out of the water.

“Turret number four, increase power to eighty seven per cent to compensate for the additional weight of the water on the pontoon, slowly decrease power to sixty eight per cent as it flows out, all turrets,

slowly increase angle to five degrees, a half degree per minute on my mark. Three, two, one, go.” The man ordered.

The ship shuddered and groaned loudly as its structure took on a large part of the weight of the Potter, while the beams did grip the item it was lifting the beams did negate some of the weight, about thirty two per cent. The anchor chains were being stretched to their limits as the Ekliptica listed to portside slightly. The gun barrels and their mechanisms shuddered under the stress put on them.

“Turrets number three and four, increase power with then per cent, turrets number one and two with eight per cent.” The man ordered.

Slowly but surely the Potter started to rise out of the water.

After ten minutes the order to stop lifting was given. The Potter was now hovering high enough above the water for three secondary hulls to be manoeuvred under the Potter’s. These were basically empty shells with struts in them that allowed the Potter to remain afloat while still providing room to work on the underside of the hull.

“Slowly lower her, a half degree per minute, until she’s stable and secured, how much is the energy output on turret number four?” The man asked.

“Seventy percent sir, apparently there is still some water in the hull.” The man operating the turret replied.

“Continue monitoring it.” He ordered briskly as the Potter descended slowly.

After a few minutes the Potter was anchored securely on the support struts of the maintenance hulls as they were called. As they deactivated the beam numerous smaller vessels raced towards the Potter filled with mechanics eager to start and repair the vessel.

“Well captain, I suggest you charge up the transportation drive and head back over to Potter Mansion, you’ve completed your job here,

I'll drop by this evening to see how things are going over there." Harry said

"Alright commander, Neville is doing a great job at the moment, welcoming new arrivals, I'll take over for some time when I get back, he's been working for a long time now." Andrew said.

Harry nodded and he grabbed Hedwig's tail feathers and fireflashed away.

He reappeared back in Luna's dungeon, she had told him that there was something important she had to tell him about.

"Hey Luna." He called as he arrived.

"Oh Harry, you're right on time." Luna said in her dreamy voice.

"For what?" Harry asked in a cautious tone.

"For testing some new materials, we've been trying to replicate the material your sword is made of and we want to see if your sword can cut through it or not." Luna said excitedly as she grabbed him by the elbow and dragged him over to the testing area.

There were various sheets of metal standing upright when he arrived, ready to be sliced apart.

"Just try to cut through them Harry, start from the left." Luna instructed him.

Harry obliged and summoned his sword.

Slice

Slice

Screech

Clang

Harry stared dumbfounded at the fourth sheet of metal as his sword clashed with it but didn't cut through it.

The third had offered some resistance but the fourth one had actually dented his sword.

Harry stared dumbfounded at the dent, in the period of time he had used the sword there hadn't been a single thing that had been able to stand against his sword except the energy demon and even its swords hadn't dented his. It was a shame for his sword to be dented but apparently Luna had developed a new kind of metal that was even stronger than that of his sword.

"Well, I guess you have found a metal for a new sword since this one is now damaged." Harry said.

"Maybe, but it's not that metal, just try to lift the sheet up and you'll know why and it appears that your sword has some other extraordinary capabilities." Luna remarked as she looked at Harry's sword.

As he looked down he was surprised to see the dent had disappeared.

"It looks like your sword is more powerful than we estimated, it can repair itself." Luna commented.

"Well, that would explain why I never had to sharpen it." Harry said while he scratched the back of his head "but why is that metal not suitable for a sword?"

"Just try and lift the sheet." Luna said simply.

Harry momentarily put his sword away and approached the sheet of metal that was being held up by a pair of brackets fastened to the ground.

He grabbed the sheet of metal and tries to lift it out of the brackets but can't even lift it a millimetre of the ground.

"Is it secured to the brackets?" Harry asked puzzled as he tries with all his might.

"Nope," Luna says "the sheets just slide in them."

Harry slipped partly in his drone mode and let adrenaline and magic flow through his body, strengthening his muscles.

The sheet finally came loose from the ground and with a mighty heave Harry pulled it up high enough to come out of the brackets but as soon as it's out he had to let it drop to the ground because it was too heavy for even him to hold.

"I'm impressed." Luna said "We need a crane to even lift it an inch."

"Why did you let me test this if it's this heavy?" Harry asked

"We wanted to make sure it was strong enough, we're planning to use the metal for the new blast doors, we'll be replacing the old ones with these but we'll have to replace all the mechanisms, the old ones wouldn't be able to lift these." Luna explained

"Yes," Harry said with a sigh "a lot has to be done and the war hasn't even really begun yet, soon we'll be in over our heads with manufacturing weapons and training new recruits, there are still people coming in as we speak, we now have over seven thousand new citizens and over three thousand new soldiers."

"We'll need them for the new ships." Luna said.

"Not only that, we need more men to build houses, ships, defences at Potter Mansion, making weapons and so on." Harry said and sighed in defeat "We are a small group of people fighting against the world."

“Not the entire world but pretty much yes.” Luna said with enthusiasm

“How can you be so positive when we are facing superior numbers and strong foes without allies while I’m handicapped at the moment?” Harry asked sadly as he regarded her.

“We have superior technology, an advantage in defending our homeland, a mighty fleet and a lot of motivated people fighting and working for their beliefs, and while you are ‘handicapped’” she put emphasis on the word “we don’t rely solely on you, while this entire nation runs on your power we don’t need you fighting on the front lines or every minute of the day, we have charged the core of the castle enough to last over a millennium, each ship could last for over two hundred years and we have enough ammo clips for all weapons for at least three months, the maximum number of battles included and population growth as well.” Luna said

“But without me out there fighting the enemy a lot more casualties will fall on our side, while I don’t like to boast about it, I am the strongest person on this island and beyond, they need me out there.” Harry yelled, angry at himself

“Maybe, but they can manage without you for the moment and once your magic returns we will rise up higher than ever and crush our enemies.” Luna said with a determination Harry had rarely seen in her before

“You truly believe in me, don’t you?” Harry asked

“Yes we do,” Luna said with that same determination “and I more than you know.” She finished softly

“What was that?” Harry asked

“Nothing.” Luna said awkwardly and quickly changed back to her dreamy expression

“What about that fifth sheet?” Harry asked.

“Why don’t you try cutting it?” Luna said

Harry did just that. A terrible screeching sound sounded through the dungeon for a moment as Harry’s blade cut through the sheet.

Harry looked dumbfounded at the sheet, he had only managed to cut through a fourth of the sheet and it was only half a millimetre thick while the others had been at least five thick.

“This might sound like a stupid question but I suppose you saved this metal for last for a reason?” Harry asked, amusement evident in his voice

“Try to lift it up.” Luna said, a faint blush on her cheeks, he knew her too well.

Harry did so and prepared himself for another heavy sheet. He grabbed the sheet firmly and tried to lift the sheet with all his might. The sheet shot out of the brackets like it weighed nothing. Harry, not expecting this, was surprised and had to let it go as it shot up at a high speed and imbedded itself in the ceiling.

“Well,” Harry said while scratching the back of his head and looking a little sheepish “I guess that would be a better metal to make a sword of, sure is light and strong enough.”

“Yes indeed.” Luna said as she tried to get the plate back down by summoning it but it was firmly stuck in the ceiling so she put a little more power in her spell.

The sheet suddenly shot out of the ceiling.

“Watch out!” Harry cried as he dove for her. He reached her just in time to push her out of the way of the sheet which was sharp enough to cut her in half.

“Are you okay?” Harry asked concerned as he looked her over, he had knocked both of them on the ground and he was now lying on top of Luna who was blushing furiously but he didn’t notice, he was busy looking if she didn’t have any injuries.

He quickly got up and extended his hand which she took while looking away and he pulled her back to her feet.

“Harry, you’re bleeding!” Luna yelled as she took notice of his left arm where blood flowed steadily out of a long cut, it wasn’t very deep but still enough.

Harry looked at the cut curiously “It appears so.” He said softly.

“Sit down.” Luna ordered as she guided him to a nearby crate to look at the wound and heal it.

“So I guess that last metal is as tough as that of my sword?” Harry asked as Luna inspected his wound

“Tougher.” She corrected him as she aimed her wand at the wound and incanted a spell that would seal up the wound

“And it is as light as that of my sword?”

“Lighter.”

“So why don’t you use that metal for the blast doors?”

“We created it by accident, we were experimenting on a rare metal and something went wrong, we don’t know exactly what but it had something to do with the potions we mixed it with. This was the metal that came out of the process and up until now we haven’t been able to recreate what happened so we only have a small amount of it, enough for one sword and maybe enough for a second one but we will have to be careful, a lot of enchantments have been put on your sword and we’re still experimenting with them, if we botch the metal we have we might not be able to make one at all.” Luna explained as she finished the spell and the wound was sealed.

“Aren’t there some other uses for the metal, if we have so little of it we it might be put to better use elsewhere, besides, I already have a good sword.” Harry said as he flexed his arm and nodded in a satisfactory way.

“Because I know you and I want to bet everything I have on the fact that you will participate in battle, with or without your magic. They always say two pairs of eyes are better than one, the same goes for swords if you can wield them. We all saw your fight with that demon, we all know how close it came to defeating you because you were at a disadvantage, we won’t let that happen again.”

“You’re always thinking and worrying about me,” Harry said “when are you people going to start thinking about yourselves?”

“When you stop worrying for us and stop fighting our fights.” Luna said

“They are as much my fights as they are yours.” Harry said defiantly

“Wrong, your fight is with Voldemort, it’s us who have to fight for our ideals, we all made the choice to fight for our ideals, for you and yet if you had your way you would fight all of our enemies on your own, we wouldn’t mind if you didn’t fight on the frontlines you know.”

“And yet you know I’d never accept that, I was the one to come up with all of this and I’m the one who will end it.”

“We came up with all of this, you came up with the original idea but without us you would’ve never been able to accomplish as much as we have, you have to accept the fact that even if you never regain your magic we will fight and die for Insania.”

“Apparently you’re not the only one who thinks like that.” Harry said gravely, he had to admit it felt nice to have such people supporting him who didn’t rely solely on him to fight their fights and truly believed in the ideals he was now the icon of but that didn’t mean he didn’t feel

responsible for them and didn't like it when they went into battle, knowing for sure that there would be casualties.

"So how is the X11-C coming along?" Harry asked, changing the subject to the top secret weapon.

"The software interface for controlling the machine and aiming is completed, the weapons control software is still a bit buggy and we're still arguing about the primary weapon and some other secondary weapons, some say the primary weapon's power is unnecessary, that it would be too dangerous to use in real combat especially when you have allies on the battlefield, they are afraid it would hit allies as well, another argument is the long recharge time and heat generation. The problem with the secondary weapons is that we have a lot of options and we're debating on which ones would be truly useful, in my opinion they are obsolete to begin with, the primary gun, Gatling gun and defensive weapons are more than enough to defeat an entire army but we have to take into account that the enemy might score a lucky hit or two and destroy one of the weapons so I guess it's only prudent to include some other weapons and the fact that these weapons might prove useful in other situations, like enclosed spaces, you wouldn't be able to fire the primary weapon in an enclosed space, you'd only blow yourself up. On the other hand, I can't think of a space large enough where you could actually move this thing without taking out the ceiling or large sections of wall..." Luna all said this with an excitement Harry loved to see, Harry had never figured out why but Luna only showed emotions when work was involved or he was involved, which made him remember to visit Hermione, she was probably going to rant at him again for not dropping by yesterday but he knew she was never truly mad at him.

Luna rattled on for quite a while about the different aspects of the machine, as was only the seventeenth time Harry had heard them, he kept count but he couldn't deny her the pleasure to boast about the machine, it was her pride after all and he was sure it would help them attain victory in the end if it ever got that far, he hoped they would've won by then, when they used this there would be no wounded, only death and destruction.

It was about twenty minutes later he arrived in the secret underwater complex that housed the gargantuan space project.

The transportation system to get down there still amused him, it was like a giant water slide but with air and you weren't restricted to the laws of gravity as the slide went uphill on the way back.

He arrived in one of the offices located high above the work floor.

"Hey," he called out to one of the men working on one of the computers "have you seen Hermione around here somewhere."

"The Chief should be somewhere on the bridge section." The man answered.

"Thanks." Harry said and headed out of the offices. Unlike normal construction the station was being built from both sides at once, half of the construction workers was working on the giant X1-MIEB and the other half was working on the bridge which was located in a tower jutting out a good five hundred meters from the central part of the structure to offer a good overview, this tower was now fixed to the ceiling by large clamps and a wobbly gangway connected the structure to the offices.

As Harry walked over it he marvelled at the size of the site. He felt a bit dizzy as he looked down at the lowest point of the space where the X1-MIEB was being assembled three and a half kilometres down, you couldn't even see people from up here, the only thing that indicated there was someone down there where the occasional flashes of a welding post. As he looked up at the roof of the complex he had to admit it was an impressive piece of work. With a span of six kilometres the roof was far bigger than muggle technology could ever hope to achieve without support columns but magic had its ways but at the same time magic also had its limits and this base was one of them, while the words were strong enough to hold up the weight of the roof and the weight of the water it would not hold up against an attack, one of the reasons for the TSF base just above it.

As he worried about upcoming attacks the events of two days earlier entered his mind. He knew there would be a retaliatory strike soon, he had killed a lot of people, not only in the ministry but also in the battle with the MFA, he wasn't proud of it, certainly not, but he wasn't afraid to admit it either. Anger will have made their ways to the peoples' hearts by now and they will demand that the Ministry does something about it, while some people had been convinced he was sure that most hated his guts now but he had been prepared for that, while he was fighting for them he knew that they would not support him, only those able to see through the Ministry's lies would but those were few in numbers, maybe in the later stages of the war they would start to realise that the Ministry is wrong and that he is on the right side, the side opposing Voldemort and the corrupt government. While it had been acknowledged that Voldemort was back there had been no attacks from him on the general public and the Ministry hadn't even started to oppose him, Fudge apparently still believed that Voldemort wasn't a threat at the moment. Him blowing up the ministry yesterday might've opened Fudge's eyes, if he was still alive that is. He had to admit he didn't feel too bad about killing all those people and certainly not Fudge and that worried him, he was starting to think he was becoming more like Voldemort. He did regret it a little, it was a useless waste of human lives, he knew that and he didn't enjoy killing, if he didn't have the Drone-mode he didn't know if he was even able to kill anyone and that worried him, did the Drone-mode truly suppress emotions or did it merely bring up another side of him, a darker side. When he nearly killed Luna a little while ago that truly scared him, he had almost hurt one of the people closest to him, what would've happened if he hadn't been able to stop in time?

He didn't even dare to think about the possibility, he had made a promise to protect these people and how could he live with himself if he was the one to break that promise. He had thought about it before but now he was absolutely determined to be careful with his Drone-mode, to try and control it more. He called his sword and it appeared in his hand. He looked at it like he had never seen it before, how such a shiny piece of metal could cause so much death so easily. All it took where a few quick slashes. He swung the sword around absent-mindedly, hearing the air pass over the smooth surface of the blade. He shook his head and stored it away again, shaking his head, if he had a choice he would never use it in battle again but unfortunately at

the moment he didn't have that choice. With his magic unreachable and the upcoming war he had no choice but to use it. He could of course use the rifles to stun people but they weren't fast enough when it came to large scale battles or confined spaces, his sword was ten times faster in disabling an enemy and he could take out several with a single attack. He didn't like it but those were the facts and the longer he let the enemy fight, the more chance there was that someone on his side was going to get injured, or worse. The guns simply weren't good enough, they were excellent for missions like infiltrating an enemy base for a short period of time but they needed something more powerful for a takeover as the ministry assault had proven, without his help they never would've succeeded in getting to the minister. But when the guns were used in combination with a wand there were some more possibilities, you could cast a shield to protect yourself and attack at the same time. They had the advantage when it came to fighting, that was a fact, the M16 and the MAG cannon were both very powerful tools out on a battlefield, built for destruction but without them they would fail. They had lesser numbers and tried to stay as much on the Light side as possible. Most of the members of the Iron Circle had agreed on his philosophy that if they were attacked they were allowed to use lethal force and take down the enemy by whatever means and if they attacked to would try to minimise casualties except two, namely Hermione, who believed that they should try and minimise casualties at all times unless there was no other option, and Luna, who believed that they shouldn't hold back, ever, and just do whatever is necessary to achieve victory. He sighed as he thought about these two views, he knew that the Harry before all this happened would've agreed with Hermione and that the Harry he was now had the tendency to prefer Luna's way. He summoned his sword again and swung it around a few times, listening once more to the air displacement it created and had to admit he kind of liked the blade as well, its smooth metal surface that could cut through almost anything, it was a tool that could defend but could just as well destroy and he loved and hated it just for those reasons. Suddenly he hated anything and everything in the world for doing this to him and he made a powerful swing with his sword, accidentally cutting out a piece of the railing. He calmed down and put his blade away again. He sighed again as he admitted it silently, he didn't dare to admit it out loud, he had a dark side, a side he didn't like but couldn't ignore anymore.

“Why did it have to be this way!” he yelled angrily as he grabbed the loose piece of railing before it could fall down and hurt someone “Why did it have to be me, why did I have to be the chosen one, I’m not a killer yet these people make me one!”

Or was it he himself that had made him kill? He was the one to begin this war after all, he was the one to challenge the Ministry and Dumbledore and that had instigated the war with the Americans, it was his idea to steal the Missouri.

He slumped down to his knees and became lost in thought as memories from what seemed like a previous life entered his mind and emotions swept his mind away. Memories about his life at Hogwarts before the end of his fifth year when life was still relatively normal, it had of course had its downsides but he had to admit that in general it had been good. But he had given up all of that because he had decided to stand up for his ideals, he knew he wasn’t alone, a lot of people had decided the same thing but he still felt as if the burden was heavier for him than anyone else, did that make him egocentric?

He heard approaching footsteps on the gangway through the daze he was in but couldn’t shake himself out of it.

“Harry?” a worried female voice asked.

He looked up, as he saw a blurry shape approach him he realised he had been crying.

“Harry, what’s wrong?” the voice asked and as he slowly got out of his daze he realised it was Hermione’s.

He regarded her with a strange look, wondering why she was concerned about a monster like him.

“Harry, talk to me, do you want me to call the infirmary?” Hermione asked with more concern than ever.

“No,” he croaked “I’m fine.” He said as he tried to stop the tears from flowing.

“You are not fine.” Hermione said firmly “Now tell me what’s wrong.”

“I’m a monster.” Harry whispered.

“What?” she asked dumbfounded.

“I’m a merciless killer.” He whispered as the tears started flowing freely again.

“Harry, what are you talking about?” she asked with a mix of emotions in her voice.

“The ministry ... MFA...” he managed to say between sobs.

“Stop saying such foolish things, those were situations that called for certain actions.” Hermione reprimanded him as she sat down next to him.

“You don’t understand, I’m not who I used to be, I’ve become a merciless killer.” He said.

“How can you say something like that when you’re here crying your heart out because of it?”

“I only regret it afterwards but at the moment itself I don’t feel any remorse or doubt, I just go for the kill.”

“You only did kill people when they killed first, it was self-defence more than anything else.”

“When I kill it’s not out of self-defence, it’s out of anger, no, pure hatred, so strong and pure, I’ve never felt another emotion like that. This morning I’ve almost killed Luna when I entered my Drone-mode.”

“Is it only in your Drone-mode that this rush of anger overtakes you?”

“I think so yes, at other times I can keep it in control most of the time but when I’m in my Drone-mode it kind of takes me by surprise.” he paused a moment and sighed regretfully “I’m afraid Hermione, and I’m afraid to admit that, this war is taking a lot out of me and I’m afraid that it is leading me to a path I don’t want to take, a path of merciless killing.”

“In what kind of situations were you when your anger took control?”

“This morning it was because I was attacked by surprise, I instantly entered my Drone-mode because it seemed like the only way out, I was so blinded by my anger for being attacked I didn’t realise that I was about to attack a person that I am supposed to be protecting. In the ministry it was because one of my men got killed and I was trying to reach Amy.”

“You see, you only feel this hatred when you feel you have been done wrong or when you are trying to protect other people. It’s not because that Drone-mode of yours is bringing up a dark side of you, it’s because you are trying to protect people and you get angry at those trying to harm them, I believe that Drone-mode doesn’t suppress your feelings or bring up a darker side of you but it merely makes you see what is necessary in order to achieve your goals and it uses your emotions to achieve that goal. Emotions are a powerful tool, I know, believe me, I know what it feels like to feel pure hatred for a person.” She said sadly as she thought about her mistake of betraying Harry and the hurt she had felt when Ron betrayed her and almost raped her.

Harry looked at her in amazement, she was indeed a genius who was rarely wrong about anything, what she said was true he realized, what he had done was indeed because of actions the enemy had taken, he hadn’t rushed into the ministry killing people on sight, he had tried to stun first and use lethal force only when it was absolutely necessary and he had been there to free a young girl that had been imprisonment merely because she had been close to him. with the

MFA attack it had been the same, first they had killed innocent civilians and then they killed Dean and the entire crew of the Missouri and this morning was an exception, he had been threatened and Luna had been the first person to show up so instead of looking who it was first he had immediately defined her as an enemy. A lot of people had already assured him that he was the one that was right and that they supported him, that they wouldn't blame him for certain actions and wouldn't just abandon him if things got ugly and yet he continued to doubt himself and try to do everything instead of relying on other people sometimes but they all knew he was a stubborn one and that he would try to do as much as possible and take on too much for him to handle and take all the blame. He figured they all knew if he was given the choice between dying and saving his country and living but getting people hurt he would rather die than get a single person involved, they were right he wasn't a bad person, but like anyone else he had a side that could do gruesome things in order to achieve his goals and to protect. But he was still troubled by his anger at times and that he had to kill people. As he continued to look at her he realised she was still bothered that she had not chosen his side right from the start.

"It's alright Hermione." He said suddenly and she looked up at him startled as if she had forgotten that he was there "You've done the right thing." He assured her and moved closer, he gently reached out with his hand and used it to lift her chin so she had to look him in the eye "You know I've already forgiven you."

"I know that, but seeing all these people that believed in you from the start, people you hardly knew, is not easy when you are one of those that have known you very well for years and yet we betrayed you. Oh Harry, I know you've already forgiven me but I still feel bad for all the pain I've caused you." She said and this time it was her tears that started flowing.

"It's alright Hermione," he reassured her again you had your reasons for what you did just like I have mine, it turned out the way it was supposed to be, didn't it?"

"Not really." Hermione said "Ron isn't here."

“You can’t have everything Hermione, I regret that as well but he has made his choices as we have made ours, we can’t change that now, maybe he’ll come around later.” Harry said soothingly as he gently embraced her.

“I don’t know if I want him to come over to our side Harry, he’s changed a lot, he’s not the person we knew him to be, I’m afraid of him Harry.”

“Don’t worry, I’ll protect you, I’ll protect everyone as much as I can, I won’t let any harm be done to you, not while you’re by my side.” He said with determination and he retracted slightly from the embrace so could look into her eyes so that she could see that he meant it.

“You know,” she said as she looked away, a faint blush on her cheeks “I’m supposed to be comforting you.”

“I know, and you did.” He said and she looked back up “You made me realize that I did the right thing, thank you.”

“I know you better than most people do Harry, we do have a lot of history together you know.”

As they gazed into each others eyes there was a sudden attraction. Slowly but surely Harry started to move his head closer to hers. His head had never felt so clear before as a sudden determination settled in his mind.

“Harry...” Hermione whispered a little unsure but Harry stopped her as he put his finger on her lips.

“Yes, I’m sure. Let me care for you Hermione and protect you in every way possible.” He whispered as he removed his finger and he moved his lips closer to hers.

When their lips met his mind was blown away from all his worries, for the moment at least.

Author notes: Reviews are still very welcome and my yahoo group is still open to anyone who wants to join, the link is on my bio page. I hope you all enjoyed the chapter, I'm afraid that the next chapter won't be up in the next month, I've got a large project coming up that has to be completed by the end of the month and the exams are closing in so I'll be busy enough as it is. 'Till next chapter.

Review responses:

RexMyno: please people have some patience, you don't just rush into battles and about Ginny, I can't make everyone happy, some want her to die, others want her back with Harry, but if you want to know what will happen to her you will have to continue to read this story cause it'll be a while before she shows up again and Dumbledore will get what he deserves, but what does he deserve in my opinion?

one-village-idiot: They will build one of their own and those subs might find themselves on the opposite side.

5HAD0W: you can always try, it might even work but as far as I'm concerned I always try to aim at ten thousand words per chapter.

karone-sakura: let's just say some people can't stand it that you are happier than them and they try to mentally destroy you because of it.

john1234: there are some things that'll have to happen first but he will have his power back long before the war is over.

DarkSoulMage: I've already answered one of these, all I will say is, never judge a book by its cover.

Thanks to everyone else that has reviewed:

RainSeaker, Akira Stridder, lordwhatucallit, Snoppy0160, darkchild

Sides unveiled

“Again!” Draco ordered as Amy got up from the ground for the umpteenth time.

She took a defensive stance and awaited his attack.

Without any warning he rushed forward. She awaited the first sign of an attack, hoping she could react fast enough to block or avoid it.

Draco suddenly let himself fall and slide forward, his legs in front of him as he tried to knock Amy off her feet.

This time she had been ready for that and jumped so that he slid past her. As soon as she landed back on her feet she swung her leg backward, low over the ground in an attempt to hit Draco in the face, he didn't play nice so she certainly wasn't going to either, only to find her foot being gripped firmly by one of his hands. He yanked on it as hard as he could, yanking her off balance and pulling himself upright simultaneously. As soon as he got up he swung his foot up and brought it down again towards Amy's chest. He stopped only centimetres above it.

“I win.” Draco stated

“Again!” he yelled as he put some distance between them

Harry looked at the scene with some concern and amusement at the same time. Concerned that Amy didn't get injured and amused by the fact that even if she wasn't beating Draco she was giving him a run for his money.

It had been a week since the base at Potter Mansion had been established and things had been calm since then. There had been no surprise attacks on the base or Insania and it was making him nervous, the MFA was still not back in the game and that worried him, he knew he had crippled almost the entire fleet but he hadn't thought it would take this long for them to retaliate and the longer it took the

harder the blow would be when they finally did make their move, even now they were probably massing their forces and rebuilding their fleet.

As for the Ministry, they too were quiet, the only thing that had been heard about them was that they had restored the order and that the Ministry was running again on the island of Azkaban and that they had found Fudge alive, albeit barely. According to the Prophet he would be in St. Mungo's for several weeks recovering from his numerous wounds inflicted by 'those terrorists that follow the Potter brat' and the collapse of the building. In a way Harry was glad that the man was still alive, this way he could give the man a life long punishment once he had won.

And then there was of course his relationship with Hermione. Even now he didn't understand how that had happened but it had seemed so right at the time, they both needed some reassurance and company. Although Hermione was now one of them she didn't have many friends on the island, there were still some who didn't trust her because of her actions at the beginning and her work kept her a little too busy for a lot of socializing, not that the workload was too much but Hermione had the tendency to be too devoted to her work sometimes, and Harry, well, he guessed because he was at the top, a lot of people looked up to him and were too formal in his presence and his close friends all had their own things they had to worry about at the moment. He still had Amy of course who kept him company when he was in the apartment but those times were few and with Amy now training with Draco those times were even less. And they had known each other for a long time. There was still the matter of Ginny but after what had happened he didn't know if it had all been real, all evidence pointed towards the fact that she had been under the control of someone else and while he knew she had been in love with him he didn't know if she was already controlled when they got together, she had certainly seemed a lot more determined to become closer to him once the new term had started but he hadn't thought anything of it, merely that she was growing up and they had become friends over the course of the previous year. But once she had left him he had to admit he had felt somewhat insecure and alone and now Hermione filled that loneliness. While they didn't share their living space just yet, they had only been together for a week after all, they spend time together whenever possible.

Even now, a week after the article in the quibbler people were still arriving at Potter Mansion to join the people of Insania but each day less and less arrived but at the moment they had enough men and woman to man the expansion of the fleet. He presumed that once the Ministry started acting and the Quibbler and the Daily Prophet would each print their own version of the events more people would join them if the Quibbler printed only the truth which it would and sooner or later the Ministry would make a mistake.

To be honest he was getting anxious and hoped that the enemy made a move soon, he didn't care which one it was, be it Dumbledore or Voldemort, the Ministry or the MFA. He didn't care, all he cared about was that he could battle his enemies and defeat them, he didn't like to admit it but he relished the feeling of victory and the rush that came with battle these days, all those years he had been quiet and only reacted but now he was challenging his enemies to attack him and while he wasn't sure if Insania would come out of this war victorious, he knew for certain that if it lost it would go down with a bang. He still wanted a quiet life away from Voldemort and the prophecy but somehow, in a strange way, he looked forward to the upcoming battles. Maybe he was a little power hungry these days but he didn't care, he knew that as soon as his enemies were defeated he would never touch his sword again and he would buy a new wand, a fresh wand, free of the spells he had used to kill enemies.

He just hoped his magic would break through the barrier soon, he missed the feeling of magic running through his body freely, strengthening him and making him feel more alive than anything else, he missed the feeling of his staff channelling his magic but most of all he missed it because he could take out a lot of people and yet not kill any of them, magic had many more ways to take out an enemy than a sword or his trademark use of the MAG cannons. Magic was a fine tool in contrast to his sword or the raw power of a MAG shell.

On a happier note, the Potter was now repaired and fully operational, the ship was scheduled to launch again this afternoon and they would test immediately if the thing could fly or not, if one of the engines didn't blow up that is, while scaled down versions of the things had been tested the tests had not always gone smoothly but not all of the

sometimes funny accidents were due to system failures, like underestimating the force of one of these engines when you bolted them down for a test, you can imagine some people are not very happy when a jet engine crashes through the wall and flies through their office, especially not if that person is Hermione. But there had been numerous problems with these fairly simple engines, or at least the principle was simple. Basically a jet engine is a very large compressor, the largest fan in the front sucks in vast amounts of air, a part of the air displaced by this fan is used to provide a part of the thrust and the rest of the air is forced through a series of fans that compress the air to a factor of fifty, vaporised fuel is then injected into the compressed air and ignited, the expansion of the air through the heating creates thrust as the expanding air seeks for a way out and finds it at the back of the engine, this provides the remaining part of the thrust. Simple really but the only problem was, they didn't have fuel to ignite, fuel was expensive and it would prove to be a problem to import vast amounts of it, muggles would start wondering where these amounts of fuel went to and large tankers wouldn't function properly in the vicinity of Insania and jet fuel could not be easily purchased in vast quantities. In the beginning they tested an engine where raw magical energy was dumped into the engine, as they had discovered on the ships, the transportation of raw energy through conductors created a lot of heat so a large amount of conductors in the combustion chamber created more than enough heat. So far so good but using raw magical energy was very consuming on the energy supply, they calculated that if the ship would fly for a week it could deplete an entire core that would normally last for three hundred years or more. Newt they tries to use a MAD but these devices had one quirk, they could only focus and amplify magic into a beam but the heat generation was more than enough, the only problem was that these beams blew a hole straight through the outer casing of the engine. A solution was found for this, instead of letting the beam itself heat up the air they mounted a diamond in the centre of the combustion chamber and aim the beam at it, the crystal absorbed the energy until the diamond couldn't take any more and has to get rid of the energy it can't store and it does this by converting the energy into heat. So the combined heat of the diamond and the beam going to the diamond was more than enough, in fact, it was too much, hence the engine-flying-through-office accident. They tried using a smaller crystal but this only resulted in it being charged up

much sooner and still giving of a too large amount of heat. If they weakened the beam it took longer for the diamond to charge but once it was up and running the diamond seemed to act as an amplifying device on its own and still created so much heat that the engine could not be held in place and simply shot off on its own and diamond was the only material that didn't melt after twenty minutes or so of operating. In the end it came back down to combustible liquids, namely potions. There are a large number of potions that are combustible and relatively easy to make with more common ingredients. It wasn't hard to make them in large quantities if you had the ingredients. So when they went to Neville and asked him if he could grow such large amounts of plants he took it as a challenge, his only request was that he would be allowed to expand his greenhouse, something Harry granted him without even thinking about it.

"Hey Potter," Draco yelled, bringing him out of his musings "you interested in a quick duel?"

"You're on Malfoy." Harry yelled back, his mood brightened by the friendly banter.

They used to do this every so often when both of them got bored, they would come down to the training grounds and have an all out duel with non lethal spells and dulled blades, Harry's sword had of course been banned after the first match since it gave him an enormous advantage but as he used a regular sword used for practicing he couldn't even swing the blade decently. After a bit of reasoning they concluded that a bit of Gryffindor's spirit still remained in the sword and granted the wielder the knowledge to control the blade like it was nothing so Draco decided to learn him the art of fighting with a sword, Draco had learned while he was little as a tradition of purebloods, he wasn't proud anymore of his past but some things did come in handy. Now that Amy had started training with Draco after regular training was over for the day Harry would come over to pick her up but they would duel everyday, Harry wanted to be sure that if he ever lost Gryffindor's blade he would still be able to fight with one but it also seemed that his mind had also absorbed

some of the knowledge stored in the blade as he picked up handling a sword a lot faster than Draco ever did.

He took of the ring that was his sword and it immediately transformed back into his sword as it couldn't hold its ring form when it was taken of and he placed it on the bench he had been sitting on.

He walked towards Draco who summoned one of the practice blades and threw it at him which Harry caught without problems, he congratulated Amy on her progress as he passed her on her way to the bench.

“Terms?” Harry asked.

“First contact wins.” Draco replied.

Harry nodded and took his fighting stance while Draco did the same.

As soon as they were ready they ran towards each other and the duel began.

Meanwhile at an undisclosed location in England

Alastor Moody was angrily looking into the fire in the hearth not satisfied with the way things were going the last few days, he still hadn't heard anything from Albus, he had been gone for a week now and the Order was getting restless and some had even quit like Minerva. After the assault on the Ministry she had decided not to fight against Potter anymore but she did tell them they could expect her back when they decided that they would support him. Arthur Weasley, while he hadn't quit the order, he too had stated that he wouldn't participate in anything that worked against Harry, he had told them of his conversation with Harry and had informed them that while the boy was now indeed without magic he was still a formidable foe and the fact that he spared most of the lives at the ministry didn't really inspire hatred against him, more admiration, he had seen it himself how the young boy had fought and it didn't make him eager to go against him.

The fact that a lot of people had joined the boy didn't make matters any easier, he was getting more powerful by the day. The new technology they possessed and the well defended home base almost made it impossible for anyone to make a strike against them, only the new base at the old Potter mansion was a likely target to go against the boy and he was sure the Ministry was planning an attack. He just didn't know what they themselves were going to do, there was not much they could do with their current strength but he didn't feel like doing nothing either.

"Where are you Albus, damn it." Moody growled, they were nothing without Albus and his leadership.

He didn't know how long he continued gazing into the fire but he was suddenly brought out of his musing by a strange feeling that passed through him yet it somehow felt familiar.

He quickly scanned the room for any threats, his wand just a thought away.

He noticed the feeling getting stronger by the moment, it was if the room was coming alive and energy was building up around him.

He heard a slight noise coming from behind the door and immediately fired of the most powerful curse that came to mind, not even bothering to look through it, while jumping out of the chair and taking cover behind the large coffee table which he immediately knocked over.

"I see your welcomes haven't changed a bit my friend." An amused and powerful voice said as the noise of the door exploding disappeared. The voice sounded very familiar but at the same time had an odd tone to it.

Now he took the time to look at the intruder and stood up with a grim expression on his face.

"It's good to see you are alive Albus, I was starting to get worried about you." Moody said in a cautious tone.

“You shouldn’t worry about me, you should now that after all these years.”

“No, I think I do have to worry about you, not that I’m not glad to see you but I haven’t seen you like this since the time when we were about to defeat Grindelwald.” Moody commented as he regarded the ancient wizard before him.

Moody hadn’t seen Dumbledore radiate such power in quite a while, his magical eye could literally see magic swirling around him, sparks flying off him and connecting with objects at moments. That in itself didn’t surprise him, he had always known the man possessed such power and with a little effort he would be able to restore his power to former levels but it wasn’t until he saw the old man’s eyes when he started to realise that this reborn power wasn’t his own power. The colour of Dumbledore’s eyes seemed to shift from green to light blue, then to a dark brown and eventually to the headmaster’s own light blue.

“My god Albus, what have you done to yourself.” Moody asked a little frightfully as he gripped his wand tighter.

“There’s no need to be afraid my friend, it is nothing of the kind of what you are thinking.” Albus tried to assure him

“Then what is it if not Dark ways that have caused your possession, I have seen things like this before Albus and when people have different eye colours and a sudden increase in power it is mostly through some kind of dark ritual.” Moody growled accusingly.

“While the process itself might have been frowned upon at the time and maybe even now I can assure you that me and my companions have only the interest of helping the wizarding world through this ordeal at heart.”

“And who might those ‘friends’ be?” Moody spat

“You may have heard of them. They are Rowena Ravenclaw, Godric Gryffindor and Helga Hufflepuff.” Dumbledore announced with a twinkle in his eyes.

“What? That’s ludicrous, how could they have possibly helped you?” his last few words spoken in a very soft tone as he realized what had happened.

“You opened a gateway to the afterlife and summoned their souls?” He yelled incredulously

“Of course not,” Dumbledore snapped and Moody was taken aback at his vehemence “now sit down and let me tell you of the final days of the three founders and maybe then you will finally understand what truly happened.” Dumbledore continued in a much calmer tone and Moody noticed that when Dumbledore had snapped at him his eyes had been brown before changing to the normal blue.

Before he could reply Dumbledore gave a wave with his hand and the coffee table righted itself and a second chair appeared next to Moody’s own although it looked more like a throne instead of the normal comfortable ones he was used from his old friend.

Another motion with his hand and drinks appeared on the table.

“We’re going to need those.” Dumbledore clarified as Moody eyed the Firewhiskey with his normal eye while the other one looked at Dumbledore who seated himself.

“Now sit down and let me tell you the tale of how...”
Clang

Clang

Screech

Amy stared in fascination at Harry and Draco as they duelled furiously with each other the first few minutes of such a duel always

frightened her, she couldn't help it but in the beginning it truly looked like those two were trying to kill each other but after some time, if you really looked and studied their movements you could see that they didn't really fight to kill, she knew it from the beginning of course but it still made her uncomfortable to see such expressions of hatred on her role models' faces. When she thought about it she didn't think that they were actually fighting each other but that these 'mock' duels were more something of a way for the two father figures in her life to get rid of the frustrations their inner demons provided, for there was no way that these two could feel such hatred for each other as their faces showed. She sighed as she realised she would never know for sure because even if she asked them both of them would deny it even it was true.

Amy winced as Harry narrowly avoided a blow to the neck from Draco.

It was weird to see Harry hold his own against Draco when a few days ago he couldn't even last forty seconds, she and Draco had pondered about it and they had come to the conclusion that the sword Harry always carried around had somehow left the knowledge of sword fighting in Harry's mind and while he couldn't access it without the sword in the beginning after a few days of training Harry could access that knowledge without the aid of the sword.

Amy eyed the sword that was lying next to her with apprehension, even though Harry didn't mind she didn't know how she would react to the fact that a sword somehow had access to her mind.

She was brought out of her musings when she heard the sound of a body hitting the ground with a sense of finality.

"I win." Draco said without emotion as he stood over Harry, the sabre aimed at Harry's chest, the latter holding the left side of his ribcage.

There was a moment of silence as the aura of enemies around them disappeared.

“Damn it Draco,” Harry said as he winced, “did you really have to hit me so hard.

“Maybe,” Draco said with some amusement as he offered a hand to help him up “but I probably wouldn’t have gotten you if I had slowed down just before I hit you, you’re getting better by the day Harry and soon I will have to go all out to get past your defence.”

“Maybe you should just let me win instead.” Harry joked as Draco hauled him back on his feet.

“In your dreams Potter but I’ll buy you a drink instead.”

“I can accept that.” Harry said with a smile.

“Come on Amy, Butterbeer is on me, and bring Harry’s sword if you don’t mind.” Draco yelled

Amy wanted to yell an affirmative but somehow the thought of touching the sword suddenly occupied her mind, she had never touched it before, Harry had always retrieved it himself.

“Amy, what’s the matter? Hurry up.” Harry yelled.

“I’ll be right over.” She yelled as she continued to look at the sword

“Come on,” she thought “it’s not going to bite you and if Harry trusts me with it it’s probably safe.” she concluded and grabbed hold of the sword and lifted it off the bench. It felt oddly heavy in her hands, she had expected it to be lighter. As she was about to stand up she suddenly felt a presence radiate from the sword, two presences actually, one felt very familiar and the other felt like a complete stranger. She was about to yell for Harry, she didn’t think this was normal when she suddenly felt the familiar presence being overshadowed by the strange one and then it was gone.

“HARRY!”

A few moments earlier at an undisclosed location somewhere in England

“And that’s how their power became mine.” Albus Dumbledore concluded.

“So you’re saying that there are currently four people in your head?” Moody asked, the grizzled Auror was a little drunk by now, the story was a bit farfetched and all the details had started to blur after Albus had been talking for about fifteen minutes “and you didn’t tell us anything about in the last few months they’ve been in there.”

“Yes, that’s right.” Albus sighed as his eye colour changed to green and suddenly his head snapped up as if he had heard something strange but the only sound in the room was the crackling of the fire.

“What is it.” Moody asked immediately, all signs of being drunk vanishing immediately as his eye started spinning in its socket looking for threats.

Albus ignored him as the green in his eyes started to glow and magic started warping around his left hand.

“Another is in possession of it now,” Albus suddenly said in an odd tone “one with a much weaker spirit, I have a chance to reclaim what is mine now.”

“What are you talking about Albus?” Moody asked but Dumbledore continued to ignore him.

The crackling of magic around his hand suddenly intensified and slowly but surely the outline of a sword started to appear, first it only consisted solely of pure white magic but it gradually changed into dark red and then the cold glint of steel appeared.

“Where the hell did that Japanese sword come from.” Moody asked and still Dumbledore ignored him

“It has been a long time my friend.” Dumbledore whispered as he regarded the sword “But that boy has left his vile presence on you, look at you in that odd shape, it is not befitting for an artefact with your power.” He continued and with that the magic in the room began to feel heavier and more potent.

Moody stared at the sword as his magical eye could see the tendrils of magic surrounding it, becoming more intense, the tendrils swirled around it and then suddenly dove into the metal which caused a flash every time. The process slowly sped up until Moody could no longer look at it because of the intensity of the flashes but they didn't seem to bother Albus.

Slowly but surely the sword started to transform again into its original shape, the tip of the sword crept back to the centre and the blade thickened. The handle shortened as the end of it thickened into a knob and large rubies sprouted on it.

And as the sword regained its original form the magic surrounding it suddenly disappeared.

Dumbledore looked at it in satisfaction and twirled it experimentally and gave a satisfied nod.

“That's Godric Gryffindor's sword, you were telling the truth!” Moody exclaimed.

“Should I reward or deduct house points for that statement?” Dumbledore suddenly said apparently to himself as his eyes switched to brown and his voice sounded a lot higher.

There was a strange expression on his face for a moment before the eyes changed back to their normal blue.

“Do you understand now?” Dumbledore asked and Moody nodded thoughtfully “Now, if you will excuse me, I have some things to take care of, the sword might've just changed the tide.”

“Are you leaving already,” Moody asked “did you just come here to tell me that story?”

“Now that you ask, I did not come here for just that, there is a matter for which I require your assistance, I shall expect you at our headquarters tomorrow at eight, don’t be late.” Dumbledore said and with that he turned around and strode out of the room.

Moody looked at the bottle on the table and the glass which he had refilled a few times too many this evening, shrugged and grabbed the bottle taking a few big gulps, normally he wouldn’t drink from anything else than his flask but he figured that tonight was a special occasion and it was Dumbledore that had brought it.

“Either the man has totally lost it or he has found the key to bring this war to a good end.” Moody growled as he put the bottle back on the table “Either way, he knows where to buy his drinks.”

“I’m so sorry, I’m so sorry...” Amy repeated over and over again

“It’s not your fault Amy, you couldn’t have made it disappear.” Harry said for the tenth time

“But you must be angry at me.” Amy yelled and started crying

“I’m not.” Harry said curtly but the angry expression on his face did nothing to make her belief

“You look angry.” She said as sobs started to wrack her body

“My anger is not directed at you.” Harry said, trying to sound reassuring but his voice sounded cold

“But...”

Smack

“Damn it soldier, compose yourself and listen to what your superiors tell you, it was not your fault, I was the one who told you to touch it, remember. If anyone is at fault it is me.” Draco yelled suddenly, using the training approach

“Was that really necessary?” Harry said while glaring at Draco

“We’ll discuss ethics later commander, right now we need to figure out what this means.” Draco said as he straightened up, Harry knew that when Draco called him commander it was down to business and niceties could wait ‘till later “Sorry Amy but this is serious.” He said in a softer tone and Amy looked sheepish about her earlier behaviour but knew that Draco was right, this was serious and she had been panicking, something that nobody trained by Draco is ever allowed to do but she had been afraid that Harry would be mad at her and she wouldn’t have been able to deal with that, he was her ‘father’ after all

“I’m not sure,” Harry said “but I know one thing, it’s nothing good, you know to whom that sword originally belonged to and as far as I know he is the only person who would be able to make it disappear.”

“Maybe he didn’t make it disappear but summoned it.” Draco guessed

“If that was the case then why didn’t he do it sooner?” Harry wondered

“Well, we know you forced a part of Gryffindor that was in the sword out when you took control of it and as far as I know nobody has touched that sword but you ever since then, right?”

“I guess so.”

“And since it responds to your magic it probably has a kind of presence of you in it.”

“Sounds about right.”

“Son what if your presence was weakened when Amy touched it and he was able to summon it.”

“I did feel a familiar presence in the word when I touched it that reminded me of Harry but it quickly faded away.” Amy confirmed.

“You see, that is why I put you in charge of our troops, now it doesn't matter right now if you're right or not but it sounds a lot more believable than the scenario I had in mind, what matters that whatever happened it's nothing good. If you're right and Godric has his sword back than that means Dumbledore has it and you know what kind of power can be wielded by that sword, we need to start preparing.” Harry concluded

“Right.” Draco said immediately.

“Gather up all your soldiers and tell them that most of the army will be heading over to Potter Mansion but leave five hundred men here to defend Insania, just in case. Let them board the Potter, we'll be taking it with us, no time like now to test if the thing can fly or not, the fleet will be able to handle anything they can throw at us at the moment, Voldemort won't attack us now, he's probably still recovering and the MFA shouldn't be a problem, we might need both the Ekliptica and the Potter if they attack the mansion.”

“But Harry,” Amy asked suddenly “what are you going to do, you don't have your magic and now your sword is gone as well.”

“I will be fighting as well, they may have taken away my magic and my primary weapon but they will be surprised if they think I'm not going to fight.”

“I want to go as well.” Amy said.

“NO!” Draco and Harry yelled at the same time.

“Why not?” she asked a little afraid of the vehemence in the two others' voices.

“I know you have trained hard and are progressing nicely Amy but you’re not good enough for a large scale fight like this and the fact that I don’t have any magic won’t allow me to protect you either.” Harry said.

“Yes you do.” Harry said with conviction “Just like anyone else on this island who doesn’t want to fight actively, you are one of them now, but when you’re ready I’ll allow you to fight too.” Harry promised “Can you accept that?”

“I suppose.” She answered a little hesitant.

“Good, now go to Hermione and stay by her side until I return.” Harry ordered her.

“Because I know you and I know you’ll try to go anyway and I don’t have the time to make sure you stay here.” Harry said simply.

Amy walked away while muttering under her breath.

“Draco, get to it, I have a few phone calls I have to make.” Harry said and walked towards the harbour.

Moments after Draco left alarms started blaring all over the island.

Harry picked his cell phone from his pocket and dialled a number.

“Communications, how can I help you.” The voice on the other end said.

“This is Commander Potter, send a high priority message to Potter Mansion telling them to go on high alert and make preparations for an impending attack, if all goes well their support will arrive in nine hours.” Harry said

“Very well sir.” The voice sound and Harry hung up, there was no time for niceties.

He pressed a speed dial and waited for the person to pick up.

“Hello?” The questioning voice of Neville Longbottom asked.

“Neville, drop whatever you’re doing and get over to the Potter immediately, make arrangements to be away for a few days, we have an urgent situation.”

“Alright, give me ten minutes.” He immediately answered, not questioning Harry’s order, he knew if Harry ordered him to do something it was serious.

Harry hung up again and dialled another number.

“Research department Nine, how can I help you commander?” a male voice asked.

“Get me Luna Lovegood ASAP.” Harry ordered.

“Just a moment sir.” The voice said and thirty seconds later the voice of Luna spoke to him.

“What is it Harry?” she asked.

“How are those swords coming along?” He asked immediately.

“Straight down to business, what’s going on?” Luna asked a little worried.

“I’ll explain later, now how about those swords?”

“We’re almost done enchanting the liquid metal and are adding the right potions as we speak, it should take another week before they are complete.”

“You have forty eight hours to complete at least one at the most, any progress on the metal itself?”

“Harry, you can’t be serious, it will take a miracle to complete even one in just two days as for the metal we have concluded that it had to be a factor that was out of our control, we are assuming it had something to do with the position of certain planets or even moons, we are investigating the matter.”

“Well, you are my miracle worker. As for the metal I can assume that it will be next to impossible to repeat the process?”

“I’m afraid that is most likely the case, now will you tell me what is going on?” She demanded.

“There is a pretty good chance that Potter Mansion will be attacked in the next few hours or days, I’m afraid I have to go now, a lot of things have to be done.” Harry said and hung up.

As if on command Hedwig appeared and transported him to the bridge of the Potter.

Twenty minutes later on the bridge of the Potter

Harry looked around at the almost identical bridge of the Ekliptica, except that there were four engine control stations in stead of one, one for each pontoon and one for the jet engines, and the steering wheel of the bridge had a steering column next to it, a few extra stations for the additional guns this thing carried, like the shield emitters and guns on the underside of the hull.

Neville and Draco were already there and were awaiting his orders but they were still waiting for one person that still had to show up, Luna had insisted on being there when the Potter was going to make its first flight, she had helped to build the engines. Sarah Brown was there as well, also interested if it would fly or not.

A loud pop announced the arrival of Luna.

“Good, let’s begin.” Harry said immediately, not even greeting Luna who looked slightly put out.

“Draco, are all your men on board?” Harry asked and received a nod in reply “Neville, you can imagine why I called you here.” Harry said but said it anyway.” As we haven’t found a suitable captain yet for this ship you will be its captain during the following days but I hope you don’t mind I’ll be the captain while we take off.” Neville shook his head “Good, let’s get started.” He said with enthusiasm.

“Mr. Simmons, status.” He barked in his commanding tone.

“Everything’s green and set to go sir, preparations for flight have been completed.”

“ Deploy secondary engines.” He ordered, they waited a few moments and the officer confirmed that all secondary, the jet engines, were set to go.

“Send a message to the fleet reminding them to keep the lane in front of Dragons’ Beak entrance clear.” He ordered.

“Slowly increase throttle of the main engines until we have reached top speed.” He ordered, the ship had never even been tested at top speed so he didn’t want to accelerate too fast in case something went wrong “Mr. Clark, guide us to open seas.” He told his second.

“Aye sir.”

“Top speed reached sir.” A man’s voice sounded five minutes later.

“ Start up the secondary engines and slowly increase thrust, decrease throttle on the engines at the same time while maintaining speed.” He ordered, not missing a beat.

“Propeller turbines are idling sir.” A voice said thirty seconds later.

“Retract propellers and shut of main engines, begin charging the booster.” The booster was a diamond placed in the engines like in their original idea, while it wasn’t suited for sustained use the power it created was necessary to get the ship out of the water, the jet

engines could do it as well but they would have to work at 120 per cent and this for a long enough time to get the ship out of the water, damaging them through overheating while the crystals had been designed to give a sudden burst of energy that would send the ship up into the air in a matter of seconds.

Ten seconds later count down began.

“Prepare for Booster activation in ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one.” Everyone braced themselves for the sudden jolt the ship was about to get.

Only a moment passed after the man’s voice died away when there was a sudden roar of power from behind them as the booster activated and everyone was pushed back in their seats as if almost blown off their feet if they were standing and holding onto something as the ship accelerated from 122 miles an hour to 264 miles an hour, the minimum speed necessary to rise out of the water, in just twenty eight seconds. Luna had once calculated that if you used the booster during normal flight you could probably cross the sound barrier but the ship hadn’t been built for that and it had been too late to make the necessary adjustments since the entire frame would have to be strengthened. While everyone was holding on for dear life Harry whooped with joy.

“This must be the best rollercoaster ride in the world.” He yelled at Luna who was whooping as well.

There was a sudden feeling of being in an elevator as the ship gained enough lift to rise out of the water and the roar of the booster stopped.

There was a moment of silence before everyone burst out clapping, the largest flying object in the history of mankind was now actually flying.

Luna and Sarah were both jumping up and down while shouting “We did it, we did it” simultaneously.

“A little professionalism please.” Draco and Harry said at the same time but everyone could see they were trying to hide smiles.

Luna and Sarah both stopped jumping and yelling at the exact same time and looked at them strangely for a moment, Luna at Harry with her protuberant eyes and Sarah with an unreadable expression at Draco before beginning to jump again and yelling “we did it, we did it” as loud as they could and this time everyone, bar Harry and Draco, burst out laughing. Harry let it continue for a little time since he actually found it funny as well and what was a leader if he didn’t allow people to make fun of him once in a while but then he gave a sudden gesture with his hand and everyone immediately stopped laughing.

“Thank you Luna and Sarah for showing me just how much of a commanding a person I truly am.” He said sarcastically “Now I think you have other duties to attend to.” He continued as Hedwig appeared between the two, both of them grabbed onto her tail but not before poking out their tongues.

“Mr. Clark, the ship is yours, continue climbing to 30000 feet and then maintain altitude. Draco, Neville, please follow me to the Captain’s cabin.” He said and made his way to the back of the bridge structure where his cabin was located.

It was the first time he had entered his cabin on this ship but he found it nonetheless since the outline was the same as the Ekliptica’s.

While this cabin wasn’t as grand as the other he was still impressed, it was about two thirds the size of the one on the Ekliptica with the same colours and decoration and complete with bed- and bathroom.

He walked over to his desk and sat in the large and very comfortable chair behind it while the other two remained standing.

“Be seated.” He said, indicating the two more normal chairs in front of the desk, this was not a meeting between friends even if they used first names, this was a meeting between commanding figures.

“Just one question Harry.” Neville said as he sat down.

“Ask away.” Harry said.

“ Why are we flying over to England instead of using the transportation drive?”

“That was actually a decision that would make it easier once we got there: one, we knew if this thing would fly or not and second, this way we have time enough to discuss a strategy to repel an attack if there is one.”

“You’re not sure?” Neville asked.

“We’re almost certain.” Draco spoke in Harry’s stead, he glanced sideways at his commander who gave a nod for him to continue “While we were about to go for a drink after we’d duelled I told Amy to come with us and bring it with her, the moment she touched it something happened but we don’t know what and it disappeared and we have concluded that Dumbledore has it now because it was Gryffindor’s sword originally and he is now a part of Dumbledore. This sword as a powerful artefact as you might know and we think that now that he has it he might try to capture Harry or at least take over our base at Potter Mansion so that we are confined to Insania once more and the Ministry will be glad to help him after the fact that the Quibbler is stationed there, while they don’t know that they know that if they destroy or capture the base we won’t be able to publish the magazine and right now Fudge won’t pass up a chance to deal us a blow, moral must be very low right now in the Ministry ranks.”

“Your sword is gone?” Neville asked Harry incredulously and Harry nodded “This is going to be one tough battle.” Neville stated.

“You see Neville,” Harry said “this is why you are a great leader, you didn’t say or the thought of losing didn’t even cross your mind, you just accepted the fact that it was going to be tough and not lost. I know,” Harry said, stopping Neville from speaking up “You’d rather not fight, you know already I have accepted that and that if I ask you to fight you will but don’t think I like to ask leading this ship in the fight,

but you are one of my best and we will need you.” Harry explained and Neville gave a nod of acceptance.

“It will be though but we are well prepared.” Draco piped in “All of our defences are up except the wards on the mansion.”

“Which is a part of my plan.” Harry said.

“If we plan this well there shouldn’t be a problem.” Draco continued as if he hadn’t been interrupted.

“So how are we going to do this?” Neville asked.

“The plan is simple.” Harry said, pressed a button on the side of his desk and a holographic map of Potter Mansion and its ground appeared on the surface “We have the wall which will of course work to our advantage, the men already at the mansion will man it and bombard the enemy with MAG cannons,” as Harry spoke lights appeared on the map, telling where forces were stationed” they will most likely try to bring down the gate as that is the wall’s weakest point and with that sword it won’t be a problem. When that happens they will storm the gate and try to take out the people on the wall which won’t be easy with so many MAG cannons up there and with their rifles, they have the advantage in fire power and position. The other part of the attackers will most likely try to get inside the mansion as fast as possible in which they will succeed very rapidly since it doesn’t have any wards just yet and they will be arrogant because of that fact. When they see that the mansion is not protected they will not move inside that soon but will try to destroy as much as possible from the outside, taking out enemies on the inside while doing so and making sure they don’t get ambushed. A few men armed with MAG cannons on balconies and behind windows will make them think we are hiding in the mansion and try to keep them out as long as possible. Once those are out, hopefully without fatalities, and they are sure that they have done enough damage they will enter and that’s when we spring our trap. The soldiers we are carrying now will be hidden in underground tunnels that lead from inside the mansion to the base of the walls, they will storm out and attack the enemy in the rear while a dozen other teams will appear out of nowhere inside the

mansion using secret passageways and sweep the mansion for enemies, they will be attacked on two fronts and will be soundly beaten.”

“That’s a good plan if I ever saw one.” Neville commented “What about Dumbledore and the MFA.”

“The MFA we won’t have to worry about we think and even if they do show up we have the two most powerful ships on the planet there plus two cruisers, the rest is headed back to Insania.” Harry said with a sideways glance at Draco who nodded “Dumbledore is another matter entirely, I don’t have any magic or magical swords so I won’t be able to subdue him on my own unless Luna finished those new swords on time but the old man has one weakness, his inability to kill those he thinks can be redeemed, us. We can use whatever force we want and he will only defend and incapacitate and that will be how we will defeat him, even he cannot fight back forever against enough of us so we will get him down eventually even if it takes us an hour or two.”

“And what about me?” Neville asked.

“You will circle around the mansion high up into the air where you won’t be noticed or heard and if things get a little out of hand you can drop down like a great hawk and blast the enemy to pieces.” Harry said.

“I don’t know Harry,” Neville said a little hesitantly “blowing away with these kinds of guns at people makes me feel a little sick to the stomach.”

“We don’t know if we’ll need you Neville, you’ll have to decide that for yourself, the scopes on this thing will allow you to follow the battle easily and you can always levitate them and drop them into the sea.” Harry offered.

“I’ll do what’s necessary Harry.” Neville said.

“I don’t expect anything less from you Neville. But remember, they are the ones attacking us.” Harry said.

They were interrupted by a black flash of flames as Hedwig appeared with a scroll attached to her leg and a heavy looking bag.

It sounded heavy too as she dropped it on the desk and landed beside it and stuck out her leg with the scroll.

“Old habits die hard e Hedwig.” Harry chuckled.

“It’s from Luna.” Harry said as he saw the scrawl on the scroll and the two questioning gazes from the ones seated on the other side of the desk. He had instructed her to stay with Luna in case the swords were finished, that way they would be with him as soon as they were done.

He unrolled it and started reading.

“Apparently,” he said as he rolled it back up “this bag contains two wristbands made of the heavy but very strong metal of which the new gates for the underwater port and such are made. These have been made in the same way as the new swords Luna is making are made and can deflect a blow from Gryffindor’s sword and can deflect certain spells as well, While they are not as good and strong as the sword metal and are quite heavy they will come in handy when I fight Dumbledore and when he is surprised when he deals the first blow and I deflect it with my wrist I can, and I quote, ‘Punch the old bastard on his crooked noose and add another crook to it.’” Harry explained.

“But won’t the weight slow you down.” Neville asked.

“Once I’m in my Drone-mode which I will need to fight him, weight doesn’t matter anymore as I am pushing my body to its limits, even a MAG cannon slows me down a bit.” Harry explained as he put the bands on and snapped them shut.” Harry said as he picked a new piece of parchment from his desk drawer and scribbled a quick note of gratitude to Luna. He tied it to Hedwig’s leg who disappeared in a flash of black flame.

“Quite handy, one of those.” Neville commented.

“Indeed.” Draco confirmed.

“Good,” Harry said “I think our business here is complete, Draco, why don’t you go brief our soldiers while Neville and I go back to the bridge and see what this baby can do, be warned that there may be sudden jolts going through the ship or that we might even do a barrel roll, there may be Gravity Manipulation devices on this thing but we don’t know how they will hold up when we fly upside down so tell your man to strap themselves down in their seats.” Harry warned Draco. Gravity devices will decide which way you are constantly pulled, in this case to the floor but they will not make you stay where you are like when the booster activated due to the laws of inertia of objects. It’s like riding in your car, Gravity will keep you from floating up into the air but when you suddenly have to break your vehicle will slow down but your body wants to maintain the speed it’s going in relation to the ground and gravity won’t prevent that. And you have to be careful with these devices as well. Let’s assume that when the Gravity Manipulation device is running at normal strength, then its number is 1G, or normal gravity like we have on Earth, but when this device is running at 1G and the Potter is flying level with the horizon that means you have 1G from the machine and 1G from Earth’s gravity meaning you have 2G now which basically means your body is two times heavier so when it is flying level the device needs to be turned off. When you are flying upside down and the machine runs at 1G and Earth’s gravity is 1G you have 0G which results in you floating around in your compartment but at the slightest movement of the Potter you bump into something so the device needs to be running at 2G. So the device has to be adjusted all the time. But there are some useful things that can be done with this device as well. If the Potter would pull up in a steep climb for example the laws of Inertia will cause your body to try and go straight but you are standing in the ground and so your body is compressed and experiences from 1.1 to 9G which is the maximum a human can handle without passing out, when this happens the device can be set into a negative G setting which means that if you are experiencing 3G from the climb

and you set the device to -2G you have once again 1G and the same can be done in a dive but then reversed.

“I’ll do that,” Draco said as he stood up and headed to towards the door “have fun with your new toy,” he said to the both of them “but I swear to god if I suddenly find myself lying on the ceiling I’ll be having the head of the one responsible on a stake.” He warned as he opened the door and disappeared from sight.

Neville and Harry both looked at each other in the same way for a moment before Harry spoke.

“Should we?” he asked.

“We can always blame Clark.” Neville shrugged “He’s the one at the wheel and we can’t help it if the device in the briefing room suddenly has a malfunction and stops working for a while and you did tell him to tell his men to secure their seatbelts, too bad he’ll be the one standing up and explaining your strategy.”

“Let’s go, shall we?” Harry asked as he stood up.

“We shall.” Neville said and together they walked back to the bridge.

“Mind if I take control again Mr. Clark.” Harry asked as they arrived on the bridge.

“Not at all sir.” Clark said.

“Good, alert the crew we will be doing some manoeuvres and prepare for any kind of situation.” Harry ordered and an alert was broadcasted throughout the ship.

“Alright,” Harry said as the announcement had been made “Mr. Clark, take her into a steep dive until she is vertical.

The Potter began to climb and everyone leaned slightly backward. While the Gravity manipulators kept on the floor of the bridge and did

negate some of Earth's gravity's effects you still felt yourself being pulled backwards.

The Potter gradually got into a vertical dive and when she was flying vertical they could feel her slow down, she was ascending rapidly and the air was getting thinner which meant less thrust and less lift but Harry didn't say anything so Clark continued flying as she was.

"Now back on the stick and put us in a steep dive." Harry said calmly.

"Aye sire."

The plane was now flying upside down and there was a moment of weightlessness as she began to drop like a stone from the lack of lift and speed, the latter from the vertical climb, and the gravity manipulation control software was at a loss for the moment at what to do.

And the she began falling down fast.

"Keep the throttle at maximum." Harry said as calm as if he was standing on a field with a light breeze blowing over it and the sun shining down on him.

As she descended vertically she gained speed at a very rapid pace.

The ground began to close in fast after about fifteen seconds.

"Sir," the man at flight control suddenly said "we are approaching mach 0.82 and still accelerating and the ground is closing in fast, 15000, 12000,..."

Clark cast a worried glance at Harry who remained as calm as always.

"Not yet Mr. Clark, I'll tell you when." He said.

"..., 6000"

“Now.” Harry said and Clark pulled on the column with all his might.

There was a moment when you felt yourself being compressed but it was short as the Gravity Manipulator program compensated the G forces.

“3000, 2000,” the man continued “1500, 1250, 1000, 750, 625, 500, 458.” He finished as they were once again level with the horizon.

“What do you think?” Harry asked Neville who looked white as a sheet.

“Impressive.” He stammered.

“Isn’t she?” Harry asked enthusiastically.

“Yes, very much so, I truly thought you were going to kill us all for a minute there.” Neville said in a more normal tone as he tried to convince him of the fact that he was not going to die.

“Alright Mr. Clark, take us back up to 30000 feet.” Harry ordered and the Potter began to climb slowly as not everyone had recovered yet from their near-death experience.

“30000 feet sir.” Clark said as soon as they reached the designated altitude.

“All right, roll forty five degrees and then minus forty five degrees.” Harry ordered and they felt the Potter lean to the left first and to the right immediately thereafter.

“Now do a barrel roll, first to the right, then to the left.” Harry ordered and Clark complied.

“Now roll one hundred and eighty degrees, then dive five thousand feet and level out again, roll minus one hundred and eighty degrees and pull back up again to thirty thousand feet.” Harry ordered and Clark once again complied.

“We’re at thirty five thousand feet again sir.” Clark said as they reached he completed the manoeuvres and they reached their starting altitude.

“Your turn Neville,” Harry said as he looked at the slightly hesitant Neville “She’s all yours, just do the same I did just to get a feel of how she flies and reacts.”

Neville took command and once again they climbed rapidly first until the plane stalled and dived straight for the ocean surface only to level the Potter just four hundred and fifty feet above it.

They completed the two barrel rolls and when Neville ordered the plane to fly upside down and dive Harry spoke up.

“Switch of the Gravity Manipulation Device in briefing room one for two seconds.” He ordered the woman sitting behind the Gravity Manipulation Device Monitor.

“But sir...” the woman protested.

“I gave you an order.” Harry said simply and she did as she was told and switched of the device in briefing room on for two seconds and then turned it back on.

“Five, four, three, two,” Neville and Harry both counted silently.

“Goddamn you Potter and Longbottom,” it suddenly sounded over the intercom as the voice of Draco Malfoy cut through the silence that had descended over the bridge “I’m going to hang the both of you.”

“There was an error in the software.” Both Harry and Neville said at the same time.

“Do you really think I believe that, that hurt you know.”

“It was Harry and no, we don’t.” Neville said.

“It was Neville and no, we don’t.” Harry said.

They both looked at each other while Draco threatened them with several painful and most likely deathly punishments.

“It was Mr. Clark.” They both said simultaneously and cut of the connection.

“What the hell did I do to the two to you to deserve his wrath?” Clark asked bewildered.

Author notes: First of all I would like to say I’m sorry that this update took so long but I found it a hard chapter to write, don’t know why and I thought I could have written some during my exams but these were the hardest so far and the good thin is, I passed, yeah. And I’ve been quite busy in these first two weeks of summer vacation but here it is (eventually). Reviews are still very welcome and my yahoo group is still open to anyone who wants to join, the link is on my bio page. I hope you all enjoyed the chapter, I’ll try to get the new chapter up sooner but I start with my summer job on Monday so I don’t know how good I’ll be when I get home late, I work from 2 pm to ten pm and I have to sit on the buss for three hours in total since I didn’t pass for my driver’s license. In any case, no, I’m not dead (though those exams nearly did it, I tell you, I was out of it for three days afterwards) and no I haven’t abandoned this story. I hope you haven’t all given up on me yet. And guess what will be in the next chapter, yes, you’re right, ten points to whatever house you belong to, BATTLE (The God of Death awakens once again, all of you mere mortals, bow before me). If anyone wants to now how the Ekliptica, Potter and MAG cannon look like you can see it in my group where I have posted the drawings. And please check out the polls section, it’s been ages since anything changed there. ‘Till next chapter.

Special thanks to my beta, lord vitiris

Review responses:

DragonfrostopLady: what is live without a little insanity eh, no fun at all, that it is (descends into blissful conversations with other voices in his head for a while) I hope this chapter cleared it up a little although there will probably be a scene where he discusses his dilemma with Hermione or maybe Luna, should be fun to write but that won't be for next chapter since that one is BATTLE (WOOHOO, CHAOS). I'm glad it showed that, I truly suck at the sentimental stuff, must be because I'm a cold hearted bastard (shrugs).

Jadessteele: where I get my ideas? A lot of imagination, much like a child's and voices in your head, yep, definitely voices in your head and no sorry, this won't turn into a harem fic but if you want to feel free to write a spin off as long as you refer to my story as the original (a little publicity doesn't hurt).

JamesMalfoy: thanks and both went great.

hpnut1: Harry getting his magic back might happen in about a chapter or three to four, the more difficult the story gets the more fun it is to write it, thus the more trouble I get Harry in the more fun it gets for me to get him out of sticky situations and still make it believable.

DarkPhoenix85: I think this chapter answered that, your awareness in memories only goes so far, you can't see how everything was outside your awareness unless you get other peoples thoughts perhaps but let just say they can't find anyone who know what they need to know.

Karone-sakura: Maybe I should write a childrens version just for people like you (lol) and congratulations by the way on your birthday, consider this a birthday present from me. (Although it would've gone up sooner or later anyway. Shut up you fool. Be quiet, I'm the one who owns this brain and you haven't paid your rent this month) and the pairing at the moment it HHr (yes, at the moment.)

the great morgoth: well, here is one heck of a great flying fighter and besides, who needs an air force when you have dragons (go horsey go (giant ball of dragon fire consumes me) alright you're not a horse, could you be a pony then?) and there is the space station that is being built but no off world travelling in this story, I'll explain why later in the story.

Akira Stridder: Thank you, I'm great, I'm good, I know it (my dad who is sick of my superiority complex hits me in the head with a shovel (damn, I really should play less postal))

Kalen Darkmoon: Dumbledore wanted to put Harry back under his supervision whatever the cost but he hadn't counted on the fact that Harry would apparate five kilometres up into the air and after that didn't think it was a good idea to go and search for him on the island, with Harry out of the picture they would've probably not been friendly towards him at that moment, and the fact that he had learned a lot about their power through Ginny made him think twice as well, he hadn't thought that students could gain so much power. Underestimating your enemy is a BIG mistake.

LionofPerth: Boy, do I.

Draeconin: I did that on purpose, the things that I have left out in the first chapter are seen in flashbacks over the course of the story.

The-XCORE-Writer: well then, twenty points to whatever house you are in.

DarkSoulMage: how very right you are and don't start about dumb moments, I've had more than I could ever wish on someone.

Thanks to everyone else who has reviewed:

Beth5572, lordwhatucallit, harry shall rise, moss and stone, g, darkchild, 007rock

Plans only survive the first

Few minutes of battle

Neville and Harry were playing a game of pool while Draco sat in Harry's chair behind the desk sulking because he still didn't know who was responsible for his collision with the ceiling.

"You know," Neville said suddenly as he was about to play his turn and noticed that the balls on the table stayed still even while the ship listed slightly to port as it turned slightly, probably they had been blown of course by strong winds and Clark was making up for it. "It's probably a good thing Luna made the decision to stop using the magical gathering device for making and instead use it to construct a core for this ship, even if it is a temporary one."

"Perhaps," Draco said "but in the meanwhile we have lost precious days in which to expand our arsenal and now that you" he indicated Harry "don't have your magic this battle might very well turn into a siege of attrition. If we manage to hold off Dumbledore that is. I guess this battle will probably be decided in the first few minutes it starts, if Dumbledore shows up and he breaches the gate it'll be your plan we'll have to use Harry. To be honest I am hoping we can shower him with everything we've got and hold him off, keeping them outside the wall, if we can keep it intact the enemy won't stand a chance, the only problem is ammo. I know we have vast amounts of it and more is on the way, we only took what we could on such short notice but you'd be surprised how fast those ammo clips will be empty when they try to storm the wall and we shower them with consecutive fire, but if we try to conserve it and start aiming they'll reach the wall in no time at all and once that happens it is over and we are back to Harry's plan."

"So what is the problem?" Neville asked "If they manage to breach the wall and we follow Harry's plan we can win, they'll be outclassed in firepower and they will be cornered from all sides."

"I think what he actually means," Harry said suddenly "is that in order for us to win they need to attack us and try to breach the wall."

“Why wouldn’t they?” Neville asked.

“It’s simple,” Draco spoke up “our base is isolated while they have all the resources they need, they are fighting on their own land, they don’t need to worry about food and water.”

“Neither do we, we can get supplies from Insania.” Neville said.

“Yes, but there lies our weakness, with Dumbledore on their side they can sabotage our supply routes. Our supplies have to come by ship, they’ll block our Portkeys and any other means of magical transportation.”

“I won’t let that happen.” Neville said determinately “Dumbledore might be Dumbledore, one of the most powerful and now that the sword has disappeared maybe even more so but even he would be surprised how powerful these ships can be if properly handled.”

“Indeed.” Draco said “It’s too bad there wasn’t time to construct a core for the mansion, we could use some wards, even if they didn’t held up, they might’ve bought us some time to weaken them. If only Voldemort hadn’t attacked.”

“If he wouldn’t have attacked there is a large chance I wouldn’t be awake now.” Harry pointed out.

Draco flushed “I know that, his overpowering of the wards gave the jolt you needed. Ever since your accident things have been going downhill for us.”

“That’s not true,” Neville interrupted “we did destroy the ministry and dealt them a powerful blow.”

“We had dealt them a powerful blow.” Harry corrected “Dumbledore will unite the Ministry against us, he won’t attack alone or just with the Order.”

“Yeah.” Draco muttered “I just hope we win this without too many losses, we can’t afford to lose much more than we already have or we’ll be on the offensive until you get your magic back Harry. I don’t know if it was a wise choice to provoke the Ministry anymore.”

“Do you mean we should’ve left Amy in that cell?” Harry exclaimed outraged.

“Of course not.” Draco yelled back “But we are at the disadvantage here at the moment.”

“Why don’t we stop this conversation, it’s of no use to worry about the past, we know they will attack and we will do what we can to defeat them. We will have to deal with the consequences of our actions.” Neville said.

“You’re right.” Draco said a little downcast and shameful “I’m sorry Harry.”

“Don’t worry about it, we’re all under a lot of stress. It’s alright to have doubts.” Harry said.

“Excuse me sirs, we have arrived and are awaiting your command to start descending.” The voice of Clark sounded in the Captain’s cabin, interrupting their conversation.

Harry walked over to his desk and pressed the button of the intercom.

“We’ll be right up, just make a 360° turn, we’ll be up there by the time you’re finished.” Harry said.

“Alright,” he said, addressing the two men “you all now what to do. Neville, just keep circling the mansion, you should have enough fuel to keep doing that for a week, I don’t think we’ll have to wait that long so you shouldn’t have to refuel before we get back to Insania, Draco, as soon as we dock get your men into position as quickly as possible, always have a third of your men on guard and the rest on off duty in quarters closes to the tunnel they have been designated to, we don’t

want to start a fight when most of our men have been cooped in a tunnel for hours on end."

"Right." They both said.

"Good, now let's head over to the bridge and see if we can land this thing instead of crash it." Harry said and walked towards the door with the other two following behind him.

"I'll take command Mr. Clark." Harry said as they stepped onto the bridge.

"Aye sir."

The Potter was just coming out of the turn Harry had had sent it into and was ready to start descending and land on the water.

"Descend to five hundred feet, decrease throttle to 20 per cent, flaps 15°. Slow down to two hundred and eight miles an hour and then maintain speed." Harry ordered.

"Announce that we are about to land and that everyone should prepare for a bumpy ride." Harry ordered as they were about halfway down.

"Five hundred feet sir." Clark informed him.

"Keep her as level as you can." He ordered Clark and he nodded gravely, there was no margin for error here, take off was easy compared to this. If they hit the water too fast or at a wrong angle they could be tossed in any direction and could break into pieces. For the Potter to land it had to be perfectly level because if the back hit the water first then the sudden loss of speed would smack the nose into the water violently causing it to break off and if the nose hit the water first the ship could try to dive and when you hit water at 200 miles an hour it was like hitting a brick wall.

"Flaps 45°" Harry ordered.

“Flaps forty five sir,” flight control confirmed “we are descending slowly. 150, 100, 50, 25, touch down.”

As soon as the words left the man’s mouth everybody was pushed forward as the drag of the water caused the Potter to decelerate rapidly and the Potter itself shook violently while its structure groaned. A giant fountain of water erupted behind the ship from the water displacement and drag the three hulls caused.

“Reverse thrust.” Harry yelled over the noise “Deploy water breaks, as soon as we hit a hundred miles an hour deploy propellers but do not engage them, let the speed of the ship turn them, carefully monitor the stress they are put under, when it is low enough slowly start up the turbines in reverse but not enough to actually change the propellers’ direction, just enough for them to slower and slow us down. Bring us to a complete stop as fast as possible since we don’t know the exact distance needed to stop yet, we don’t want to hit that cliff.”

“Aye sir.” A chorus of yells answered him as they did what they were told. The water breaks were a series of giant hatches, two pair on each pontoon and a pair consisted of one fore and one aft hatch connected by a large pipe. When the hatches were opened water rushed through this pipe and the drag caused through the pipe and the turbulence of the water at the back of the ship acted as a brake.

“Hundred mile mark reached, deploying propellers.” Harry heard and once again everyone was pushed slightly forward from the sudden increase of drag, there was a groaning sound from the ship’s structure.

“Slowing down, ninety, eighty, sixty five, forty, ten, zero. Stopping distance recorded at one point seven kilometres.” One of the men reported.

“Shut off al engines and retract the secondary ones.” Harry ordered.

“That’s well within the margins.” Neville commented.

“You’re right, this test flight has proved that the ship meets our expectations and beyond.” Draco said.

“That’s enough for now.” Harry said “We’ll go over the specifics later. Contact the Ekliptica and instruct her to meet up with us as soon as possible and dock with us on the starboard side pontoon. Open fighter bays and launch the TSFs.” The Potter was also a fighter carrier, it could carry sixteen TSFs while the Ekliptica could carry only six, the Potter’s were distributed over the three hulls, four on each pontoon and eight in the main hull. “Draco, get your men ready to transfer to the Ekliptica. Start up the engines and increase speed to twenty eight miles and maintain until the Ekliptica is loose. Head straight for Potter Mansion, we should have enough time to complete our business with the Ekliptica. Neville, go down to the storage hangar in the starboard side pontoon and make sure the transfer of materials goes smoothly and fast. Once we’re done with transferring everything you’re in command of the ship, you are to turn around and take back off as soon as possible and commence your patrol.”

“The Ekliptica is on its way sir,” the communications officer said “they say they will dock with us in two minutes, they had been expecting us to land here.”

“Very well.”

Seven minutes later all the troops had been transferred and all that was left was transferring one pallet after the other of ammunition, thirty four pallets of ammunition in total. The four hundred MAG cannons had already been transferred and the three thousand rifles as well.

Harry and Draco were watching this happen from the balcony that ran on the side of Ekliptica’s bridge structure along with Captain Waldfeld.

“Too bad we can’t shrink all those down or put them in an enlarged crate, would make transporting them a lot easier.” Draco commented.

“We can’t risk it, if we were attacked and the charms became unstable we could lose a lot of weaponry and the ammo could

explode from being compressed. This battle won't be easy but if something like that happened we'd lose for sure, technology is the only thing that stands between us and defeat right now." Harry said a little morosely.

"Come on commander, your magic won't be gone forever." Andrew said.

"That's just it, if it could never come back then I could accept that and move on but now,...every minute of the day I can feel my magic hammering away at this block that is between me and my magic and it is driving me crazy knowing that it is so close and yet so far away."

"It's funny really," Draco said out of the blue and both Harry and Andrew looked at him in amazement, what was funny about Harry not being able to access his magic but they soon realised that he wasn't talking about Harry and his magic as they saw the faraway look Draco had in his eyes "the way I used to hate muggles and the ways they had, using technology to do what we do with magic, the way I hated Harry for not agreeing with me and a bunch of other people and now my life depends on technology and a lot of those people who used to be my enemies."

"Wars change people, sometimes for the better, and sometimes not." Andrew said wearily as he thought about his son.

"I think that in this case it was for the better." Harry concluded "Now let's go and fight this battle and win, the future of Insania and the lives at this base depend on us."

"On you two perhaps." Andrew said "but unless the MFA suddenly decides to attack I won't be of much use in this battle."

"That's not the point," Harry said "the point is that you are here and should the MFA attack I know you'll be able to handle them. Along with Neville, we control the skies, the sea and the ground within those walls, we have the best defence imaginable even if not all of our defences might be used."

“Yeah yeah, I know.” Andrew said airily “But if you’ll excuse me now, I think we’ll set course for the mansion, a lot of things have to be done.”

“Indeed.” Harry said as he followed Andrew while Draco remained behind on the balcony.

“Yes,” he whispered as he heard Andrew yell to retract the mooring lines “wars change a lot of things.”
Meanwhile on the bridge of the Potter

“All right everyone, let’s get this thing in the air.” Neville said as he entered the bridge “Status report.”

“Everything is green and ready to go sir.” Clark informed him.

“Any damage from the landing.” He asked.

“The sensors of the starboard pontoon propeller went red for a moment sir but there doesn’t appears to be any lasting damage.”
Damage control informed him.

“Place a note in the log to have it looked at when we’re back in Insania.” Neville said “Alright, any other remarks before we take off?”
everyone remained silent “Good, increase thrust on starboard engine to one hundred, the portside to zero and the main engine to fifty, hard to port; turn us around Mr. Clark.”

“Aye sir.”

“One hundred on all engines,” Neville said as soon as they completed their turn “deploy secondary engines. Notify me when we have reached top speed. Notify everyone on the ship we are taking of.”

“Aye sir.”

“Secondary engines deployed.”

“Top speed reached sir.” Clark said a little while later.

“Increase throttle and decrease thrust until propellers are idling while maintaining speed.” Neville ordered.

“Propellers are idling.” All three engine controllers said a lot faster this time than the first time, they were getting the feel of the ship.

“Retract propellers and start up the booster.” Neville ordered.

“Propellers retracted.” The main engine controllers confirmed.

“Booster is going in three, two, one.” Secondary engine control said and the roar of the booster engaging drowned out all other sounds. Once again everyone braced themselves for the jolt the ship was about to get.

The ship lurched forward as it accelerated faster than anything on earth of its size.

As soon as the ship gained enough lift it got out of the water and the noise of the booster died out.

“We have lift off sir.” Clark confirmed.

“Alright, deploy turret number three.” Neville ordered.

Up on the bridge they didn't hear the noise but down in the belly of the Potter two large doors slid open and the number three turret made its way outside. At first you couldn't see any barrels and when it was fully deployed it look just like a ball that stuck halfway out of the fuselage but then hatches opened at the side facing the front and two long barrels slowly made their way outside.

“Turret number three fully deployed sir.” The gun control officer of the number three turret informed him.

“Good, we’re all set then. Mr. Clark, take us up to thirty thousand feet and start our patrol.”

“Yes sir.”

Albus Dumbledore knocked on the door of the Burrow, it was late and chilly, the night had fallen hours ago but he had come here this late with a purpose.

Molly Weasley opened the door and was surprised to see him.

“Albus, my god, am I glad to see you, we were all starting to worry about you and feared the worst when we didn’t hear anything from you after the collapse of the ministry. Arthur’s been frantic for a week now, he says he has to talk to you, there are things going on at the ministry that you need to know.” She rambled.

He held up a hand to silence her and gave a benign smile to calm her in his grandfatherly way.

“Please Molly, calm down, I’m fine though I have been away on important business, I only returned today. I’m sorry to disturb you this late but I have had a lot of catching up to do, a lot has happened in the time I have been away. May I come in.”

“Certainly Albus, please com in, can I offer you some soup.” She said a little flustered to leave him standing outside in the cold while she babbled.

“That would be nice, even Hogwarts' house elves are hard pressed to match your cooking skill.” Albus said and Molly blushed under the praise.

“Is Arthur home?” he asked.

“He should be home shortly, with the Ministry still recuperating his days have been long and tiresome, apparently everyone thinks now is the time to commit crimes while it is destabilised.” Molly said.

“I’m sorry to hear that, it is in times like these that the people should unite and not see it as an opportunity to get away with crimes.” Dumbledore sighed sagely.

“That’s not the worst of it, do you know where the ministry is located now?” she asked and at his nod continued “Not all dementors have joined Him apparently and a few of them are guarding the entrance and boats still, he comes home every night shivering and clammy from having to be in their vicinity when he rides the boat to the mainland.”

“They still have some, don’t they know that they could turn to Voldemort’s side at a moment’s notice?” Dumbledore asked a little concerned.

“Apparently not, Fudge still believes he can control them.” Molly said and let out a little sob “I’ll let Arthur tell the rest, he knows more details than I do.”

“I do have some good news for you on the other hand.” Albus said and Molly looked up startled.

“Is it Ginny?” she asked hopefully.

Dumbledore said nothing but merely waved his wand and a silvery form shot out of it and through the door.

A moment later Ginny walked through the door.

The whole house seemed to thunder as Molly rushed over to her daughter and hugged her like she had never hugged anyone before.

“Mum, let go,” she wheezed “you’re killing me.”

“I’m sorry but I’m just glad my little girl is back and unharmed it seems. Did anything happen to you, what did they do to you.” She babbled, concerned and excited at the same time.

“Nothing mum, you know Harry, he’s a knight in shining armour.”

“Not in my opinion,” she muttered “I’m just glad professor Dumbledore was able to remove the spell they put on you. Have you thanked him yet?”

“Yes mum.” She said and somehow Molly got the impression that Ginny’s answers sounded a little bleak, not like the fire that had always seemed dormant in her daughter and occasionally roared but she shook off the feeling, thinking it was her imagination.

“It was nothing.” Dumbledore said with a twinkle in his eyes but it was faint.

“Have you eaten yet?” Molly asked Ginny and she shook no. Molly dragged her to the table and placed two plates on the table and waved her wand, a large kettle that had been sitting on the stove hovered over and poured a good amount in both plates. It returned to its place and a loaf of bread and a knife put themselves on the table.

Both Dumbledore and Ginny started eating but after only a few bites of the bread Dumbledore suddenly spoke up.

“How is young Ronald anyway?” he asked.

Molly sighed and appeared weary for a moment.

“He has grown distant Albus, his mind seems possessed with something though he doesn’t want to talk about it, he’s been brooding ever since Hermione. I thought he was showing remorse but after a while I realised he didn’t feel sorry, I think he feels he has been wronged. Right now he wants to join the Ministry as an Auror with the new recruiting going on, I’ve managed to keep him here at the moment and even suggested he could join the Order if he waited just a little longer but he won’t listen.” She said a little distraught.

“Perhaps I should have a word with him if I may.” Dumbledore suggested.

“Please, maybe you can talk sense into him. It’s the topmost room.” Molly said hopefully.

Dumbledore stood up and headed towards the stairs. Ron Weasley was lying on his bed, staring up at the ceiling. Sitting around the burrow doing nothing was slowly driving him mad, even the reporters had stopped interviewing him about Harry. Apparently the public valued the opinion of the Minister more than his. His fame was over and it infuriated him, he was once again nobody, the youngest son in a large family, overshadowed by his older brothers and undermined by his younger sister whom his parents could stop talking about now that she had reappeared but was in Dumbledore’s hands as he tried to break the spell.

He turned on his side and punched the wall in frustration, he wanted to be out of here and doing something, preferably something that worked against Potter, he could call him Harry anymore, he despised him too much for that.

And now his mother had forbidden him to join the Ministry and the Aurors with a probably fake promise to be able to join the order to go with it.

He was disturbed out his thoughts by a knock on the door.

“I’m not hungry mom.” He said automatically.

“That is most uncommon of you Mr. Weasley,” Dumbledore said “mind if I come in?”

Ron hopped of his bed in an instant and jerked the door open, almost pulling Dumbledore of his feet as he had took hold of the doorknob.

“Professor Dumbledore?” he asked surprised, completely forgetting the stumble “What are you doing here?”

“I’ve come here to talk to you Mr. Weasley about an important matter.” Dumbledore said as he righted himself.

“Let me guess, you’re here to tell me I’m too young to join the order and that my time will come.” He said bitterly.

“Not at all, but do you mind if I come in, I’d rather discuss this in private.”

“Please, come in sir.” Ron said. Dumbledore entered and looked amused at the posters of the Chudley Cannons.

“Still an avid fan I see.” He said.

Ron nodded but looked eager to hear about what Dumbledore wanted to speak with him.

“Mr. Weasley,” he began “I’m in need of your assistance. Harry has come back to England as you might’ve heard and we are planning an attack.” He said and pulled the sword from thin air.

“Do you know what this is?” Dumbledore asked him.

“The sword of Godric Gryffindor.” He breathed in wonder “But it thought Harry had it when he took Hogwarts.”

“I assure you he did but I managed to get it back with the aid of an ally and I want to entrust it to you.”

“To me?” Ron asked in wonder. Dumbledore nodded and handed him the sword. Ron took it gingerly and looked at it in wonder.

“I am still not sure if this is a wise thing to do Albus.” Godric spoke up.

“You know my plan Godric and I can’t be in two places at the same time and Harry is defenceless, he has no weapons that can deal with the sword, you know how powerful it is, there is nothing that can stop it, it will cut through anything.” Albus thought.

“I agree Albus but still, placing such an artefact in someone’s hands like him, you can see what he’s thinking. The power it wields will corrupt him and he will become dangerous.”

“We have discussed this countless time already Godric, he is not as powerful as Harry, not in mind or in magic, you will be able to summon it at your command, it will obey you.”

“I know that. But still, I cannot shake a feeling of unease and it hurts me to part with it such a short time after getting it back.”

“It will be for a short time.” Dumbledore said and his tone suggested this decision was final.

“What do you want me to do?” Ron asked as a glint of determination entered his eyes.

“I want you to fight Harry.” He said simply and a gleeful expression bloomed on Ron’s face.

“You want me to fight Potter, you’re serious?” he asked in wonder.

“Quite, Harry is at his base and we will confront him there but of course you do not have the skill to wield that blade at the moment so I will bestow you with a gift.” Dumbledore said and his wand appeared in his hand.

“Wait, why do you want ME to do this for you, aren’t there more skilled people than me.” He asked hesitantly.

“Perhaps, but I know how you feel about Harry and I know you will do just fine.”

“But why don’t you fight him?” Ron asked, it wasn’t that he was about to say he didn’t want to but he was curious.

“Alas, my young friend, my skills will be required elsewhere in battle. Now, do you want to go through with this, it might hurt.”

“And I will be able to wield this sword with this ‘gift’?”

“Indeed.”

“Then do it.” Ron said with determination.

“Do your work Godric.” Albus thought as he lifted his wand to Ron’s temple.

“It might hurt Albus?”

“Shut your mouth and do your work, we have no time for this.” Albus snapped.

There was a scream from Ron as a golden light connected with his temple from the wand but a wandless spell soundproofed the door before the sound could penetrate the wood.

It took only a moment or two for the ‘gift’ to be passed on and Ron slumped to the floor unconscious as the golden light broke loose from his temple.

“It might have hurt indeed.” Gryffindor said.

“Sometimes the suffering is worth the gain.” Dumbledore said aloud.

Ron stirred after a few moments and groaned.

“Oww, my head.” He groaned.

“Are you alright Mr. Weasley?” Dumbledore asked.

“I’m fine.” He mumbled and then he suddenly sprung upright and a gleam had appeared in his eyes, he looked around and spotted the sword he had released when he had collapsed and picked it up. He held it upright in front of him and admired it, his eyes roaming over it like an artist might look at a wonderful piece of art that he had just

created. He laid one of his hands on the flat of the blade and felt its smooth surface.

“I can feel it.” He muttered and Albus suspected he was not talking about the feeling of the steel against his hand.

He twirled it around suddenly, not hitting anything even if it should have in such a confined space. He turned towards the door and sliced vertically across it. There was a glint of steel and the door split in half.

“Marvellous.” Ron muttered.

“Now Mr. Weasley, control yourself, your mother wouldn’t like it if you sliced up half the house and I prefer it if she didn’t know about our little exchange and your gift.” Dumbledore said.

“Is that really necessary?” he asked a little whiny.

“It certainly is. But I promise you you will not have to wait long, the battle is near. I will collect you the evening before, if your mother asks anything say that you will get special training from me. If she asks anything about our conversation here tell her I convinced you not to join the order until you are ready.” Dumbledore said in a stern voice.

“Alright, I will, as long as I get to fight Potter.” He said.

“That’s settled then, sorry for my abruptness but in all this but I have matters to attend to. I believe your father should be home shortly and I have things to discuss with him. Good evening.” Dumbledore said and stood up, leaving the room. He didn’t wait for a reply as the boy seemed quite mesmerized again by the blade, he repaired the door on the way out with a wave of his wand.

As he entered the kitchen he still didn’t spot Arthur.

Molly was sitting across her daughter beaming.

“How did your talk with Ron go Albus?” She asked as she spotted him.

“Very well I would say. He has agreed not to join the Aurors and to wait with joining the order.” Albus said with a satisfied smile.

“How did you manage that?” she asked in wonder.

“I have promised him special training from myself.” He said.

“Albus,” she exclaimed “you can’t be serious?”

“I am very serious indeed Molly. I believe it would be wise to teach him what I can as he is very determined to join the Order and even you can’t keep him from doing so forever.”

“I most certainly can.” She said crossly “but still, I’m sure you have more important matters to attend to than using your time to teach my son.”

“Perhaps but I still think this would be for the best and can you think of a better teacher than myself Molly.”

“Of course not Albus,” she blustered “but still...”

“I’m afraid I must insist Molly and perhaps young Ginevra here can join us so that he will have a partner to train with.”

“I’d love to professor Dumbledore.” Ginny said enthusiastically.

“Ginny!” Molly yelled “You have been involved enough in this as it is, you will remain home from now on and that’s final.”

“But mom...” Ginny whined.

“It’s alright Miss Weasley,” Albus interjected “if it is your mother’s wish that you remain home you must respect it, I will admit that I have already involved you enough in this.”

Ginny gave a yell of irritation and stomped off towards the stairs.

“Forgive her Albus.” Molly said.

“It’s nothing at all, I’m afraid she has the desire to fight after her stay with Harry.” Dumbledore said. But Molly didn’t react as she was staring at the clock on which the hand that belonged to Arthur Weasley had moved to ‘Home’.

She rushed out of the kitchen and into the living room where her husband was just coming in.

“Oh Arthur, I’m so glad you’re home.” She said as she pulled him into an embrace. Mr. Weasley smiled feebly and Albus saw that he was pale and slightly shaking “I have some good news,” she said “our daughter has returned.”

“Really?” he asked hopefully while looking at Albus who gave a slight nod “Where is she?”

“Upstairs, she’s a little upset right now.” Molly said.

“How come?”

“I’ll explain later.” Albus interrupted Molly before she could speak “I’m sorry to ask this of you Arthur at this moment but I need to get to the Ministry as soon as possible, it is very important I speak with Cornelius.”

“You have to leave already? Can’t you at least let him eat first?” Molly asked of Dumbledore.

“I’m afraid not Molly, time is of the essence and I do not have a lot of it at the moment, I still have a lot of things to do and this is one of them.”

“Alright Albus,” Arthur said seeing that Dumbledore was very serious “I’ll get you inside.”

“Thank you Arthur.”

They bade their goodbyes to Molly and left the house on their way to Azkaban.

The boat arrived at the pier of the dreary island and Arthur gave an involuntary shudder at the sight of the tall black tower standing in the distance and high above them.

“Well,” Arthur said resentfully “here we are, the Ministry of Magic.”

“I know that you are not particularly pleased with its current location but look at it this way, this place is far more secure than the ministry ever was.” Dumbledore said in an encouraging tone “Except for them of course.” He finished gravely as he saw a pair of Dementors approach them and his wand appeared in his hand.

“Calm down Albus, they are merely patrolling the island.”

“I do not trust them Arthur, let us move quickly inside, I hope they are not patrolling there either.

“No they are not.” Arthur said as he marched of over the small stretch of beach where the boats to the island moored and towards a gigantic black stone cliff where the beach stopped abruptly. From here you had to climb a rough set of stairs hewn into the rock and all the way up to the entrance of the castle that stood on top of it.

“That’s a long way up Arthur,” Dumbledore commented as he eyed the stairs “wasn’t there an entrance at the base of the cliff.”

“There used to be but you know that the cells are blow the castle in caves that extend all the way down to about our level and Dementors patrol those places and it is also a matter of security, the castle is much easier to defend when the enemy has to walk up those stairs

first instead of immediately rushing into the caves where it would be much harder to drive them back once they are inside.”

“It appears Cornelius is finally realizing that they are truly out for his blood and is taken security seriously now.”

“You could say that, you know Azkaban is a fortified fortress, has been for many centuries but with the destruction of the ministry the Minister has already spend thousands of galleons on improving security, Auror recruits are pouring in by the dozen during the day. I still think it is wrong, they don’t have the training a real Auror has and he doesn’t send them out to protect people or carry out missions, they’re just sitting here.”

“Apparently he thinks that they will try to attack him in the near future.”

“You can’t blame him for that, they didn’t succeed in killing him after all.”

“Their purpose wasn’t to kill him or else they wouldn’t have put him in that cell, they would’ve just let him lie near the explosion to die, they let fate decide over him and apparently he still has a use in this world.”

“Maybe but when you see him you wouldn’t say they didn’t try to kill him.” Arthur warned.

Dumbledore waved a hand impatiently ending the conversation, they had now reached the bottom of the stairs and started ascending them. It was a good fifteen minutes later when they reached the front gates of the castle.

“Wait here.” Arthur said suddenly when they were about twenty feet away the door but Dumbledore had already stopped “there are some powerful enchantments on it that are activated when someone approaches them without this.” And he showed Dumbledore a ring on his finger.

“Yes, I can sense them and I must say that some of them are quite dark in nature.” Dumbledore commented.

“Let’s just say that the Minister doesn’t really care what it takes at the moment to keep Harry away from him, the boy has scared him beyond belief, I do not know whether this is a good or a bad thing.” Arthur sighed.

“Perhaps if it made him take Voldemort as a serious threat then it would be a good thing but I’m afraid it will only make him hate Harry more and increase the need to defeat him and not Voldemort.”

“Perhaps, but who do you think we should defeat first, Harry or Voldemort, I know Voldemort seems the obvious choice but not even Voldemort has the force Harry has behind him, Voldemort is powerful, very powerful and he has a few members that are powerful and skilled in the dark arts but Harry..., he has an entire army behind him that is very strong even without his magic he managed to bring down the ministry, I saw him there Albus and I fear him, even without his magic he wields more power than we do and I don’t want to think about the time when it will return.”

“Let us hope this ordeal is over by then and he is back with us, I still don’t know if blocking his magic was a good idea but our chances are better with him without it then with it. Now will you please open the door Arthur, I know this needs to be talked about but I am in a hurry, we can discuss all this tomorrow at the Order meeting.”

“Alright but remember to look out for what you say in there, this isn’t the Ministry of before, everyone is monitored throughout the day en every conversation recorded.” He warned before pressing his ring against a section of the wall next to the door. There was a feeling of magic running through his body as the wards were lowered and spells deactivated.

“While the wards are impressive and so are the spells but isn’t it a little easy to just steal one of those rings from someone and deactivate them?” Dumbledore asked.

“No, all of the rings are made specifically towards a single person and all have their unique signature.”

“Very clever.” Dumbledore commented.

Arthur grimaced when he heard it. “That’s what Fudge says,” he muttered “to everything with an ear.”

With a loud clang the doors started opening, Arthur took a couple of steps backward and watched as the Atrium of the new Ministry became visible.

Unlike what you would expect of Azkaban castle the Atrium wasn’t dark or gloomy at all. It was brightly lit, the walls painted a soft beige with smooth white and black tiles laid out in an intricate pattern, candles floated around, illuminating the room. You would’ve felt quite welcome if it wasn’t for the thirty wands pointed straight at your hart from the wizards inside the room.

“State your name and purpose for your visit.” Someone yelled.

“Arthur Weasley, I’m here to escort Albus Dumbledore for an urgent meeting with the Minister for Magic.”

“Step forwards slowly and do not make any hasty movements, we will now subject you to various spells in order to make sure you are who you say you are, your companion is to stay outside until we say he can enter, if he makes an attempt to enter without our permission we are allowed to use lethal force.”

Arthur looked over his shoulder and saw Dumbledore give a nod, he sighed and stepped forward.

“Stop.” The man, a Hit Wizard named Evans, said, but it was unnecessary, after a week of going to the procedure Arthur knew how far he was allowed to go.

A dozen spells were cast at him, some for detecting dark objects and other to see if he wasn't under influence from the Imperius Curse.

When all the spells had been cast Hit Wizard Evans spoke up again.

"Prick your finger with this." He said as he handed Arthur a phial with a clear liquid inside and a needle instead of a stopper. Arthur pricked his finger and a drop of blood fell down into the liquid which immediately turned a pale blue.

"Alright Arthur, bring in your guest and hurry along."

"Thank you Tim." Arthur said and turned around to tell Dumbledore it was alright to enter but the old wizard was already standing behind him.

"Shall we proceed?" Dumbledore asked.

Arthur nodded and started walking again.

"To be honest Arthur, I don't get it, I thought Azkaban was impenetrable so why all the extra security."

"Not impenetrable, those keyed into the wards are allowed access anytime, they just have to get here first."

"Alright, so why all these extra security measurements?" Dumbledore asked.

"Spies for one, Fudge is starting to realise that not everyone can be trusted anymore if you give them enough money and he knows that some people are working to kill him now."

"I would think that the men guarding the door would see if anyone was under outside influence and how much damage could a spy do, I noticed they checked you for anything you might be carrying."

"The main problem is not the spies Albus, it's the wards."

“What do you mean?”

“I told you, you have to be keyed in on order to be able to get on the island and who did we need to get on the island when it was still a prison?”

“Great Merlin, do you mean that all the prisoners that have been incarcerated here have been keyed in?”

“That’s right, and the fact that those that have escaped last year are all high ranking members of you know who doesn’t really sooth our nerves.” Arthur said meekly.

“ But why hasn’t anything been done about it?” Albus asked outraged, a group of spell casters looked at them oddly as they passed.

“Would you keep it down Albus, that is supposed to be classified information, I’m not allowed to tell you this you know, it could cost me my job.” Arthur whispered furiously while flapping his arms in an uncontrolled manner.

“Sorry Arthur.”

“And you know how hard it is to remove someone who is keyed in from a ward, especially when that person isn’t there to help or is unwilling.”

“Yes I do unfortunately.” Albus said a little angry thinking about the betrayal of Severus Snape “And I suppose raising a new ward isn’t an option.”

“Of course not, you know that this is the only surviving ward the elves made on the world, it is too powerful to give up, not even the goblins could create one like this, not even if they wanted to anyway.” Arthur grumbled.

“What do you mean?”

“Since the ministry was destroyed the goblins have been a bit ... withdrawn.”

“Elaborate please.”

“We don’t know what’s gotten into them but lately they rarely have time to listen to us, they still run the bank as usual but in other matters they are irritated when we ask them for help.”

“Maybe they do not want to be involved in this war because they do not want to go against Voldemort, he did manage to break into one of their vaults once already.”

“I don’t think so.” Arthur said “I believe it is more Harry they are afraid of. Even after three months and a half his nation is still standing even after everything the Ministry, the Americans and even Voldemort has thrown against it, have you read the article in the Quibbler about Voldemort’s attack?”

“Now, I have not,” Albus said with some amusement in his voice “and neither should you have, I thought that the Quibbler was banned by the Ministry?”

“It is best to be aware of your enemy’s activities and this gives information about two.”

“That it is, so what does it say?”

Without comment Arthur pulled out a copy of the magazine and cast a charm on it that made it look like an edition of the Daily Prophet and handed it to Dumbledore.

“Look at page five.” Arthur said.

The Quibbler

You-know-who attacks Insania while Harry Potter lies in coma

By Gerard Lovegood

Three weeks long Insania was under siege by the Dark Lord Voldemort himself and his lowlife supporters while our leader, the famous Harry Potter, was lying in a coma caused by our favourite inept headmaster Albus Dumbledore. The brave people of Insania refused to bow before the most feared wizard of modern times and stood their ground while their homes were being destroyed. For three whole weeks these brave men and women defied his wrath which has inspired fear in so many more and this without the guidance of their leader. How did this happen? That is a question many of us would like answered. Many of you do not know this but when Mr. Potter was knocked into a coma by a large explosion caused by Albus Dumbledore he lost the ability to do magic. This fact was supposed to remain classified as only Mr. Dumbledore himself and us here on Insania knew about it, of course was it his patriotic duty to inform the Ministry of this fact and as we all know by now the Ministry is not very good at keeping secrets, especially now if you have Death Eater visitors every other day that deposit large sums into your personal accounts. So when the beloved Dark Lord Voldemort heard the news it was inevitable that he would make a house call. The reason of this visit was not solely to erase Harry Potter's existence from this planet, apparently there was a large pool of Power left behind by our founders of Hogwarts that could be claimed by the one that found it. And so one a rather quiet day with good weather we found the Blood Purity (Voldemort's private yacht, very original name by the way) on our doorstep. After a courageous battle that cost the life of more than three hundred men Voldemort finally had enough of it and unleashed a demonic entity which destroyed our wards but still our men did not give up and fought tooth and nail to keep the intruders out of the castle. We can say with pride that we defeated over ninety per cent of the Dark Lord's forces of those that attacked the castle but alas, it was not enough. Thanks to the tight lipped workers in the Ministry Voldemort found what he had been looking for, the power of Salazar Slytherin stored for those whom would one day need it, for good or for worse. At that same time we were blessed with the sudden presence of our now awake leader who took it on himself to challenge the Dark Lord and banish the demon he had let

free and was now raging around on our lands. Even without his magic and facing the most feared wizard of latest generations he showed courage and not cowardice and he defeated him and drove back the demon to where it belonged and how did he do that you are probably all asking yourselves. With cunning, bravery and simply the fact that he IS Harry Potter and he does not lose, to anyone. For a detailed report on the siege and battle see page two.

Gerard Lovegood.

“He certainly didn’t spare you.” Arthur commented when he saw that Dumbledore had finished reading.

“I guess I deserved it and he is mostly accurate, there are no lies that hide the large outlines, just some minor things aren’t told which is probably for the best, one thing is certain, I will not be winning any popularity contests after people read this.” Dumbledore said and took his glasses off and rubbed the bridge of his nose.

“If it makes you feel better, the ministry has banned all editions of the Quibbler.”

“The fool.” Dumbledore murmured “Doesn’t he realise that this will only inspire people to read it anyway.”

“Probably, personally I think it is better if the people hear another view of events and these days people don’t trust the Prophet or the Minister anymore and with good reason I say, they have been lied to enough.”

“Are you becoming sympathetic to Mr. Potter’s cause?”

“No; but he did let me live and allowed me to get out of the ministry before it blew up even after my son had done something which cannot be easily forgiven. He does not judge all people the same because they simply know each other or belong to the same faction. Except for Death Eaters of course, he made it quite clear that he shows them no mercy.”

“And that is where I think he is wrong, not all Death Eaters are bad people, some of them joined out of fear for their families or their own sake.”

“I disagree with you Albus, you know how the initiations go, they have to torture and maim muggles and in the end kill them, if you do that then you are a godless person, even if it is for your family. If they threaten them you can do two things, run and hide or refuse to follow Him and fight.” Arthur said with conviction.

“Not everyone is a Gryffindor Arthur.”

“That does not mean they should not show courage and they can still run.. What good does it do if you do the same to people as they did to you. How would you react if I suddenly said I’d join the dark lord to protect my family.”

“Then I would be very disappointment in you but only because I have known you for a long time and I know that you are capable of better ways.” Dumbledore said gravely.

“And just because you don’t know them as well as me you think those that join are not capable of better ways so they should just resort to meaningless slaughter of innocents, those that do such things do not deserve remorse.”

“Then what about Severus, he too did those things and yet Harry has shown him mercy and welcomed him on his side.”

“Yes, he did kill innocent people but he had the guts to defy you-know-who and join his greatest opponent even if the chances of him surviving, much less win this war were very slim and Harry gave him the opportunity to do what he believed was right and apparently his reasons were good enough.”

They stopped talking as they arrived in the vast hall that housed the elevators. A hall completely made out of the blackest rock that rose up all the way to the highest levels of Azkaban castle. In the centre of this hall stood a lone wizard with a bored expression on his face

leaning against what appeared to be thin air on a small raised platform.

“What happened here Arthur?” Dumbledore whispered in a strange tone as he looked upwards.

“Security Albus;”

“They tore down the grand staircase of Garandir in the name of security?” Dumbledore asked outraged, his eyes looking at the remains of one of the most famous staircases in the Wizarding world, created by the first wand user in history.

“I’m afraid so Albus, but they did leave the plateaus of all the levels, they are now used as stops for the elevator.” Arthur said.

“What do I care about what they left; don’t they realize what they have destroyed, these stairs were made by the inventor of wands, it was a tribute to him, it was a magical item on its own, it was the first thing ever created with a wand.” Dumbledore yelled outraged.

“I know Albus, I was against it you know.”

“That fool is lucky I need him for my plans or else I would go up there and hand him over to Harry personally.”

“Hey,” the wizard guarding the elevator suddenly yelled “do you guys need to be somewhere or are you going to stand there all day because I just got a call from the top to get up there.”

“Come Arthur, it appears the Minister is short on time and it is very important that I speak with him before he leaves.”

They approached the elevator with Dumbledore in the lead but just as he was about to step onto the small round dais he was halted by an invisible barrier.

The wizard looked at Dumbledore queerly but didn't comment. "Arthur, I didn't recognize you in this dark place, what are you doing here at this hour."

"I'm here to escort Dumbledore Octavius, he needs to speak with the Minister."

"Well hurry up then, he seemed impatient, you know the drill."

Arthur nodded and stepped forward, he turned the ring on his finger around and pressed the flat of his palm against the invisible barrier, the barrier shimmered green and disappeared.

Arthur stepped forward onto the dais without hesitation but Dumbledore hesitated for a moment and looked at where the invisible barrier had been with a look of puzzlement. Arthur turned around and raised a quizzical eyebrow. Dumbledore shed his expression and adapted his traditional grandfather look and stepped onto the dais.

"Everybody ready." the wizard asked and made a movement with his wand while muttering something weird under his breath, the barrier shimmered green again and a moment afterwards the dais lifted up from the ground and started to rise at a rapid pace.

"Just a question out of curiosity Octavius, are these Goblin spells." Albus asked as he touched the barrier and peered over his half-moon spectacles with that piercing look of his at Octavius.

" Well euhm," Octavius began, already beginning to feel uncomfortable, he had been a student while Dumbledore had still been a teacher and he knew that look very well, when you were staring into those piercing eyes the truth would come out no matter what "yes they are." he admitted in defeat "But I'm not supposed to tell anyone that so would you mind keeping it quiet."

"of course not Octavius, I was merely curious about them because I did not recognise them, it was just a professional interest." Dumbledore reassured him and averted his gaze now looking at the

passing pieces of the destroyed staircase and for a moment he looked ancient and sad, the toll of this war was starting to rise.

“Are you alright Albus?” Arthur asked.

“I’m quite alright Arthur,” Albus said after a moment “I was just thinking for a moment.”

“We’ve arrived.” Octavius said as the platform slowed down.

“Arthur, perhaps it is best if you wait here, it appears Cornelius is a bit anxious and it seems best to me if I talk to him alone.”

Arthur nodded and the barrier shimmered green again. Dumbledore stalked forward towards Cornelius Fudge immediately.

“Cornelius,” Dumbledore said and the Minister made a startled jump “what is the matter, you seem a little on edge.”

“Oh Dumbledore, it’s you, good, I was worried for a moment there had been a security breach. Wait a minute, you don’t have a ring, you’ve been missing for a week, how did you get in here.” Fudge started yelling as he slowly inched backward. He was still walking with the aid of crutches.

“Calm down Cornelius, I asked Arthur Weasley to let me inside; I urgently need to speak with you concerning about matters that concern Harry Potter.”

“Potter,” Fudge yelled in a high pitched voice “where; is he here, save me Albus.”

“Get a grip man, Harry Potter is not here, he is probably in his base at Potter Manor at this moment.”

“Are you sure he’s not here?”

Dumbledore nodded resolutely.

“Good, I knew he wasn’t here, how could he, our security is the best in the world.” Fudge said and tried to sound confident but his voice still wavered slightly.

“So I have noticed.” Dumbledore said with a hint of anger “But I’m not here to discuss your security, rather I am here to discuss security around Potter’s new base.”

“What about it? Is it better than ours?” Fudge asked afraid.

“Not at all, not at this moment anyway and this is why I am here, I heard about the destruction of the ministry and if you are planning a retaliatory strike I say that this is the time to do it.”

“Are you mad Albus, we can’t attack him, he is too powerful, you weren’t there Albus, you weren’t there when they blew up the ministry, you didn’t see him, how he defeated dozens of Aurors, got through layers of protection like they were made of paper, he had this sword, a wicked looking thing that made him something terrifying...” Fudge rambled.

“Cornelius, for Merlin’s sake, get yourself together, I have good news for you.” Dumbledore interrupted.

“Really?” Fudge asked hopefully.

“I was able to steal Potter’s sword. I have taken the object that gave him the power to destroy the ministry away.”

“You’re not serious?” Fudge asked astonished but Dumbledore merely nodded “How? When? Where is it?”

“It is with a confidant of mine, one whom is able to wield it.” Dumbledore said calmly.

“Is there a way I could see it, to confirm it is the same blade that he wielded at the ministry.”

Dumbledore contemplated this for a few seconds and then inclined his head. A moment later his familiar Fawkes appeared beside him and landed on his shoulder.

“I require A quill and some parchment Cornelius, perhaps we can move to your office.” Dumbledore offered.

“Certainly, certainly, just follow me.” Fudge said hurriedly and started walking away from the landing and down a white painted corridor, at the end they turned right and ended up in front of a large double mahogany door. Fudge pulled out his wand and weaved it in a simple pattern while muttering a spell under his breath. After he finished he put his wand away and put his palms against the wood, one on each door, after a moment or two there was a soft click and the doors sprung open.

“Security indeed.” Dumbledore mumbled as he followed Fudge into his office.

Immediately candles flared to life and a roaring fire sprung up in the fireplace.

“Something to drink Albus?” Fudge offered;

“No thank you.” Dumbledore declined politely, he had to grimace when he observed the room, as in everything Fudge occupied Wealth was displayed everywhere. In front of the fireplace were a pair of velvet couches with an ornate coffee table between them. The floor was carpeted with an expensive looking fabric coloured a soft Bordeaux Dumbledore walked over to the ornate desk which was even larger than his own. “May I?” he asked indicating the quill and parchment lying on the desk.

“Certainly.” Fudge said in a grand way as he poured himself a drink.

Dumbledore quickly scribbled a note and gave it to Fawkes instructing him to go and give the note to the keeper of the sword and

to bring the sword back. Fawkes took it from Dumbledore's shoulder and disappeared in a burst of flame.

"He will be back in a few minutes." Dumbledore said.

"What are you planning, you know the sword isn't the same anymore, he will not recognise it." Godric said.

"I was hoping you could help me with that." Dumbledore said cautiously.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, when Harry had it there was still a part of you dormant in it, that is how you were able to summon it back so that means there is still a part of him in it as well."

"So you're saying that if we let that part take control of it for a moment it will change shape again." Godric concluded.

"That's what I believe. Are you willing to let it take over for a moment?"

"Absolutely not! Have you gone of your rocker Albus, do you realise what could happen, if we make Harry the dominant presence in the sword for even a short time he would just have to think about the sword and it would be his again, if his bond is even remotely like mine he will sense it immediately if that happens."

"I do not believe that will happen for a few reasons, one of them is that he does not have magic at the moment, the only reason he could still summon the sword was because of the sword's innate magic, he could not sense the sword anymore and he will not sense it now."

"Alright, your reasoning is sound but you do realise once it is in control it will take quite an effort to suppress it again. That is one thing I do not understand, while I didn't think about it at the time how

was someone much weaker able to overpower Potter's spirit in the sword?"

"Who ever did it didn't overpower Harry, Harry's part merely stepped aside to allow the new holder to wield it, it is because of his personality, anyone whom he trusts can probably wield it without any trouble, it was the same in Harry's second year, you allowed him to wield it too but at the time he wasn't very powerful so his essence was minimal."

"Perhaps, but now that I think about it the fact that he had wielded it once before might explain why he was able to defeat me."

"It is possible but back to the point, are you willing to let Harry's part take control for a minute."

"If you insist but why do you want this so badly."

"I'm afraid the only way to get Cornelius on our side in this battle against Potter is to show him that his most powerful weapon is now in our hands, at the moment he's too afraid of Harry, that's why he has been locking this place down."

"You're probably right, your familiar is here."

Albus had sensed it too and looked to his right where the mystical bird was hovering, the Dumbledore's hand and the cold and distant look on Dumbledore's face.

Dumbledore shook himself out of his silent conversation. "I'm sorry Cornelius, I was lost in thought for a moment. This," he said as he swished the sword around one turn "is the sword of Harry Potter."

Fudge burst out laughing. "Who the hell told you that Dumbledore," Fudge hollered "that's not Potter's sword, he has a Japanese sword."

"Can I kill him?"

"Not yet."

Dumbledore smirked. "You mean like this one?" he said and all of a sudden the sword changed shape and took on the form of a Katana.

Fudge's amusement turned to horror as he eyed the sword that had caused him so much fear.

He calmed down a few moments later; "How are you so certain that that is potter's blade, it certainly looks like it but there must be more like that around."

"Perhaps in appearance but there is only one like this around." Dumbledore said and flipped the sword around so he was now holding it by the blade itself with the hilt aimed at Fudge "look at the hilt."

Fudge looked closely at the hilt and saw the engravings there.

Harry James Potter

Leader of Insania

Commander of The Black Phoenix

"So this really is Potter's sword, the object that can slice through most wards like they are nothing, cut through concrete walls like they are made out of butter." Fudge whispered in awe while his eyes got a greedy glint in them. He reached out with his hand and tried to grab the hilt of the sword but before he could even touch the sword a jolt shot through his hand and a searing pain blazed through his mind.

Fudge swore violently. "What the hell was that?" he demanded as he rubbed his hand furiously.

"I'm afraid the sword has a mind of its own. Only a select few can touch or wield it." Dumbledore said in a neutral tone but Fudge somehow found that he was acting smug and he noticed Dumbledore's blue eyes had a green tint to them, as Dumbledore finished speaking the sword changed back to its original shape..

“And why can you touch it?”

“I am the rightful headmaster of Hogwarts and apparently that gives me the proper authorisation.”

“And why can Potter touch it then?”

“I’m not really sure, it is probably because he was allowed to wield it once before when he defeated the basilisk in his second year.”

Fudge blinked, shook his head and muttered something Dumbledore didn’t catch. “What about your confidant, how is he able to wield it?”

“I’m not really sure about him either but I think that he is somehow related to Gryffindor himself or that his family had permission to use it.

“Is there anyway we can use this against him?”

“That is why I came to talk to you Cornelius, I believe that now is the time to organise an attack against Potter and his forces. His newly established base can’t be as well defended as it should be just yet, Harry not being able to do magic will slow them down considerably. Their wards might be strong but we will be able to bring them down and now that we have the sword breaking through his defences should be easy.”

Fudge thought about it for a moment and made a decision.

“You’re right Dumbledore.” Fudge said with conviction “if there is a time to fight potter it is now, he has invaded our country and I believe this is our opportunity to destroy his base and force him to withdraw to his island. He will be hard stressed to do anything here if he doesn’t have a place to fall back on and the Quibbler will be stopped, Gerard’s sources will have no way to contact him on that island and it will be hard to distribute it from there, this is perfect.” Fudge started ranting. Meanwhile Dumbledore watched this with a vacant look and a satisfied smile as he held an internal conversation.

“So the board has been set, now the pieces have to be organised.”

“Indeed, now we can only hope that we will be strong enough to defeat Harry.”

“Let us hope so because if he defeats jus this will cause us a major setback and he will have the upper hand for a few months at least.”

“I’m very well aware of that, who knows what he would do during those months.”

“I do not know Albus, but despite the fact that I hate the boy for what he did I do not believe him having free rein for a little while would be so bad. What is the worst he could do? Convert some more people to his side, foil Voldemort and Salazar’s plans, maybe even defeat him?”

“There will be too many casualties that way, two or three factions fighting a war against one another. If only I can get him back under my control, together with my help I can teach him how to defeat the Dark Lord once and for all and corner him at the exact time so that casualties will be at a minimum.”

“And that’s where things would go wrong, waiting for the right time and the right time would be when you say it is, Potter does not want to wait anymore, he wants action, to feel that something is being done. And at the time it is more one faction fighting two instead of all three fighting each other, so far the Ministry and Voldemort have only attacked Potter and not each other.”

“I know all that.” Dumbledore snapped mentally “I just hope that we can defeat him and take him captive, then I can convince him to come back to our side and in the meanwhile we will have driven his forces of the island. Voldemort will then see his chance and try to take control or start a campaign to inspire fear in everyone’s hearts, hopefully this will lead to a conflict between him and the Ministry. Mean while the forces of Insania will remain where they are. They did do well while Harry was unconscious but without him entirely they will be powerless and afraid to make a move.”

“Just remember Albus, just because you plan it so doesn’t mean it will happen that way.”

“Only time will tell my friend;”

“I will contact Jonathan immediately, I’m sure he will be more than happy to help, he still has a score to settle with Potter anyway.” Dumbledore suddenly jerked out of his reverie as he heard this.

“The Americans?” Dumbledore asked surprised “You’re going to get them involved in this?”

“Of course,” Fudge said “how else are we going to defeat him, we can’t just go out there with everything we have, that would leave this place undefended and I’m not about to risk defeat by going with not enough forces and the Americans have more than enough power to defeat him.”

“Yes,” Dumbledore said with conviction “contact them, they will be useful in the battle, with our combined strength we will surely defeat Harry. Now, if you will excuse me, I still have some matters I have to attend to.” and with that Dumbledore stood up and began to leave.

“Dumbledore,” Fudge asked suddenly “do you have any suggestions for the day of the attack.”

“February fourteenth.” Dumbledore said grimly, “That should give us enough time to organise everything.” and with that he walked out of the room.

“The fourteenth, what is that man thinking?” Fudge asked the empty room but shrugged a moment after, Dumbledore had the sword and if he said that date he probably had a reason for it, he had no time to ponder about it, he had a lot of things to organise and a lot of people to contact.

Author notes: Alright, it's here, not the best chapter I've written in my opinion but whatever. Before anyone asks, no I'm not dead. I know it has taken a long time to get this chapter written, normally it would've

been up a few days after Deathly Hallows came out but a lot has happened since then, once again. I hope you all like the chapter, reviews are still very welcome. My yahoo group is still open to anyone who wants to join, the link is on my bio page. 'Till next chapter.

Review responses:

Bill560682: I'm not going to tell anything but I doubt anyone will guess the ending but you're welcome to try. As for the core of the Missouri it did blow up or else you could never put enough explosives on a ship to create such a wave. As for Dumbledore who really knows what goes on in that head of his. Oh and thanks for the reminder of the core, I kinda forgot about that but no problem, an explanation has been found.

Godric: Thanks but I don't think anything is too farfetched for fan fiction.

moss and stone: In my opinion I think it's just a way for her to work of sexual frustrations but it is fun to write.

DoRodrigo: Everything in due time, hope you keep loving it.

Lady-Luthien-Ancalimon: Hey, I like the descriptions and I like to believe they add character to the story.

CyberDragonEX: well yes, she could invent that but once again, there goes the fun, that way they would never run out of supplies or anything and my story ends as you could create an entire army of the spiders in no time and not even Voldemort could defend himself against a thousand of them but good suggestion.

Bluezy261175: Tja, hier kom je inderdaad niet veel mensen tegen die Nederlands praten en bedankt.

DexterZ: That's the spirit.

tax zombie: I don't care if it is like the titanic in your opinion, at least that thing went down in history and is the most famous wreck of all time.

Harry: Thank you very much.

Some Annoyed Dude: if stories like this annoy you then you probably know what to do, avoid them and write your own.

D14852001neko: Thank you and about the block, do not forget Harry can't access his magic so he can't remove and Dumbledore is a lot more powerful than most on Insania, there is no one there that can match his power and the fact that they didn't even know such a block could be created doesn't help them in undoing it. I said it before, no harem, I'd like to, believe me but it just doesn't fit in the story; sorry. I'm sorry to say that I don't know a lot about FF but has anyone here seen Rurouni Kenshin, great series, I get a lot of inspiration from it.

BloodySeraphim: sorry, not my style.

Highbrass, bob, wolf, JVTazz, hpnut1, Artendome, Akira Stridder, Butler, Dronzer, Saoden, JPWARZONE, ladywatertiger

You win some,

you lose some

February dawned bright and clear. A thick blanket of snow covered the grounds of Potter Mansion as winter had struck hard the last five days . The sun rose from behind the mountains in the East. On a normal day the sight would've been quite beautiful, as today was Valentines day, it should've been even more so but not for Harry Potter.

“Never for me.” Harry thought grimly as he looked at the grounds from the master bedroom balcony at the men down there preparing everything for the battle that could begin any minute now. For the past week things had been tense, they knew a large scale attack was coming but they didn't know when, Harry had expected that it would've started a few days ago but apparently the enemy had decided to wait a little longer. On one side he wasn't complaining, they had time to prepare as well as they could, traditionally cast wards had been erected instead of their costume core powered wards. With the time limit they were not very powerful but they would hold long enough to get at least some time to assess the enemies' power. The walls had been strengthened with everything they had and measures had now been taken for the soldiers to deal with the cold, soldiers aren't very good fighters when they're frozen stiff. But on the other hand the waiting was harmful. Everyone was antsy and irritated, arguments broke out every ten minutes it seemed, the ones between Draco and Hermione was the most spectacular, half the base heard them but Harry had been elsewhere and still didn't know what the row had been about as neither of the two wanted to talk about it.

He sighed and his breath came out as a cloud of vapour in the crisp morning air. The hours of sleep had been few the past week and he was tired from anxiousness, he was almost hoping that the battle would begin already. Of course he hoped it would simply not occur but if they attacked now at least he would know what to do, his mind would be preoccupied with battle and not worry.

“What are you doing?” a soft female voice asked filled with affection.

He slowly turned around and regarded his best friend and girlfriend. She still had sleep in her eyes and her hair was a mess; she was wrapped in a bathrobe and Harry worried that it was a little cold to be walking around like that in this cold weather. Since today was Valentines day Hermione had decided to stop working for a day and come over to Potter Mansion to spend some time with each other as the last week hadn't permitted that. They had talked for a long time yesterday evening until she had fallen asleep on the bed and he had tucked her in. there had been no sleep for him, an uneasy feeling was gnawing at him.

“Worrying.” he answered earnestly.

She stepped and hugged him gently and rested her head against his chest. “You shouldn't worry so much, everything will be fine as long as you're there.” she said.

“I wish I could believe that.” he whispered as he slowly hugged her back.

“You're such an extraordinary person you know.” she said softly “When you're fighting you are an impenetrable shell, impossible to crack and unbeatable but when you're you, and don't take this the wrong you, you're such a frail person, so full of emotion and compassion and yet at the same time you are a strong and charismatic person, driven by those same emotions which are your weakness. People would follow you into hell and back because of it. I'm just really happy I'm the one who gives you the support nobody else can.”

Harry's only reply was a low grunt that sounded kind of sad.

She retreated a little and peered intently into his eyes which seemed kind of distant and duller than usual. “Don't you feel the same about me?” she asked a little worried and Harry detected a hint of hurt.

“This isn’t the time to talk about it; it would only ruin the mood.” he said and he hoped she would be satisfied with that.

“it’s Ginny, isn’t it, you’re thinking about her.” she whispered sadly.

“Hermione...” he began but was cut off.

“Harry, I know you love me but I also know you loved her and she was most likely taken from you, manipulated by that bastard.” she said and a few tears rolled down her cheek, Harry on the other hand showed no clear signs of emotion. “I know it is hard on you and you believe she truly loved you and I believe so as well, we had enough talks at Hogwarts where she told me so.” Harry remained quiet “And don’t take this the wrong way but you two getting together I do believe was Dumbledore’s work. In all the time I’ve known her she was never so pushy as when the new year started, as if it was crucial that you two got together then and I don’t care if you still have feelings for her, I know you love me too but just tell me one thing Harry and be honest, it would kill me if I find out you lie about this.” she said and her voice took on a vulnerable and pleading tone. Harry looked down at the top of her head as she was clinging to him, her head pressed firmly against his chest and a look of affection blossomed on his face, his eyes shining with emotion he said: “I promise to tell the truth Hermione, I couldn’t lie to you.”

She looked up into his eyes while hers shone with tears. “Please tell me that I’m not a replacement for Ginny, that if she ever returns you won’t just cast me aside.”

“Hermione,” he began slowly “how could I ever do that, I would never hurt you like that, not even for Ginny and you’re certainly not a replacement. The love I felt for Ginny is totally different from the love I feel for you. This war has made me think about a lot of things, that time I was in coma especially. I think the only reason why I agreed to date her so quickly was because I wanted to know how it felt to be loved, to be truly and unconditionally loved and she gave me that, I’d never had something like that before and it was wonderful so it was no surprise that I started deeply caring for her.

“Harry...” Hermione began but Harry pressed a finger against her lips.

“I won’t deny that I miss her but I’ve come to realize that her love for me was more love for the boy-who-lived, she never truly got to know me like you. While my mind is still in turmoil sometimes right now there is one thing I know for sure.

“What then?” she asked as she gazed deep into his eyes.

“That I’m completely and utterly in love with you.” he whispered.

Her eyes shined with tears of emotion as she clasped her hands together at the back of his neck and pulled him towards her.

Their lips met and their minds were blown away by the tenderness and love that the kiss seemed to transfer between them.

“Aren’t they a sight.” Draco said as he looked at the balcony on which Harry and Hermione were standing from his position on the wall.

“Yes they are.” A voice to his right said and he started. He turned around and was surprised to see who it was.

“Luna, what are you doing here, shouldn’t you be working on your projects.”

“Good day to you too.” Luna said a bit snappishly.

“Sorry,” Draco mumbled “I’m just a little stressed, especially since those swords still aren’t ready.”

“They’re almost done, they just need a couple of hours to settle.” Luna said as she gazed at the balcony.

“Why don’t you bring them over here and how did you get here anyway, you know the place is in lockdown, no one gets in or out

without my permission.” Draco asked suspiciously but he got no reply as Luna was gazing intently at the balcony.

He waved his hand in front of her face and she seemed surprised to see him standing there.

“I’m sorry,” she said “I haven’t slept in while and I seem to zone out sometimes. You were saying?”

“Why didn’t you bring the swords with you and how did you get here.” he asked in a softer tone. “That must be why she seems a bit subdued today, I know Harry’s been putting some pressure on her the last few days.”

“They have to cool down and the magic that has been woven into them has to stabilise first, if they were moved, or worse, used at the moment the magic in them would not settle properly and the blade wouldn’t be any better than an ordinary blade and Hedwig brought me.” She explained, just as she finished Hedwig swooped down from the skies and landed on her shoulder.

“Oh,” was his response “any particular reason why you came here?”

“Just to inform Harry that the swords were ready but I think it would be better not to disturb him now.” she said as she looked at the balcony once more. “Perhaps you can inform him later, I need to head back, there is still work to do.”

“Perhaps you should rest a bit first Luna, you look a bit...depleted.” he said a little hesitantly as he couldn’t find a better word to describe her at the moment.

“No I’m fine,” she said and smiled serenely for a moment like she normally does but Draco could tell it wasn’t genuine “I’m just worried about this battle, that’s all, I’ll be going now.. She tore her gaze away from the balcony. Hedwig took off from her shoulder and Luna grabbed hold of the bird’s tail.

Just before she could leave Draco put a hand on her shoulder, halting her.

“Are you sure that’s all Luna, you know that if anything is bothering you, you can always talk to me, I’m always there for you.” Draco said in a soft and caring tone.

“No Draco, I’m just tired and worried, that’s all, thank you for your concern and I know that you’ll listen to me when I need it.”

“We have to stick together Luna, the Iron Circle is the thing that keeps this nation together, we need to be strong, if one of us fails we could lose everything; we need to be there for our nation and most of all, we need to be there for each other.”

“I know, thanks Draco.” she said, he took his hand from her shoulder and she disappeared in a flash of black flames.

“Don’t lie to me Luna, I know that’s not all that’s on your mind.” he muttered as a stiff breeze made him shiver and his robes billow around him. He looked at the balcony where Hermione and Harry were still enjoying their moment. He sighed and looked away. “I hope I will someday find someone who cares so much about me as Hermione cares about Harry.”

He looked around and saw the men standing on the wall everywhere furiously casting any spell or ward they could think of to give them that one edge they would surely need in this upcoming battle although on this side of the mansion it probably wasn’t necessary. He was standing on the east side of the wall, the part facing the cliff, Draco had argued it wasn’t necessary to put a wall here, that it was just as good to let it run till the edge of the cliff but the counter had been to better be safe than sorry. A little to the north was the lake, located to the north-east of the mansion. In the lake itself was no wall although the wall did stretch a dozen meters or so into the lake, deep enough so that you had to swim to get around it and on the lake was the reason why Draco didn’t think it was necessary to continue casting spells and wards on this side of the wall. The Ekliptica. The pride of the fleet was lazily bobbing on the water on the far side of the

lake. This meant that their arc of fire could cover a large part of the ground on the east side of the wall and the north side and if necessary a small part of the Mansion's grounds, the small part that wasn't walled in because of the lake. The gate was on the exact opposite side of the lake. That way they could focus their troops and defending that part as the enemy wouldn't dare and try to take on the Ekliptica, not even Dumbledore would risk that if he didn't have to and the Americans probably hadn't recovered enough to try and take it on and they had the Potter now as well. Draco sighed. They had wards too, they had combined the effort of more than two hundred people and cast whatever they could in the time they had but their people were not expert ward casters. He personally thought they would be lucky if the wards held up for a couple of hours. Wards like those that had been at Hogwarts normally took months to cast properly and they had been added to for over a thousand years.

He turned around and looked at the ocean, thinking of the island that had become his home where the sea defended it on all sides, he sincerely hoped he could one day live there in peace for the rest of his life.

He suddenly looked to the right as he had seen something move on the Ekliptica out of the corner of his eye; one of the Gatling turrets had moved; the barrel started spinning and after a few moments a stream of energy bullets shot forth towards the skies above the mansion. He quickly turned his head and looked at the skies where the bullets were headed. He was too late to see what they were aiming for but he saw the remnants of an explosion high up into the sky, mere moments later other explosions filled the sky as more streams of bullets from other gun emplacements shot up into the sky.

He took his cell phone and dialled a code, a moment later sirens started blaring all over the ground and people started scurrying all over the grounds towards the southwest part of the wall as they had been instructed.

Draco immediately ran to the nearest stairs and practically jumped down; he started running as fast as he could as soon as he reached the bottom towards the gate; he quickly dialled a number. After a few moments Neville's voice answered it.

“It’s started.” he yelled loudly.

“I know,” Neville replied seriously “we saw the explosions, we’re already trying to figure out from where the bombardment is coming, it appears Harry was right and they’ve called in the aid of the Americans, the Ministry doesn’t possess projectile weapons.”

Draco swore. “Fly a little lower and try to see where they are stationed, try to remain unseen, they don’t know we have the Potter so let’s keep it as a surprise.”

“Roger.” Neville said and cut the connection.

A few moments earlier on a balcony on the north side of the mansion.

Harry and Hermione were wrapped in each other’s arms in a loving embrace. Hermione pulled back a little and a faint flush was staining her cheeks as her warm chocolate brown eyes locked with Harry’s emerald green ones which sparkled with emotion.

“I think that this is the happiest day of my li...” she started whispering but her voice died in her throat as she saw Harry’s eyes go from lively with emotion to cold and hard as steel. For a split second she thought it was aimed at her but his head jerked up to look at the roof of the mansion where a giant Gatling turret suddenly swivelled around and its barrels started rotating. A high pitched whine filled the air as the freezing cold barrels scraped against their bearings and from the energy that was quickly being channelled through their conduits; a moment after that loud pops filled the air as energy bullets left the barrels at incredible speeds.

“They’re here.” he said as he looked at the explosions high up in the air in a cold and detached voice, already preparing for battle.

“You damned bastards, I would end your lives right now if I could, wankers.” Hermione yelled the last thing for good measure at the top of her lungs while hanging over the side of the balcony “you just ruined the most beautiful moment of my life.”

Harry, who had been halfway to another mindset suddenly burst out laughing as the words Hermione yelled filtered through.

“What’s so funny?” she demanded angrily as she turned, a fury burning in her eyes.

“Nothing,” he said between bellows of laughter “it’s that this is the first time I ever heard you use such words and I always imagined it would be because someone had ruined a book, not because someone had interrupted an intimate moment with your boyfriend.”

Hermione looked at him indignantly but she couldn’t stop the corners of her mouth turning slightly upward.

“When you two are done maybe you could come down here and pick me up.” someone yelled from below the balcony.

They both ran to the edge and looked down. Lying on the ground was Draco Malfoy.

“Why are you lying on the ground?” Harry asked bewildered.

“I was so surprised to hear miss perfect grammar yell such words I didn’t look where I was running and I tripped over something.”

“You mean you got distracted by a muggleborn.” Hermione asked teasingly.

“Hey, that’s not fair, you know I’m beyond that now. Why were you yelling like that anyway, I didn’t catch the last part since my ears were filled with snow.”

“They disturbed a perfect moment with my boyfriend.” she yelled back.

“Funny,” he said “I always imagined the only way to get you to swear like that would be to tear up a book right in front of you.”

The only response he got was a yell of frustration and a bellowing laugh.

The moment was cut short as another series of burst from the Gatling turrets and an according series of explosions up in the sky.

“We need to get moving.” Harry said and Draco yelled at the same time.

“I’ll be down in a moment.” Harry yelled. He turned around and looked at Hermione.

“I guess you won’t let me stay by your side;” she asked in a timid voice.

“No,” he said “get down to the dungeons and take a Portkey out of here and back to the island, I don’t want you near this battle.”

“But Harry, I could help.”

“No,” he almost yelled “this will be our toughest battle yet and I don’t want you to get hurt.”

“But Harry...”

“Hermione, now is not the time, besides, if you were here I could be distracted if something happened and you were involved, I can’t have that Hermione, not this time.”

“Alright.” she said reluctantly and before Harry could turn away she grabbed him forcefully and kissed him hard with everything she had.

“Stay safe and come back to me.” she whispered as she held his head close. Without warning she let go off him and ran inside.

“I promise.” he whispered with steel in his voice.

“Are you coming or not.” Draco yelled but before he could finish his sentence a figure jumped from the balcony and landed a few feet

away from him in a crouch, a landing which made the earth beneath his feet shudder, normally you'd expect a man to stay down after a jump from a three story high balcony and a landing on frozen ground but not Harry. He erected himself to his full height while clasping on the bracelets which Luna had given him.

"You really need to learn me that Drone-mode." Draco stated as he knew Harry had used the state of mind to make the jump.

"When there is time and if it is possible." Harry said "But right now we need to hurry to the wall, we're needed there right now."

Draco nodded and together they ran all the way to the gate.

They arrived there out of breath and climbed up the stairs that would take them up to the gangway on the gate.

They looked at the landscape in front of the walls looking for a sign of the enemy but they saw none. They did hear the faint sounds of explosions in the distance they thought but the explosions overhead confused them as to where they might be coming from.

The area around Potter Mansion's ground was a large forest, while they knew this would be a great disadvantage they hadn't had the heart to mercilessly chop it down just because it would make things easier for them.

After a half minute or so Draco's cell phone rang.

He quickly picked it up.

"Draco, this is Neville, we've spotted three different task forces surrounding the mansion each with their own artillery batteries, the first right in front of the gate about two kilometres away, the second one is to the south and is about three kilometres away. The third one is behind the first one about three and a half kilometres away."

"Alright, any idea on their numbers?" Draco asked

“None that are exact, we didn’t want to risk being detected by flying low for too long but we estimate their force around three to four thousand strong for the amount of soldiers and about thirty artillery guns.”

“ Thanks, take an occasional look to see if they’re planning something.”

“Okay” and they cut the connection.

“It appears that so far we outnumber them.” Draco said as he put his cell phone away.

“Really?” Harry asks surprised “That’s good, that means we might have a chance since we’re on the defensive side.”

“Perhaps, but we’ll still have to be careful, if Dumbledore is with them he’ll have the sword and our walls can’t stand against that.”

“I know, we’ll just have to deal with him then. He may have the founders’ power behind him and his own and he is in possession of one of the most powerful artefacts of the age but don’t forget that while magic may preserve a human’s body better than that of muggles, he is still old and him wielding a blade won’t be as easy as it was for me. I’m confident that I’m faster than him.”

“You’re right.”

“Of course Gryffindor is much more skilled than me and he might make his lack in speed up with expertise.”

“You’re not really inspiring hope in me you know.” Draco said.

“I know but this is not like any of the other battles, we need to be realistic.”

“I know and there is something bothering me.” Draco said.

“What is it?” Harry asked curiously.

“Neville said there to be about thirty batteries, doesn’t the rate of fire from them seem a little low for so much guns.”

“Perhaps, who knows what they are planning, we’ll just have to see who’s going to make the first move.”

“I guess.” Draco said and gazed at the forest waiting to see some movement.

“We’ve started the attack sir.” a soldier said as he entered the large tent in which the high command of the attack forces was gathered.

“Yes, I noticed that already.” Fudge grumbled irritated “The sounds gave it away.” he continued as another salvo of loud bangs was heard as the artillery guns fired.

“Minister Fudge,” the United States’ magical president said with some impatience in his voice “I would greatly appreciate it if you would stop snapping at my men, don’t forget who’s in charge here.”

“This is still MY country.” Fudge yelled indignantly as he turned purple from rage and his bowler hat was being rumpled by the clenching and unclenching of his hands.

“And these are my men’s lives on the line here, ninety per cent of the troops that will participate in this battle are from my forces.” Jonathan said coolly “You asked for my assistance, I did not ask for yours, if you don’t want to be under my command then attack him without us but I doubt that four hundred Aurors will do much good against that fortress.”

“Fine,” Fudge grumbled “but I still don’t see what good it will do to shoot shells at him when we know it doesn’t do any good, why not just go for a frontal attack, if we continue fire with all batteries his guns will be busy, we attack with the broom squads and the foot

soldiers, they'll never be able to get us all and once the wall is breached Potter Mansion will fall."

"You're right of course, there is large chance that such an assault would be successful but don't underestimate their firepower, the casualties would be too great to call it a victory, on both sides." Jonathan said "For now we need to try their defences and seek their weaknesses."

"Why would we care about casualties on their side, they're the ones who are wrong here."

"Perhaps," Jonathan said with a sad sigh "but the last time we killed without thinking it through we lost more than half our fleet and a lot of good men, I will not make that mistake again."

"What can they do, their ships can't reach us and Potter doesn't have any magic." Fudge scoffed.

"Emotions can be a very powerful tool Oswald, more powerful than you realise."

While these two had been discussing the soldier whom had come to report was still standing there, waiting for orders and coughed lightly to draw the attention to him for a moment.

"Sorry about that," Jonathan said "order the other batteries to open fire as well, let's show them that they are not the only ones that can do research."

"Yes sir." the soldier yelled and with that he turned around and sprinted out of the tent.

"What do you mean by that, why not open fire with all batteries at once, an unexpected attack has the most chance of doing damage, now they are prepared for a bombardment." Fudge asked a little bewildered.

“Simple,” Jonathan said “now they believe that we are bombarding them with everything we have and the shells we were firing were the same shells we use on our battleships. Namely, Rune enhanced shells, these are blocked by their wards, those that get through the hail of counter fire at least but that shows us that even their gun emplacements can’t even block the fire from one battery, let alone that of three. The other batteries fire regular shells which are in the eyes of the wards and we hope the turrets merely inanimate objects with no magical signatures and thus pose a less significant treat. If we’re lucky than the wards will just let them through otherwise air would become a problem inside the wards after a while which wouldn’t be bad either all things considered, then they would have to drop the wards for a brief period of time eventually.”

“So no matter what the outcome is, we’ll have a possibility of dealing them a blow either way.” Fudge said gleefully.

“Very good Jonathan, it seems the people made the right choice when they appointed you.” someone said from the entrance of the tent.

“Dumbledore.” Fudge greeted flatly.

“Professor Dumbledore.” Jonathan greeted.

“It appears my lessons were not given in vain.” Dumbledore said jovially addressing Jonathan.

Fudge watched this exchange with some confusion. “You were a student of his?” Fudge asked.

“Not exactly, he just gave a few pointers to deal with a problem a had a few years ago.” Jonathan said.

“Alas, those are tales to be told another time, let us discuss our strategy first, I apologise for not being here sooner, but I had something to do of the utmost importance.”

“And what might that be?” fudge asked.

“I have brought along our secret weapon.” Dumbledore said and the two men saw someone standing a little behind Dumbledore. People dived for cover as the world around them seemed to explode.

Harry and Draco turned around in surprise as explosions rocked the ground.

The entire area between the mansion and the gate erupted in flying dirt and debris as the front of the mansion was struck by half a dozen explosions.

Draco yelled something but it was drawn out by the noise and Harry figured it was nothing good.

“What happened?” Draco yelled “Have the wards collapsed?”

“No they haven’t.” Harry said as he looked up “the projectiles are still exploding against them.”

“Then what’s happening?” Draco demanded angrily.

There was a whoosh of air next to him and Harry had disappeared.

Harry stopped running at approximately the centre of the impact zone and watched the skies carefully. The world around him was moving very slowly now and he was still trying to go faster, he was going to need it for what he was going to attempt.

It took a few minutes from his point of view but he saw a few dots appear in the sky heading straight towards him.

He waited until they were close and then jumped up with all his might. The object heading his way was going to miss him by a foot or so and just as it was about to pass by his head he swung his arm out. A loud metal clang was heard as Harry’s armband struck the back of the shell. He was now moving sideways, the blow had not only altered

the shell's path but his as well. He landed on his feet and rolled sideways as the world around him exploded.

As soon as the shockwave and most of the debris had passed over him he stood up and observed his surroundings. The area was now littered with craters and pieces of debris from the mansion. Luckily there had been no casualties yet as everyone had run to the wall as soon as the first shells exploded and those that had been inside the base had taken the underground tunnels to get to the walls.

He quickly scanned the ground and started looking for his target; he found it a few moments later, at the bottom of a shallow crater. At the bottom of the hole the ground wasn't frozen yet, some scattered pieces of dirt and a hole made by the impact of a solid object betrayed the shell's location.

Harry wasted no time, he knew the next volley would come soon. He quickly stuck his hands in the hole and grabbed the cylindrical metal object inside and he pulled with all his might. He knew it was dangerous what he was doing, the shell could explode any moment but he knew that if he didn't do this many more could die. Luckily the shell came out without too much difficulty and as soon as he had it in his arms he sped off towards safer ground.

He arrived at the base of the wall right next to the gate and dropped out of his drone-mode. He yelled for Draco to come down and take a look at the object, Harry thought Draco yelled something back but a moment later explosions made the grounds shudder, this time they were more spread out. The third floor of the mansion exploded outwards in several places and the roof collapsed. The floor, weakened by the blasts, couldn't take the extra weight and collapsed onto the second floor. The rest of the blasts had come closer to the wall.

Harry watched it with some sadness, his ancestral home was once again being destroyed by the flames of war. Draco approached and cast an apprehensive glance at the object Harry was still carrying in his arms.

Harry looked at him and when seeing his look he realised he was still holding the shell which was quickly getting very heavy and put it down on the ground.

“I just talked with the War Room and have ordered them to get everyone out of the mansion and as much as possible underground.” Draco said “I’ve ordered the Ekliptica to come closer to the wall so that we can hit more of these things.” he continued, indicating the shell.

“Good and I think I know why these things are getting through our defences.” Harry said “the wards aren’t designed to keep out inanimate objects, they were erected against magical attacks, we knew the Americans used Rune enhanced shells, not regular ones and the turrets are programmed to take out the objects with the highest magical concentration, meaning those enhanced shells, all we need to do is configure the guns so that they take out these shells first, the wards will probably take care of the rest.”

“Alright, I’ll get Luna to come over here right away.” Draco said and grabbed his cell phone but Harry put a hand on his arm and a moment later a shrieking Luna appeared next to them in a flash of black flames.

“God damn it Harry, you can’t just abduct me unexpectedly from my laboratory.” Luna yelled irritated, she had a white lab coat on and a two vials of black viscous liquid were held tightly in her hands.

“Sorry Luna, it’s an emergency,” Harry said and another round of explosions rocked the grounds “we need you to reprogram the turrets to primarily take out inanimate objects moving at high velocity and secondary object imbedded with magic.”

“I don’t care if it’s an emergency, you just yank me out of my laboratory, what if I had been working with highly volatile substances like these.” she said and swung the vials around dangerously “Unless of course,” she continued in her normal dreamy tone “if it’s to have your wicked ways with me.”

“That’s the Luna I know.” Draco thought and he would’ve probably found it quite amusing if it had happened somewhere else at another time.

“Luna,” he said very seriously “not now, you have work to do, you can have Harry here kidnap you again another time and then he can ravish you.”

“Oh right,” Luna said snapping out of her ‘Luna mode’ and into ‘Mad Scientist Luna Mode’ “I’ll get right on it and it’s a date.” she yelled as she ran off towards the nearest entrance to the underground tunnels.

Harry hadn’t uttered a word and was still staring at the spot Luna had been standing.

“Harry!” Draco yelled, now faintly amused.

“Right!” he yelled, snapping out of his stupor and looked at Hedwig who had been hovering above the spot Luna had been standing this entire time “Not a word.” Harry cautioned the bird “Now go and grab Luna and take her to the War Room, the sooner she gets there the better.” Hedwig disappeared a moment later.

Harry looked at Draco and was dead serious while the other tried to keep from sniggering; “You and I are going to have a talk when this is over and one of us is not going to enjoy it.”

Draco gulped but the conversation was interrupted as another volley struck the grounds.

This time the two of them were thrown sideways from the blast of a shell impacting only a dozen yards away. Most exploded on the frozen but one of the shells exploded on the gangway on top of the wall; there were screams of surprise and pain.

Harry’s face was grim as he saw one of the men being hurled away and land hard on the ground forty yards away.

“Get down to the War Room and take command, send help for the wounded.” Harry commanded as he pushed himself off the ground.

“Alright,” Draco said a little groggily, his head was spinning from the fall “what are you going to do?”

“I’m going to try and stop this madness.” Harry said with steel in his voice as he whipped two rifles from his inside pockets while jumping up. Draco could already see the change in his friend as Harry went into his Drone-mode.

With a mighty push from his legs Harry launched himself into the air and landed on the walkway on top of the gate.

Draco looked at the shell still lying on the ground and wondered what to do with it, he could hardly let it lie around, it could explode unexpectedly. He tried to pick it up but found that it was much heavier than he had expected.

He wondered exactly how much that Drone-mode enhanced Harry’s strength. He saw a soldier walking nearby and yelled for him to come over and help. Slowly and carefully they carried the object a good forty yards away and let it roll down into one of the craters and then they quickly made their way back to the wall. A few moments after they had dropped the thing another volley hit the grounds and one of the explosions made the shell go off.

Draco continued to one of the tunnel entrances. The entrances were stairs hidden inside the wall where it was thicker for supporting a tower which about every hundred meters along the entire length of the wall. The stairs, wide enough to allow three men walking next to each other to move up or down without too much trouble, quickly led him down to the tunnels that led to the underground complex of the mansion. Unlike Dragons’ Keep or Hell’s Bay the soil around here wasn’t made from hard rock a few meters underground so carving the tunnels out hadn’t been an option, instead they were made of enhanced steel which made the place rather dark and gloomy, the fact that they had no core yet meant that it was still being lighted by torches which didn’t help with the gloomy atmosphere. Hundreds of

men were waiting here for the time when they could go out and fight but that seemed far away right now to Draco as he strode past them. Right now it was more a shelter against the bombardment.

He hurriedly made his way through the tunnel. At the end were two large metal doors; when the guards saw him approach they immediately signalled the men behind the doors to open them. Draco disapproved this but he knew once the battle started they would be more cautious to let people through. After the gates he arrived in a corridor that slowly became wider to about three times as wide as the tunnel, a strategic point of defence if the wall got breached and they were driven back to the tunnels. He stepped over the small bump in the floor which was the retractable barrier, it would be raised when the enemy invaded the tunnels and when the enemy approached them all they had to do was shower the tunnel entrance and the tunnel itself with their guns and the enemy would be trapped. In the tunnel there were no spots to take cover, the outer shell of the tunnel wasn't just to keep the enemy out and serve as a shelter, it was also meant to keep the enemy in.

While this was a very good thought out piece of defence Draco could only hope they never had to use it. After another set of door he entered the inner part of the underground base. Here were the barracks, armoury and the War Room. On the second level the infirmary, sleeping quarters, cafeteria and laboratories were located, on the third level were the storage rooms.

He quickly made his way through the corridors towards the War Room. He was halted by several security posts which did go to the trouble of checking his identity. He approached the metal doors of the War Room itself. The same identifying device as those back in Insania had been installed here. He quickly did as he was asked and with a low rumble the meter thick doors opened.

Inside the room everyone was busy, people were giving orders everywhere, monitors were being watched and in one corner of the room a group of researchers were loudly arguing with Luna standing in the middle of them hunched over a keyboard with an intense expression of concentration on her face.

In the middle of the room on a slightly raised platform was an oasis of calm as several men and women stood around a gigantic table with a map of the grounds and surrounding areas.

Unlike the rest of the base this section was powered by magic. Luna had been smart enough to construct a few generators, basically movable cores. They weren't powerful like those on the ships or had a very long lifespan but Luna was confident they would get them through the battle. The wards around the room were also powered by these, if all else failed this would be the place where the battle would be decided. The room was completely sealed off when the doors were closed so there was no way they could fight with the enemy once they were inside. Should the enemy succeed in pushing them back here there would be only one option left and Draco preferred not to think about that one, whatever the cost they couldn't let the base fall into enemy hands, whatever the cost. In this room was the only staircase leading down to the lower levels as well. If they needed to retreat there was no way they could get everyone inside the War Room.

He strode forward. He approached the table and everyone saluted as soon as they noticed him.

He motioned for them to be at ease.

"Status report." he said.

"We've marked the location of the enemy as best as we could going from Commander Longbottom's descriptions, so far they're not moving, it looks like they are trying to weaken our defences with their artillery and attack when they think we're weak enough to attack." one of his captains said as he regarded the map.

"No," Draco said bitterly "that's not what they are trying, this was just a test to see how good our defences are, how are we doing by the way, when I left Harry to come over here shells were raining down everywhere."

"Commander Potter is taking care of it for the moment."

“I should’ve guessed that would be your answer.” Draco replied.

“Commander Malfoy.” Luna called.

“Yes what is it.” Draco called back a little surprised at the title, he always called those in the Iron Circle by their first name.

“The update is almost done, could you inform Commander Potter?”

“Alright.”

On top of the gate was a flurry of activity from a few people while the rest gazed at the sky in awe.

A couple of minutes ago Commander Potter had seemingly dropped out of the air as he landed on the walkway on top of the bridge. He had selected a two of those on the gate and commanded them to hold their rifles ready to pass them to him while reloading his guns. They had stared at him in confusion for a few moments but when he aimed his rifles at the skies and started firing explosions started to fill the sky and a lot less explosions happened on the ground. Quickly after that they didn’t have the time to see what was happening in the air or on the grounds because Commander Potter was emptying his rifles so fast they were barely keeping up when the barrages came, while Commander Potter was an excellent shot it still took him an average of five shots to take out a shell. Next to the two were two piles of ammo clips, one with full ones and one with empty ones, everyone in the vicinity had thrown every single clip they had onto the pile, even those in their rifles. The problem was that the pile with the full ones was slinking rapidly.

When they were down to the last ten clips Harry’s cell phone suddenly went off but he ignored it, he wasn’t allowed any distractions right now.

Even when he was waiting for the next volley of shells to come raining down he didn’t pick up his phone, you never knew if one of the bastards had decided to fire a little later than the rest.

The loud irritating noise of his cell phone finally stopped and a few moments later a cell phone from a lieutenant close to him went off.

The woman picked up and gave a few affirmative sounds, after a few moments she put her cell phone away.

“Commander Potter, Commander Malfoy says the situation is resolved and they are expecting you in the War Room.”

Harry’s entire posture changed as he came out of his Drone-mode.

“Alright.” Harry said and lowered the rifles “Contact the armoury and tell them to supply you with fresh ammo. I just hope Luna managed to stop this.” He sighed and walked away, he didn’t have to wait to see the results, there wasn’t much he could do about it right now, it had taken over twenty minutes to rewrite the program and it was taking his toll on him, he could already feel a slight headache from the time he had spent in his Drone-mode so far and he was afraid of using it again today, if he used it too long and he passed out there was no way to tell what would happen, if came out of it himself he would merely be unconscious for a day but he couldn’t risk even that at the moment, this entire battle could be decided in a few hours and in the worst case …, well, he didn’t want to think about that.

“Well,” Fudge demanded impatiently “how did it go?”

“Very well,” Jonathan said “a fair share of shells hit the grounds and the manor, not even hit the wall I have to admit. The boy put up quite a show by stopping a large number of our shells later on and now their gun emplacements are taking out about ninety five per cent of everything we fire at them and those that go through only hit the ground.”

“Not a very successful deal I’d say.” Fudge grumbled.

“Oh, but I’d say it was.” Jonathan said with a steel glint in his eyes.

“How would that be?” Fudge asked scathingly.

“Simple. They’ll be rattled by the fact that we managed to use their own wards and systems against them. They’ll be busy with reorganizing a lot of things to cope with this new threat. Their gun emplacements are now firing almost constantly so they’re busy with the shells and we can come up with something else to exploit that and machines that run constantly and even don’t manage to do all the work that should be done won’t keep running for a long time. They’ll break down eventually.”

“And your artillery won’t?”

“Minister Fudge,” Jonathan said in a warning tone “I don’t like to be interrupted. As I was saying, they’ll break down eventually and we haven’t used all of ours just yet and I’m pretty sure they have, otherwise they wouldn’t use that blasted ship to help. Another thing that our bombardment caused the ship to move closer to the mansion giving us a wider area for our assault on the wall. Now we just need to find a way to breach the wall.”

“I already told you that we have that covered.” Dumbledore said.

“I know Albus but even if he succeeds in breaching the gate that means thousands of men will have to go through a single opening, they’ll mow us down without a problem and once the boy’s inside I don’t believe he’ll have the time to open up another entrance.”

“Why risk the lives of all those men Jonathan, if Harry is defeated the rest of them will surrender, there’ll be no need to even attack them full force.” Dumbledore assured him, he wanted to keep the casualty rate as low as possible and seeing the direction this was going it would be a bloody battle if he didn’t interfere.

“That’s what you say but don’t forget that when the boy was in a coma they continued to fight, they even stood their ground against Voldemort.”

“The situation was different then, they didn’t have a choice but to fight, now they have the option of surrendering, if Harry is out fo the

fight they will realise that continuing to fight will only lead to a lot of casualties.” Dumbledore said, his voice gradually growing firmer.

“If that happens I’ll be glad, truly but if they don’t I want to be able to win this battle still, if we wait to long and your boy is defeated they might have the chance to seal the gates and then we’ll have lost. I won’t risk it. Tomorrow a lot of equipment will arrive, we don’t know if the enemy knows anything about our strength but we’ll put their defences to the test. Let’s hope we can find a weakness.”
He arrived in the War Room and noticed the grim atmosphere.

“How’s it going?” Harry asked Draco as he approached the situation table in the centre.

“Pretty well,” Luna said as she approached them “we’re keeping them at bay for the moment, only in twenty is getting through and none of those even close to anything harmful.”

Harry looked at her, noticing that Draco looked grim and determined as he gazed intently at the map probably thinking out a strategy.

“And the damage?”

“Minimal, a part of the upper floors of the mansion is destroyed and we suffered five injured, they’re being treated as we speak.” one of the others standing around the table informed him.

“I am a little worried on the other hand.” Luna said.

“Why’s that?” Harry asked.

“The fact that some shells are still getting through means we’re using our systems to their full extent at the moment. So if they decide to throw something else at us from the sky we might not be able to deal with it.”

“What about a few extra guns?” another officer asked.

“I’ll see what I can do but the problem is that we didn’t have the time to make more, it takes time. Maybe we can miss one or two here or there but Commander Potter has been stubborn and won’t let us take any more from Insania.” Luna said.

“I’d rather loose this base and flee back to Insania than lose Insania and then having to struggle for our live here.” Harry said grimly.

“But the fleet, isn’t that more than enough protection for the island.” the officer asked.

“Perhaps,” Harry said “but don’t forget that both our flagships are currently here and most of the crew on the other ships are rookies like us when it comes to naval battles, the only reason we won the previous times is because we had the upper hand in brute strength, they hadn’t expected that.”

“I’ll see what I can do about those guns. I wish we had put some on the underside of the Potter.” Luna said.

“If worse comes to worst we can still use the Potter to attack them from above, they aren’t expecting that and we could wipe out a large part of their forces like that.” Harry said with in an emotionless tone.

“So why don’t we do that now, simply attack them with the Potter?” the officer asked and Harry was surprised, most of them were still young, didn’t they realize what the effect was of ending so many lives at once on the men that pulled the trigger, they weren’t cold blooded murderers. Surely there would be casualties in the coming days but when the enemy attacked and both sides started exchanging spells and fire the killing would happen in a chaotic time where nobody knows for sure if they killed someone or not and they killed to defend themselves. This was plain mass murder he was suggesting.

“I will not kill so many people in such a cowardly way, it would haunt me forever.” Harry said.

“But they did the same to us with that surprise attack by their artillery.” the officer protested “Why don’t we do the same?”

“First of all, that attack was hardly a surprise, we were preparing for it for a week and five people were injured, what you suggest would kill hundreds without them having a way to retaliate like we had. Do you really think that should be the way how we think, they did that so we do it too. When you think like that war will never come to an end, it’s a never-ending cycle of retaliation that would cause tremendous casualties. If we do that they will think the same as you and the Americans have far more resources than us, they have access to a lot of muggle technology it seems and the muggles have far more destructive weapons than we do at the moment, if they use those there won’t be a man standing on our side.” Harry nearly yelled at the ending and he noticed he was breathing a little hard.

“Sorry sir, I wasn’t really thinking that far and I don’t know that much about muggles but what I’ve seen so far has surprised me.”

“It’s alright,” Harry said as he calmed down “I got a little worked up as well.”

“Do you really think they would use nuclear weapons Commander?” a muggleborn officer asked.

“I don’t know what they are capable of but I’m not willing to take any chances, too many lives are at stake.”

Draco had been silent through this entire ordeal but now he spoke up.

“Harry, I’m going to the wall and keep an eye on everything over there, you take over here, let Neville take another look at their forces, I have a funny feeling about all this.” he said, turned around and walked out of the War Room.

Harry wondered what was going through his friend’s mind.

“You heard the Commander.” Luna said “Keep us updated, I need to talk to Commander Potter, and let someone go over to Insania by Portkey and let them contact my lab and see what can be done about those guns. Now if you’ll excuse us.”

She took Harry by the arm and guided him away to the back of the room, through a small steel door and down a flight of stairs.

They halted in front of a wooden door down one of the side aisles of the level.

“This is your room from now on,” Luna explained seeing his questioning frown “your room is too dangerous from now on.”

“Alright.” Harry said.

“Draco told me he hadn’t had the time to tell you the news.” she said as she opened the door and entered the room.

“What news?” he asked curiously as he followed her.

“Your swords are completed.”

“Really? Where are they?” he asked.

“In my lab at Insania, they’ve cooled down but the magic is still stabilising but there’s a problem with it.”

“What kind of problem?”

“Normally the owner claims the swords by letting the blade recognise his magic, a blade is then only able to be wielded by its owner unless you’re really powerful and overthrow his signature like you did with Gryffindor’s sword.”

“So you mean that as long as I don’t have my magic I can’t claim them and if someone else got a hold of them he could easily claim them as his own.”

Luna nodded grimly. “You and I both know that these swords could mean the difference between victory or defeat. Especially if Dumbledore is here to join the battle.”

“There’s no doubt about it that he’s here too,” Harry said “so what do we do now? I can’t use them if someone else can claim them easily.”

“We could always let someone you trust claim ownership and when you get your power back you can claim them as your own, you’ve already done it once, why not again.”

“I don’t know, even when I do that we have seen that the original owner still holds some power over it.” Harry said “We have no idea what the real effects of doing that are.”

“There is another way.” Luna said “But it might as well ruin the blades as complete them, we’ve been making them through trial and testing but we had some knowledge about the process of making swords from books. What I’m thinking about is entirely new and untested.”

“What do you have in mind?” Harry asked curiously.

“Well since this battle will probably put a serious dent in our ammo supplies I’ve installed the same device that is in your room at Insania to capture the wild energies surrounding you while you’re sleeping. This will help to refill our supplies and power the building here for a longer time but this device is slightly different.”

“In what way?”

“This device doesn’t just capture the energies it drains them as well.”

“What do you mean drain it, do you mean you’re forcefully taking magic that surrounds me?” Harry asked a little wary.

“Yes,” Luna said simply “but for good reasons, I’ve told you before that magic is like a muscle that can be trained and now that yours is blocked it is slowly diminishing and by the time that you’ve regained

access to it you might be considerably weaker than before, I believe that by forcefully taking magic rather than gathering what's in excess we'll keep on training your magic so that you will be even more powerful when you can use it again."

"Any side effects?"

"You might feel a little weaker the first few days but that should pass. Another reason for doing this is that we could link the swords to your magic that way. As we drain some of your magic from you and then feed it directly into the swords they might recognise you as their owner."

"And if not?"

"Then the same thing as with Gryffindor's sword will happen only that there will be no one else to claim it."

"So they'll be mine whatever the case?"

"Yes but with option number two the bond won't be as strong, or they might explode while we're trying."

"You know Luna, you really know how to make someone see the positive side of things."

"I'm just being realistic."

"I know."

Suddenly the sound of a cell phone going off startled the both of them as the tone still hadn't changed and still sounded like a foghorn going off which sounded quite loud in the small room.

They both reached for their own and picked up.

"This is a message to all commanders, we have just discovered that Portkeys are no longer able to leave the area and apparition as not a

possibility anymore either. Apparently the enemy has set up wards, we're trying to find out where the anchor points are and disable them."

"Negative," Harry said "leave them be, we don't need to risk lives to disable some wards, we have enough supplies and there are other means."

"I agree," Luna said "set the AIDS hunting teams to full active hunting mode, those casters won't reach their camp."

"You two seem to have everything under control," the voice of Draco said "up here on the wall everything is under control, we've had some random speels flying at the wall from the woods but nothing serious, the MAG's are taking care of it, I've received a report from Neville as well, apparently the Americans have gotten reinforcements."

"It looks like the battle is about to begin. Now the only thing we can do is wait and see what their next move is." Luna said.

"Unless it turns into a siege of attrition." Harry concluded.

Author notes: first of all happy new year to all of you, consider this me new year's present to all of you, a review in return would be nice. I hope I haven't kept you waiting too long. Next update might be a while, I have upcoming exams, yeah. I hope you all like the chapter. My Yahoo group is still open for anyone that wants to join, the link is on my bio page. Have a pleasant year everyone. 'Till next chapter.

Review responses:

Messhnhs: thank you but consider this, the beginning of this story was written two and a half years ago, I was a lot younger back then and my vocabulary back then wasn't what it is now.

david g: there are some, I've noticed enough myself and I don't mind at all, too bad they're all stored in my head instead of my HDD.

Bobbygondo: She's on Harry's side but she's being used by Dumbledore, the question is if she can overcome him and make up her own mind.

Butler: Only time will tell.

acepro Evolution: that was the goal and it appears as if I've made it.

Bukama Stealth: I'm a little too enthusiastic sometime and I try to type as fast as I can see the scene play in my mind, not a very good thing to try;

Slashslut: If you are then I wouldn't mind if you put your vote down in my newest poll in the Group.

moss and stone: you don't have to tell me but the thing is that this kind of story isn't for everyone's tastes.

Beth5572: (blushes)

Hpnut1; she wants too but Dumbledore still has her under his control.

WJENKSREADER: you're very welcome.

harry shall rise: I hope you like this one better.

Thanks to anyone else who has reviewed:

Kubas89, shankstar89, sploft, DarkDemonTwins, acepro Evolution, bandgsecurtiyaw

A red dawn

Four days later things remained pretty much the same. The American artillery fired non-stop and the Gatling turrets shot down most of the shells while the magical shells exploded against the wards. Luna's spider pets roamed freely in the woods around the mansions and so far the kill count was one hundred and twelve men. It didn't appear as if this situation was about to change any time soon.

Harry stretched and yawned as he entered the War Room. Draco was already there as usual. He was sitting at the central table with a mug of coffee standing next to him staring intently at the maps and the situation of the enemy's forces. Normally the blonde wouldn't even touch coffee with a twelve meter long pole but the last few days had been rough on him. He had been on the wall nearly twenty four hours a day anxiously waiting for the Americans to make their next move but it didn't come. So far the odds had been in their favour, only one casualty on their side so far, a lucky hit made by the artillery. Draco had been stressing a lot. Supplies were his main concern, with the device in Harry's room a steady supply of Ammo was coming in but not nearly enough to his liking. Food and water weren't a problem right now and if the need arose Hedwig could bring supplies but the bird still needed time to travel and it too needed rest.

"Morning." Harry said.

"Morning." Draco mumbled.

"How are thing going today?"

"No change, too bad we don't have any artillery."

"You've sad that every morning so far. I told you we could use the MAGs but it's not worth wasting so much ammo, half of what we shoot at them would miss anyway for the first few minutes and later we wouldn't hit anything at all once they retreat a little or put up some defences against them. I know we suffered a casualty but the rate is acceptable if you ask me, I know it's harsh but that's the way it is."

“I know,” Draco snapped “doesn’t mean I have to accept it.”

“You’re right, I just wish they would get on with it, this waiting is driving me insane.”

“Same here.”

“Why don’t we take a stroll, get out of this depressing environment. I wouldn’t mind going to the wall, it’s been three days since I’ve seen the sunlight, those discussions with Luna on her projects and developments tend to take a lot of time.” Harry suggest.

Draco nodded, emptied his mug of coffee in a single swing and started walking, Harry alongside him.

They made their way through the tunnel slowly, saluting the guard underway and didn’t talk a lot, they were merely enjoying the peacefulness of the morning while it lasted. During the night there were still a lot of men up and on patrol but it was kept at a minimum. During the night the AIDS forces were master of the surrounding grounds and the Americans had learned that the hard way, during the first night over sixty people disappeared, the only thing that they ever found was a large pool of blood or scorched earth and plants and nobody ever saw who was doing this. The Americans were getting demoralized and were starting to invent tales of what was killing all those men. Slowly but surely they were getting afraid of Potter and his army, they were firing at it none-stop and yet they didn’t do any damage anymore. The fort seemed unyielding. They had tried to cast some spells from the woods to take out guards on the wall without any success. The distance was too great and the response had been MAGs firing at them. Something that was far more effective than their wands. They had gotten an old type of bazooka since the newer versions didn’t work in the area and fired that at the wall with some more success, the explosion had been a good thing but since it exploded against the façade of the wall didn’t do any damage to those standing on top of it and the wall didn’t even show a dent or even a scorch mark but gleamed when the sun shone on it. The response to this attack had once again been MAGs, of the teams they had sent to try something only one in five of the men returned.

The ministers were getting desperate while Dumbledore remained calm and told them to be patient but his secret weapon was getting impatient as well, having a part of Godric inside him now didn't help.

They arrived on top of the wall and slowly walked towards the gate, the sun wouldn't rise for more than an hour. It was cold and a fresh layer of snow covered the grounds, Harry believed it would be the last of the year. The sound of the explosions didn't even bother them anymore. Two more Gatling guns had been placed on the grounds themselves, they were less advanced versions and much frailer than their sturdy counterparts which were meant for combat. The new ones hadn't been given their armour.

"How long do you think this stalemate could continue?" Draco asked suddenly.

"It could be over in a few moments if we wanted to, but at the moment it's up to the enemy and who knows what they have planned."

Draco grunted and they continued walking. They arrived at the gate and greeted the men there. They walked over to the middle of the gate and leaned against the wall facing the grounds.

"I just hope it won't be that long anymore." Harry said and Draco grunted again.

"No, I will not wait any longer, this has been going on for four days, I came here to fight him and fight him I will and you won't stop me now." Ron yelled as he grabbed the sword and started heading out of the tent.

Albus Dumbledore sighed, Godric's temperament mixed with that of a Weasley was something not even he could calm down.

"Mr. Weasley, I must insist that you wait a little longer." Dumbledore stated with all the authority he could muster.

“You can insist all you want but I’m going over there now and I will fight him.” Ron yelled.

“Then I have no choice but to make you stay.” Dumbledore said and power radiated of him.

“Try me.” The redhead said with a light in his eyes that was not his own as he took a stance and the sword gleamed menacingly in the candlelight of the tent.

Dumbledore was surprised by this but didn’t show it, Godric couldn’t help him now, the link between the young man and himself while he was stuck in Dumbledore’s head was taxing to keep steady.

“Let him go Albus, you have no idea what that young man is capable of right now.” Helga quipped in “Besides, I too think that this farce has gone on long enough, it’s time to start the fight and get it over with.”

Dumbledore sighed and the power that emanated from him subsided. “Very well Mr. Weasley, you may go but just wait another half hour before you attack so that the Americans and Fudge can organise their forces and eliminate any distractions during you fight with Harry. After that you are free to do as you wish.”

Ron nodded and took off.

Dumbledore immediately made his way to the main tent, he didn’t like that it would start so soon but he had to admit he felt a rush of anticipation.

“So how are your swords coming along?” Draco asked.

“Good I believe, Luna did the experiment during the night and apparently it was successful, or a least she said she was ninety per cent sure, the process destabilized the magic in them a lot and it is again settling down, I should have more news in the next few hours.”

“Good.” Draco said and looked out over the outer wall of the walkway at the forest “I think it’s going to be another quiet day without anything unusual. An assassination attempt or two on the guards and an entire day of bombarding, but the fun part is that at last I get to return fire sometimes.”

“Yes, lets just hope they don’t find a way to get our guards, those first two times really surprised ... me.” Harry ended his sentence slowing down as his eyes grew distant for a second.

“What is it?” Draco asked immediately.

“The bombardment,” he said as he looked at Draco “It’s late.”

Draco looked around and saw that the turrets’ barrels weren’t spinning idle anymore and that they were now in their stand-by positions.

They looked at each other for a split second and both grabbed their cell phones simultaneously.

Harry immediately dialled the War Room.

“This is Commander Potter, identification code 98843784, start emergency protocol.” Harry commanded.

A few moments later sirens wailed over the grounds. The turrets shot into action and swivelled straight up, their barrels swivelling faster than the eye could follow and hundreds of bolts were shot into the sky.

A few seconds later the hundreds of bolts exploded high into the sky and became miniature suns that lit up the sky and grounds as if it was the middle of the day.

Draco meanwhile had called Neville and told him to check what the Americans were doing.

“Harry, Neville is going to see what the Americans are doing, is...” he didn’t finish his sentence as he saw Harry staring at something in the distance to the south-east.

He too looked in the same direction and just in front of the forest border he could see someone standing. He couldn’t make out the face of the person but the shock of red hair and the sword gleaming in his hands didn’t bode much good.

“Draco, cast a sonorus on me.” Harry whispered and Draco did so immediately.

“State your name and intentions or we will open fire upon you.” Harry announced.

“Ronald Weasley and I came here to challenge you to a duel to the death.” Came the reply.

This shocked both Harry, Draco and a lot of other people.

“I have no idea what your motive behind this is but I will accept your challenge, just give me a few minutes to address my men of what to do in case I lose.”

“Granted.”

Draco quickly undid the charm.

“Are you nuts!” he yelled.

“Draco, shut up.” Harry said harshly “You are now in command, I have no idea what he’s planning or doing here, it could be that this will only take a moment or two but this is giving me a very funny feeling and I Don’t know where it is coming from. Contact Luna and tell her to get me those swords ASAP, you take control for now.”

“Right.” Draco said a little overwhelmed at being cut off like that.

“Cast the sonorous again.” Harry commanded.

“Soldiers of Insania, as you have seen I have been challenged to a duel and I have accepted, I have no idea what will happen but before I go I want to say a few things to you. Each and every one has already shown his worth to me by deciding to join me and fight for what is right, I know the road wasn’t easy and it will get harder but as long as you people believe in what is right we will not be defeated, fight to the best of your abilities and don’t let them defeat you, they might win this battle, they might conquer this fortress but if your desire to bring this conflict to a good ending is strong enough they cannot defeat us.” This was met with a roar from everyone that was within shouting distance “And now I command you, open fire on the enemy.”

A moment later hundreds of shells from MAGs were fired in the direction of the lone figure.

“It’s not because you challenged me to a duel that I’m going to play fair Ron or whoever you may really be, you were the ones to rob me of my magic, now I will rob you of your life, let’s see how Dumbledore deals with the fact that he has most likely caused your death.” Harry thought as he slipped into his drone-mode, deployed a MAG and opened fire in a split second. He knew that this was not an accident that Ron showed up now, he knew Ron hated his guts from Hermione and most likely Dumbledore had used this to coax Ron into helping him, he just wondered what Dumbledore had up his sleeve to send Ron in. the attempted rape on Hermione didn’t help either.

Draco just stood there utterly shocked about his friend’s behaviour, the normally honourable boy who had ordered to open fire upon a single individual, he guessed he didn’t truly know Harry Potter that well after all, maybe it was the hatred for some individuals and then he remembered what had happened to Hermione and he pulled out his rifle and started firing.

Ron’s mind slipped away from conscious thought as Godric Gryffindor took over, using the emotions from the boy as a drive for

the body., this duel would either be won by instinct by him or by technique by Potter.

The massive wave of incoming fire surprised him, had he been anyone else this would have been a very short duel. He used his link to fuel power into the body of the young man to enhance muscle power and reaction speed, it was a technique he had developed and as far as he knew he was the only one to ever use it. There were a few downsides to it, the body aged at a rapid pace as the muscles in a human body weren't meant to be used like that and it put quite some strain on it but when you are a very powerful wizard you live long enough anyway.

If anyone could have seen him it would appear as if he disappeared.

He started moving to the left and then accelerated forward. He saw the glowing white spheres at the front of the shells approaching but they flew just over his head to hit the place where he had been standing. In the following moments he hardly had to dodge anything, mostly run forward fast enough except for a few lucky shots that came his way but after that more and more shells got close to him and every one and a half second he would have to dodge one in earnest, it seemed as if someone could predict his speed and movements pretty well.

Twelve and a half seconds past and he had crossed five hundred meters of the eight hundred that had been between him and the gate.

He quickly sidestepped another shell but things were getting more complicated as rifles began firing at him,

“Abandon the gate.” Harry yelled, the sonorous still active, as he pulled out his rifle and began to fire on alternative destruct mode but he still kept his MAG ready.

He took a quick look at Draco. “Stay alive.” He said and jumped off the gate and landed on the ground behind it.

Draco nodded and quickly made his way of the gate.

Harry landed and prepared himself, he had seen the figure making his way towards them and had seen the sword he carried. He had figured that this could have happened, the old man may be powerful but he was still old and wielding the sword at the level it needed to be wielded to defeat him would probably put too much strain on it.

He quickly put his rifle away and pulled out his second MAG and aimed both at the door, he checked if it held the right ammo and waited.

A faint red glowing cross appeared on the backside of the gate and he knew the enemy had arrived.

He didn't hesitate.

He had arrived at the gate and he noticed that no fire was coming from on top of it. He didn't hesitate and powered his sword. He jumped and stuck his blade between the gate itself and the tower it was connected to on the left side. He brought his blade down and severed the hinges, once down he twisted the blade and started up in a diagonal to the upper right corner of the gate, the sword slicing through it like it was made of paper, the petal glowed a faint red as the metal welted slightly where the blade made contact. Once in the upper right corner he twisted the blade again and cut through the hinges on that side and then started back up to the upper left corner. The blade wasn't long enough to cut through the entire width of the metal but there was more to magical sword fighting than merely cutting, he could lengthen the blade almost at will.

He finished his cutting and took a few steps back, the fire had ceased as he had heard a voice shouting to cease fire and let Harry deal with it, they were to focus fire on the forest when the rest of the enemy came.

He himself didn't know what the Americans were planning and he didn't care, he just wanted revenge. He whipped out his wand and was about to blast the doors away when that exact thing happened but only in the wrong direction. Four very heavy sections of gate suddenly flew towards him.

Harry pulled the triggers. Two heavy shells exploded against the side of the gate and it was blown outwards towards the attacker.

He quickly created a good distance between himself and the place where the gate used to stand.

The part of the gate that had been at the bottom broke in half and the two pieces were each blown to a side. In the place stood the furious form of Ron Weasley.

“You’re good Potter.” He yelled “But you’re no match for me, you have no sword to protect you and I am a master, I created this very sword and I know ways of using it that you could never even imagine.”

Harry didn’t answer but fired another two shells.

Ron seemed to disappear and almost simultaneously Harry did as well, the MAGs falling to the ground.

They were both running in circles around each other, the one trying to assess the other.

“So you have taken possession of him to try and get me, was Dumbledore to afraid to come himself?” Harry taunted.

“I didn’t possess him Potter, he accepted me willingly because he hates you as much as I do and Dumbledore is to weak to take you on, he wouldn’t dare to try and strike at you without hesitation, this one will do so with pleasure, I am merely steering him on what to do, he is doing all the fighting willingly. Why don’t you just give up, you know you can’t defeat me right now.”

“Perhaps not, but I can try.” Harry said.

Ron suddenly changed course much faster than Harry would have expected was possible., he jumped back and deflected the blow of the sword with his armbands which luckily could withstand the magical cutting abilities of the blade.

“Nice gadgets Potter.” Godric commented, Harry had fallen to one knee to absorb the powerful blow and had crossed his arms, the tip of the sword was aiming at his face.

“Die!” Ron/Godric yelled, there was definitely something odd about the voice as the person yelled it.

A streak of magic shot forth from the tip but Harry was fast enough to move his head to the side. He twisted and his foot shot out, knocking Ron from his feet. Harry quickly took a few steps back. He didn't dare to attack right now, he could only attack with his fists or bracelets. If he attacked with his fist and Ron blocked his attack with the sword his hand would be cut in half and he would rather defend at the moment, even with all the magic involved the long sword still slowed Ron down a little, something which his bracelets didn't since he needed less force to move them as they were much closer to his body. It's one of Newton's laws.

“Very good Potter, I had truly expected to finish you off with that attack. I should have sliced you in two with the first and no one ever saw the second one coming.”

“Don't forget I owned that sword for a while as well.” Harry said through gritted teeth.

“That would explain your ability to move as fast as I can, apparently your mind took over the ability subconsciously.”

“I have a few tricks that are my own as well.” Harry said and Ron quirked an eyebrow.

“And what might those be?” Godric asked.

“I don't trade secrets with the enemy.” Harry said, they were standing about ten meters apart.

“Neither do I but can't you make an exception this time Potter. After all, these will be your final minutes.” Godric said and charged again.

Harry deflected the blow and jumped to the side, immediately creating the distance between them again.

“Stop running Potter or are you afraid of me.”

“I’m not afraid of you, I merely know my limits, unlike you. Don’t get your hopes up too high, I defeated you once and I can defeat you again.”

Ron snarled and launched himself at him. He dealt a series of quick blows but Harry deflected each of them. He had to evade a more powerful swing afterwards which created some distance between them. Ron immediately fired a few dozen spells at him which he all dodged. Ron swung his sword parallel to the ground and a wave of raw energy flowed out of it. Harry let himself drop to the ground and pulled out two rifles.

Ron jumped up, bringing the sword above his head to deal the final blow, unfortunately the wave of magic he had released had blocked his view of Harry so he was quite surprised when something blasted him backwards.

He had been lucky, one of the two rifles had hit the sword instead of him and the other had missed him entirely.

He landed roughly on his back.

The sound of guns firing on the wall reached him but he didn’t even look.

Harry had sprung back up and was firing as fast as he could at him.

Ron jumped up and evaded most of the fire, swatted away some with his sword and shielded himself from the rest.

It didn’t take long for the clips to run empty and the moment Ron saw it he rushed towards Harry and swung the sword with all his might.

The only thing he hit were the two rifles as the owner was already gone.

He was struck by a fist just as he swung his blade to the other side and stumbled to the side.

“You’re good Potter but not good enough.” Godric said as Ron rubbed his jaw.

“Only the outcome of our duel will decide who’s good enough.” Harry said with a smirk, that hit had felt good, even when almost no emotions were felt during his stay in Drone-mode.

“I don’t know what kind of tricks you’re using but I will know them, I must know how it can be that someone like you is able to match me.”

“Spent a month in a coma thanks to Dumbledore, perhaps you’ll know then.” Harry spat, the distance between them was once again ten metres or so.

“By the end of this fight you will tell them to me willingly.” Godric snarled and he swung his sword which suddenly lengthened to way beyond the ten meters between them.

Harry let himself fall backwards and punched the word as hard as he could as it passed over him, he shot up and started for Ron, the long sword had been a weakness and the blow had send it way out if his path, now he could attack, by the time Ron managed to swing the sword back as long as it was the attack would be over.

Ron’s expression was surprise as he almost lost balance but it quickly turned into a smirk as he saw Harry rush him. The blade shrunk down to its normal size faster than Harry could respond as he was now very close.

A blinding pain shot through his body as he dropped out of Drone-mode the moment the sword sliced through the left side of his abdomen and he could feel the magic of it sizzle against his flesh and his mind felt like it was being torn to pieces.

Twenty minutes ago, American base camp

“Hurry up damn it.” Jonathan yelled to his officers as they reported to him that it would take another ten minutes for everything to be prepared.

“Yes, we should hurry up, he will attack any minute now.” Dumbledore said.

“I hope for your sake that he won’t just be killed after a few minutes, moving the entire army forward is a huge risk on my part, if he doesn’t manage to breach the wall I will hold you responsible for every single casualty on my side Albus.”

“I understand.” Albus said, behind him Fudge was bouncing from glee as he saw the massive number of troops prepare to attack the mansion.

Fifteen minutes later the tree of them and an entire contingent of men were standing in a tower that had been erected in the forest so they could see the battle.

“I hope that boy of yours is going to give us a signal when he’s attacking so that we don’t miss our opportunity.” Jonathan said to Dumbledore who was standing next to him in a serene way as if he was standing on a field in the middle of summer without a care in the world.

“We will know.” Dumbledore said.

“I think I see Potter.” Jonathan suddenly said “But it’s hard to tell, there’s a blond walking next to him.”

“That’s probably Draco Malfoy, from what I’ve heard he’s the commander of their troops.”

Jonathan observed them as the two walked over to the gate and chatted. Potter turned his head and for a moment he thought Potter

was looking straight at him but he soon realised Potter wasn't looking at him, he was looking at something at the border of the forest.

He didn't know why but a shiver ran down his spine when he had imagined Potter watching at him. Something that was very unusual for him, he wasn't really afraid of anything and there wasn't much that made him nervous, he was a leader of a large nation for something.

"The gate just exploded." Jonathan said as he gazed through his binoculars.

"Now is the time," Fudge yelled excitedly "attack them."

"Not yet." Jonathan muttered.

"Why not? The wall has been breached and Potter is most likely fighting Weasley right now."

"He is," Jonathan said "but I want to strike them when they're distracted." he pressed a button on his binoculars so that he could watch the men on the wall very closely.

After about twenty seconds or so he saw that everyone had turned their attention away from the outside of the wall to the inside.

"Give the order to open fire," he said suddenly and one of the men standing nearby instantly knew he was talking to him "storm the gate after the first volley which will concentrate fire on the sections near the gate and then away from the gate. All curses and means are allowed. And tell them to bring a piece of the gate back if they can."

"Yes sir." the soldier saluted and swished his wand, a silver patronus sprung out of the tip and disappeared from sight in the forest below.

A few moments later the first guns opened fire and thousands of men started moving towards the gate.

“Now we will see what they’re really made of.” Jonathan said with a strange glint in his eyes as the first shells hit the wall.

The mind of Harry Potter

He was floating in the darkness, he didn’t know what was up or down or even if there was one, he had no idea where he was.

“Where the hell am I?” he thought as he looked around but saw only black, at first he thought he was blind but for whatever reason he could see his body, he moved his hand in front of his face again and he could see it clearly as if the sun was shining but he didn’t see any light source. He twisted around but in the void he was in he couldn’t even tell if he had succeeded or not.

“I just want to stand on solid ground, I’ve been floating here for what feels like hours.” He hadn’t even finished the thought or he felt himself crash into something with his back but he felt no pain nor was the wind knocked out of him as it appeared he didn’t need to breathe in here, wherever here was.

He stood up from what he could feel was a solid surface beneath him but he couldn’t see it since everything around him was still black.

“Where the hell am I?” he yelled frustrated and a world came crashing down around him.

If he had blinked he would’ve probably missed the world changing around him. He was now standing on the battlefield with him impaled on Gryffindor’s sword. He was standing a small distance away and walked closer. He saw the triumphant expression and Ron’s face and punched at it in anger only for his fist to go right through the other’s face. He growled in anger and drew his arm back and walked over to himself. He looked at the blade in disgust and kicked at it in anger, he knew he would just pass right through it but he didn’t care.

You can imagine his surprise when his foot connected with the side of the blade and he experienced pain like nothing he had ever felt

before. He felt like his mind itself was being torn to pieces. Very tiny pieces.

It only lasted a moment and he was blown backwards. He landed a good distance away flat on his back and he lay there nearly unconscious as his mind dealt with the shock.

He got up after a minute or two feeling very sore and confused. He stumbled back towards the two figures standing still as statues.

It took him a while to get back, every move he made caused a flare of pain in his mind. He approached very cautiously and eyed the sword warily. He looked closer at himself and at the place where the sword penetrated his skin. He noticed the area was lot less bright as the rest of the world around him. He continued to study it for a minute or two and noticed that the spot that was darker was slowly spreading.

“What is happening?” he wondered as he looked at the wound, he looked up and saw the expression on his face. He probably would’ve found it comical at another time but now he found the expression of utter shock fitting. He had been foolish and overconfident. So far he had never lost a fight and it had made him cocky believing that he could finish off the enemy so soon. “Look where it has gotten me.” He yelled in frustration “I don’t even now where it has gotten me. Am I dead?, am I between the world of the living and the world of the dead?”

he walked a few metres away and sat down on the ground and just stared blankly ahead thinking about everything and nothing. He didn’t know how long he sat there but it seemed like a couple of hours. The dark spot had dramatically increased in size and a small area around the wound had truly turned black, he started to notice a slight pain in his mind, in the beginning he had felt it as a very slight throb but now it was slowly increasing and he started to connect some dots inside his mind.

He had been in his Drone-mode when he got stabbed, the sword was an item that connected with the mind of its wielder, he didn’t feel any physical pain, only in his mind, he was somewhere where the environment seemed to react to him, the only thing that he could touch

and gave him a response was the sword and as the dark spot spread over his body he was starting to feel pain inside his mind.

“Godric Gryffindor, you bastard.” he spat. The bastard wasn’t just trying to kill him physically this time, he was trying to destroy his mind, his spirit, his essence of life. The sword was connected to his body and through that the asshole was attacking his mind but his Drone-mode was fighting it and to give himself some time it had sent his mind to the furthest reaches of his own brain.

“Alright,” Harry said as he stood up “it appears I’m trapped inside my own mind once again and I can’t get out of here right now because the moment I do my mind will probably be destroyed in an instant and I can’t stay here too long either, to an outsider the time I spent here will probably look like an instant or I would be dead already and since I’m in my Drone-mode my brain is heating up much faster than it normally would but even in that state I wouldn’t be able to think this fast or else I would’ve been much longer in that coma from my perspective so that means my brain is being used to its absolute maximum which means it will overload in a very short time.” he sighed “So I’ll need to find a way to defeat him or at least get me out of the situation from the inside of my own mind. That’s just great.”

He looked around and dug up his memories of his last stay here. He focused and a moment later he was standing in a large space with swirling threads of light which ran in all directions seemingly at random and connected to each other at random intersections. He walked through them and saw some were starting to dull and others had turned black. He looked over his shoulder in the distance behind him and saw blackness where normally there should be a never ending horizon of the same threads as the ones around him. He continued walking thinking of what he could do, he didn’t have a clue what he could begin against this new threat but he knew if there was a place to start looking for a solution it should be the one up ahead where he couldn’t directly enter but had the ‘walk’ inside his own mind since it was..., well, it wasn’t dead but it wasn’t alive either. His magical centre, the place where all the magic a person controls begins and flows out into the body, or at least the magic the person controls willingly. The magic that flows around him when he sleeps or

when he goes into Drone-mode he has no idea where that comes from. After a minute or two he saw the way ahead of him darken, indicating he was nearing the area. As he looked around he did wonder how exactly a human brain functioned the way it did, he had wandered for a long time through his own, explored its depths and he did not even comprehend a fraction of his own. He looked up and as far as the eye could the lights stretched on and on and below him as well, he wasn't really walking on a floor here, he was walking on a transparent barrier or so his mind made it seem, he could probably be anything and anyone in here or do as he pleased but he had no time to think about that now. Entering the area where his magic usually resided was like walking into another world. It was completely dark and he willed a ball of light to float above him, he was in an area where he didn't have a lot of power at the moment but he did have some. He continued walking and looked around at the dead pathways that made up his magic and it saddened him. He also noticed that there were a lot less threads than the last time he had been here and that some seemed thinner. While he walked he could feel his small headache growing stronger and he knew he had to hurry up. As he continued to look around he figured that his magical inactivity must've caused the loss of so many pathways and the decay of others. He didn't know how long he walked but it certainly felt like a very long time. He looked around some more and thought about the time he had spent nearly a month in here, which seemed a whole lot longer to him. He knew this was his actual magical centre and he knew it certainly would look like this but this was how his subconscious mind had made it look and what goes on in the mind affects the body and vice versa. So if he did anything in here it would somehow affect his body. The longer he thought about more the more he started to understand about a human's, and his own, psyche. Now that he thought hard about it didn't really seem possible for someone else to alter your magic, he had of course discussed it with everyone and even Hermione had never heard about it but she said that there were branches of magic nobody ever talked or even wrote about. Magic was sacred in the magical world and nobody dared to mess with the flow of magic in another person's body, not even Voldemort. He had read about people going through traumatizing events and their magic being affected by it. He knew Dumbledore was a master manipulator of people when he was trying to convince them or trying to use them for his schemes and he also knew he was a master occlumens. He

was pretty sure Dumbledore was also a legillimens, maybe he could use his magic to make people think things instead of just reading them. He figured that whatever was blocking his magic was probably inside his mind and that would be why his wild magic that was present around his body while he slept still worked, the boundaries of the mind fall away when you sleep and that's how you are able to dream about impossible things.

He finally arrived, the core of his magical being, the place where his magic entered the world and seeped into his body. The place where all the threads around him started. He was sickened by the sight. His magical core, a sphere of swirling colours that shone brightly much like the cores he created was being constrained by a net of hazy green light with iron looking clamps squeezing shut all the threads coming out of it shut. He hadn't seen it last time he was here because the sphere had been enveloped by a swirling cloud of raw magic that even he could not approach or touch, he thought that was most likely the wild magic in him. He looked at it and cursed Dumbledore. He sat down and looked at it intently, he had found the problem but now he needed to find a way to fix it, while using every foul word he knew and imagining Dumbledore's death dozens of times in different ways using different methods was fun for a while he didn't have time for that now, the headache was getting worse by the minute. He stood up again and shrugged thinking maybe the most stupid way might work and ran towards the net as fast as he could. Throwing everything he had against it didn't appear the right way as he got a very nasty shock upon impact. He writhed in agony as the net didn't seem to want to release him but with a lot of willpower he managed to get away from it again but his body now felt numb on the left side.

"God damn it, you stupid manipulative bastard, why do you always try to have control over everything, even what is not in any way yours to control." He yelled "I hate you and I swear by everything I ever cared about I will kill you." he felt the blaze in him awaken, the same that had unlocked his powers all those months ago, the willpower, the defiance against those who tried to control it, the hatred he always kept under tight control, break free from its restraints and erupt in his mind. His magic responded to it and flared but was still restrained by the net. He closed his eyes for a moment and took a deep breath. When he opened them again that red fire was in those brilliant green

eyes again and his palms itched, yearning to let the power of his magic flow through them. He stepped towards the net once again, back straight, pose full of confidence and reached out with his palm. When he touched the net he felt the shock again but he had not intention of letting go this time, there was no way he was going to let Dumbledore win. It hurt like hell but as the pain seared his body he let it turn into anger and that anger fuelled his determination. He roared in agony and hatred and with a mighty pull a tear appeared in the net and the light from his centre increased hundredfold through the gap and he had to look away from its brightness but he didn't let go. The pain was starting to overwhelm him, he could feel the rest of his body going num but he resisted with everything he had and with a final burst of hatred as he imagined the man's face the net was ripped to pieces. His magic broke free, illuminating the entirety of his mind, the clamps were shattered to dust that quickly disappeared. He could feel himself falling and then the world around him dissolved.

The world exploded around him and suddenly he was looking back at the smirking face of Ron who was driving the sword into him.

His shocked expression lasted only a moment, he stopped and both looked into each others' eyes. "Time to die Potter." Godric said and prepared to send a burst of magic through the sword that would likely blow Harry into tiny pieces. Harry's expression turned to a vindictive smirk that promised a lot of pain and suffering as he felt his magic ripple through him and set his body alight with power. "Not yet." Harry said in a sadistic voice. He bunched up all his muscles, the fire now ignited again in his eyes and an involuntary shiver ran through Ron's body.

There was a blast of pure blinding light followed with a tremendous bang. As soon as anyone could see again they saw Ron lying forty yards away, flat on his back and the sword stuck in the ground another twenty yards further. Harry was still standing in the same place, an aura of bright light surrounding him and that same smirk on his face despite the large bleeding gash in his abdomen. "I see you've got your magic back." Godric said as Ron crawled backup and wiped a dribble of blood from his mouth. The sudden acceleration from zero to hundred and back again had hit him pretty hard, especially as he hadn't seen anything coming, at all, he thought he

had won. He drew his wand and levelled it at Harry. "You want to make it interesting?" Harry asked and something about his voice didn't sit well with Gryffindor. Harry waved his hand for a moment and in it appeared the serpentine staff with the emerald eyes. "That feels good." Harry commented as he felt the magic in it respond to him. "A magical duel?" Godric asked "Sounds interesting but I don't think you're up for that yet." he finished and threw a powerful curse at Harry. An aura of white light suddenly surrounded Harry. He didn't step out of the way of the curse, he merely held his staff out in front of him and waited for the curse. When it was close enough he swung his staff sideways and swatted it away like it was nothing and smirked. And then he disappeared, only a wisp of dust where his feet had been indicated he had been standing there.

Ron looked around frantically and moved away from his own spot as fast as he could. Not a moment later the spot exploded. Ron didn't dare to stop and moved in erratic and unpredictable patterns, probably the only thing that made it possible for him to evade seven explosions before one finally hit, even if partially. He was blown away and landed roughly on the ground. He barely had time to get some air back into his lungs or Potter was already standing right in front of him, the serpentine staff inches from his and the emeralds in its head glowing dangerously.

"Maybe not," Harry said "but I'm seriously pissed off right now." the ground in front of his feet exploded but he knew he had missed, Ron had evaded right on time but he was once again thrown away by the blast. He knew his body wouldn't take much more of this, he could feel a sharp pain in his legs and knew he had a bloody cut on the back of his head which made him feel dizzy. He landed again and it scored him a gash on his left temple. Potter appeared again in front of him. "It shouldn't be possible!" Godric yelled outraged. "The mind is a powerful tool, I suggest you try not to mess with it again." Harry said dangerously and the ground before him exploded again. The other times Ron had scooted sideways or backwards to escape, this time he leaped forward. The explosion happened behind him and was once again catapulted away but not before dealing a vicious kick to Harry's side where the gash was. Harry merely fell to the side, not feeling the pain in his drone-mode but he was unbalanced for a

moment. He hadn't predicted this and he had been momentarily blinded by the explosion. Ron didn't waste any time. He landed right next to his sword and yanked it out of the ground and rolled ahead. He didn't even bother aiming, he just swung the sword behind and roared an incantation. Harry was too late to shield himself and this time he was the one blown away. Luckily for him the magic didn't hit him directly but a meter or two to his right but the damage was done. The gash became worse and he could feel debris hitting him all over his body hitting him like sledgehammers. He landed a few dozen meters away out of breath and barely conscious, he dropped out of his Drone-mode as he knew the danger of not feeling any pain, you didn't know when you were about to die. The pain was pure agony as it finally got through and he screamed. His breath was coming out in short gasps as it hurt like hell to just breath.

"Only when the body is able to keep up with it." Godric said as Ron limped towards him "I told you you weren't up for it, I know the damage I dealt to your body with that cut, I know it took a lot out of you to not be wiped from existence." he stopped in front of Harry and smiled down victoriously. "Now I just need to find a fitting end for you." Godric said and a glint ran through Ron's eyes. Two curses were sent Ron's way but he used the sword to bat them away. "Nobody's going to disturb us." Godric said as he lifted the sort above his head and plinged it down straight into Harry's abdomen. Harry's eyes went wide as saucers from shock and ripple went through the air. "You won't go anywhere Potter now let's see." Godric said as Ron looked around "Look what we have here." Godric said and Ron stepped out of sight for a moment. He appeared again and Harry was shocked by what Ron was carrying. "I see your end now Potter." Godric said "Held down by a sword that belonged to you for a while and destroyed by one of your own creations." Godric cackled as Ron poited the two MAGs Harry had dropped earlier downwards. Harry stared down the two barrels without any sign of fear. He coughed up some blood and as he moved his body he could feel the sword sticking through him cut him open and aggravate the wound. "I'm not afraid of dying Godric, I'd rather not but I'm not afraid, don't think you've won because you're going to kill me, I hqve taken precautions in case I die and I promise you, you won't like them."

“I don’t care about the consequences anymore Potter, I just want you dead.” Gordic snarled and the triggers were pulled.

He was standing next to Luna on one of the balconies of the castle looking at the sunset, the sky turned orange and deep red while the clear blue sea sparkled in the last rays of sunlight.

“It’s beautiful isn’t it.” Luna said happily as she looked at the setting sun, a true smile of happiness on her face, the first Harry had ever seen.

“It is.” Harry said without any emotion in his voice as he leaned against the wall and stared in the same direction as Luna but somehow she didn’t think he was looking at the sunset. “What’s troubling you.” she asked as she turned to face him, her happy smile fading a little.

“I’m just thinking about the road ahead of us.” Harry answered as a breeze blew past them carrying some leaves, he followed them twirling around until they disappeared out of sight and he sighed “There’s so much beauty around us,” he said as he swivelled his head back and looked at Luna “and yet all I can think about is fighting and defeating our enemies.” an expression Harry couldn’t place crossed Luna’s face but it was gone as quickly as it had come and turned into a troubled smile.

“Why are you troubled by that, you should be happy, we took the hardest route probably but the right one, look around you, look at what you’ve made possible.” she said as she turned around and looked over the land of Insania. Harry looked too and saw the barracks.

“That’s just the problem, I’ve made it possible for a lot of things to be created but I’m afraid of what might happen if they fall into the wrong hands.”

“I’ve taken care of that.” Luna said nonchalantly still facing away from him and he looked curiously at her. She spun around suddenly and had a syringe in her hand. Harry was slightly startled but didn’t

show it, he trusted Luna and there wasn't much that surprised him anymore lately, dealing with Luna on a daily basis was good training to keep calm in all situations.

"What are you going to do with that?" Harry asked cautiously, it's not because he wasn't startled that he wasn't cautious, Luna's ideas usually ended up with him in some kind of mortal peril.

"Don't be a pansy Harry, I'm not going to hurt you," she said as she stepped closer "this syringe contains a liquid with a very small gem in it. It contain a very tiny piece of your magic."

"Alright," he said as she grabbed his hand and plunged the needle in, he hissed a little "Could've used a charm." he muttered "but why are you injecting a piece of my own magic back into me."

"It mingles with the process." she mumbled as she wiped a few droops of blood off with a handkerchief "Because the second generation of our weapons needs to be linked with your magic in order to work properly, everyone has one of these tiny stones in their bloodstream, they send out a very tine piece of your magic into everybody on this island. The weapons recognise your signature and the charms on them work properly."

"What if somebody used them that didn't have one?" Harry asked as he looked at Luna in appraisal for another brilliant idea.

Luna blushed a little as she saw the emerald gaze directed at her and she could feel the pride Harry felt to have her as a friend. "Recoil would be then times stronger, weapons would weigh two times heavier and if they tried to change or remove the clip it would explode in their hands." Luna finished.

"Luna, you're the best." he said as he stepped forward and hugged her for given him one less thing to worry about.

"If only I were." she whispered so quietly not even Harry heard her, a smile of happiness on her face while a single tear slid down her face. She could see the last ray of sunlight pass over them as the

wall of the castle turned from yellow to dark white.

The cannons went off with a bang and Harry smiled victoriously. He saw Ron flying backwards, shoulders twisted at an impossible angle, a look of pure shock on his face. The Mags slamming into the ground behind him and the projectiles flying high up and into the air away from the grounds. Harry chuckled darkly. Slowly and painfully he reached up for the hilt of the sword sticking through his body. He grabbed it and hissed with pain, even the slightest movement aggravated his wound. He held his breath for what he knew was going to hurt like hell. He could already feel Gryffindor's presence trying to attack his mind but Harry easily shielded himself from it. With a mighty push he pushed the blade up. He threw the blade to the side and coughed up blood. "Damn that hurt." he gasped as he heard running footsteps.

Draco skidded to a halt and dropped to his knees at Harry's side. "Are you alright?" Draco asked worried as he cast some quick diagnostic spells. "Damn it Potter," Draco cursed as he saw the results "What happened here? Nobody could reach you, our spells weren't even getting close."

"Sword tapped energy and held up ward." Harry explained "Shouldn't you be up there holding our lines?" Harry asked.

"They'll hold for a while." Draco said with determination "First of all, let's get you to the infirmary, your injuries are a bit worse than they look.

"Not yet," Harry said "there's something I have to do first." eh tried to stand up but failed and Draco helped him up by swinging one arm over his shoulders and pulling Harry up. Harry hissed in pain but gave Draco a look which he knew meant 'just do as I say'.

Harry started walking towards the discarded sword and picked it up. He started walking again towards the semi-conscious Ron, the sword dragging over the ground. They both stood at Ron's feet and looked down at him, Draco with disdain, Harry with a neutral expression.

"You wanted to kill me so badly you got careless." Harry accused and smirked evilly, lifting the sword up and looking at it with an unreadable expression "This is a fine sword, too bad it won't fit me anymore." Ron looked at it eagerly as it glinted in the light of the miniature suns floating above them. "I'd like to kill you with it you know but I think that won't work." Harry said, he turned the sword around and stuck it firmly into the ground. "I'd like to destroy it instead but I'm afraid that at the moment I don't have the power to do it and now I have to figure out what to do with you." Harry said musingly.

"I'll solve that problem." Draco said through gritted teeth and aimed his wand between Ron's eyes.

"Draco." Harry snapped and Draco, immediately dropped his wand "There are worse things than death, you know that, let me deal with him. Besides," Harry said and looked Ron straight in the eyes "he is defenceless right now, we don't kill defenceless creatures." Draco nodded but if looks could kill there wouldn't be much left of Ron Weasley.

"I am not defenceless." Godric snarled and tried to lunge for the two, a minor bludgeoning curse to the shoulder from Draco made him drop back to the ground instantly as Godric screamed from the pain of the multiple broken bones, especially the shoulders bones protruding from his skin.

"I can see that." Harry said sarcastically. A Flash of black flame right next to his head made him glance away from his enemy. "Hedwig," Harry said with some delight in his voice, although not of the good kind "you're right on time, I can guess why you're here." he finished and Hedwig gave a thrill that gave Harry goosebumps, of the good kind, but terrified Gryffindor. Hedwig dropped something heavy wrapped in a cloth at Harry's feet. "Send my thanks to Luna, it couldn't have come at a better time." Harry said and smiled wickedly. Hedwig gave a thrill and disappeared again. Harry knelt down with the assistance of Draco as Ron tried to look at what the object was but he couldn't, he couldn't lift himself up and his body was in the way of his view.

Harry reached at tentatively and slowly unravelled the cloth to reveal two swords, shorter than a katana but in the same style. With them was a note. Harry picked it up and started reading.

Harry,

They're ready as you can see, all you have to do is grab a hold of them and claim them as yours, I know you weren't expecting two short swords but they have a bonus, they can combine into a single sword. I don't really know the full capabilities of them myself since the metal is an unknown even to us and we didn't want to touch before you did. Just make sure nobody touches them before you claim them when you get your magic back.

Luna

Draco had been reading along with Harry but was unconsciously reading the note aloud. Ron's eyes got a gleam in them again and without caring for the consequences lunged forward once again trying to grab the swords or at least touch them. Two quick spells were fired, a few cries of pain and a lot of swearing later Both Harry and Ron were lying on the ground. Harry had fallen backwards as Draco had released him and Ron was lying on the ground on his stomach, arms outstretched in an attempt to grab the swords. Draco stood tall and smirked down at Ron as he saw he hadn't missed his target and both of Ron's arms were pierced by an arrow inning them through the ground. Ron's wounds were gushing blood now as he had probably done irreparable damage to them from his last attempt at victory.

"You son of a bitch." Harry said as he rose up from the ground, a pale purple haze surrounding his body. His eyes were shining brightly and everyone fighting stopped for a moment as a shudder ran through them. Anger could be tasted in the air as it grew dense from magical power. "You really don't know when to stop do you?" Harry asked calmly "Well, it won't matter anymore Godric Gryffindor and Ronald Weasley, I'll make sure you both will never win another thing in your life." Harry snarled as he grabbed the two swords lying on the ground and poured magic into them, claiming them as his own. There was a flash of bright white light and then the swords glowed a brief emerald green. "You wanted these swords so badly?" Harry asked

“Even when you have one of the most powerful weapons already, fine, see what you have accomplished.” Harry said and briefly made the swords turn into one, an almost exact copy of his former. He pulled Gryffindor’s sword from the ground and planted it not an inch away from Ron’s nose. “Look at it on last time.” Harry said and flung it up into the air. The single sword split into two again and he jumped up. He roared a battle cry as he was headed straight towards Gryffindor’s sword which was just starting its descend back to the ground. There was an incredible screech from metal cutting metal as Harry’s swords connected with the legendary blade on either side of it. For a split second it seemed as if it would withstand the blow but then Harry’s sword moved forward again and sliced the blade clean in half.

Harry heard Ron give an agonizing wail of despair as he himself started to fall back down to the ground and his vision turned black and he felt his mind slip into unconsciousness.

The sun finally rose and tried to light up the world around it with its first rays. Draco looked at the sky and the two unconscious enemies both beaten up and bleeding on the ground. The miniature suns above them still shone brightly but open sunrise they slowly died out. And as the illumination of the artificial lights faded and the rays of the rising sun started to take over the two lights mixed and became a dark bloody red, giving the appearance as if everything around them was coated in blood.

“A lot more blood will be spilled today.” Draco said grimly as he levitated Harry and started running to the nearest entrance to the underground base. He quickly yelled order to two men to give Ron some first aid and throw him in a cell.

Author notes: Finally, another chapter done, I’m so glad I could weep (snorts). But really, I’m glad, between work, social life, other stories under development and a whole array of other I’m glad I finally found the time, getting up in the morning won’t be easy but what the heck. Hope you all enjoyed the chapter, yahoo group is still open, it’s on the bio page, and please check out the polls. ‘Till next chapter.

Review responses:

WhiteGreen: Who knows what could happen between Luna and Draco but maybe some of you realised Luna's lost her heart to someone else but wars make humans do funny things.

Voldemort is Dead: Dumbledore won't be killed, not even accidentally at least not for a while. It's too much fun thwarting his plans. Maybe he'll just hang himself from depression or something, just don't give up hope, he'll get what he deserves eventually and Ginny didn't fall well with a lot of you from the beginning, I know and it felt forced but now you why.

harry shall rise: Worship me and your prayers will be answered (laughs insanely)

Hiharrypotter: winning all the time isn't fun all sides need to have their ups and downs. It'll probably be more to your liking later on.

Kalen Darkmoon: I'm only going to say two things: FICTION and MY STORY.

Hpnut1: That's more like it.

Vandy: See above, the one with the capital letters.

Harrynhermione4ever: See above.

Light Lord Cybergate: only time will tell this one, my lips are sealed about the topic of Ginny, her role has been decided. And hell, if paid us to write down our warped fantasies I think I would be glued to my computer.

Selra: thanks and I try.

Darker than Larry: Never, it's way too much fun.

Story Plotter: Well, looks like the next chappy is here, I'm surprised it's done this fast, didn't expect it myself.

Thanks to everyone else who has reviewed:

Pradeepadapa, kuba89, Beth5572, bandgsecurtiyaw, messhnhs,
MissSiriusBlack-x, harry rukes, Astromutt, Quetzalcoatls.

The breaking point

The muffled sounds of explosions in the distance didn't help the grim atmosphere inside the tent.

"What's our progress." Jonathan asked in a wheezing voice. A Mediwizard was furiously casting spells on him while another was brewing three potions at the side table at the back of the tent. Two stray shells had hit the base of the tower where Jonathan and Dumbledore had been standing on. Dumbledore had fainted for an unknown reason only moments before and everyone else standing on it were too distracted by it to notice the incoming projectiles.

A lieutenant standing at the foot of the bed had a grim face and he seemed reluctant to answer the question. "They're putting up one hell of a fight sir," he said after a moment of hesitation "we're not getting through their defences at the moment and it doesn't appear as if we will. The gate is simply too well defended, they're mowing down our men with continuous fire from the wall and casualty numbers are rising rapidly on our side while it seems we haven't made all that much on theirs. Right now we can't even treat all our wounded because there are too many, St. Mungo's is overwhelmed as well." Jonathan nodded grimly for him to continue as he saw there was something else the man wanted to say. "Sir," he began in a weary tone "I suggest we order a temporary retreat."

Instead of his commander immediately snapping a no in reply like he had expected he seemed thoughtful. "Were we able to get a piece of that gate." Jonathan asked and the soldier nodded grimly "Order a temporary retreat then." Jonathan said "I'll probably be out for the next couple of hours, see if anyone can find a way to destroy it with the means we have." "Yes sir." and with that the soldier left the tent. Jonathan looked to his right where Dumbledore lay unconscious, he hoped the man would be up again soon, they needed him if things turned against them. He then looked a little to the back of the tent where a very pale Fudge sat, he hadn't uttered a word since the tower collapsed, while the man didn't have a scratch on him he was completely in shock from the near death experience. "I guess cowards do have the most of luck." Jonathan thought in disgust as he lost conscience as well.

Back at Potter Mansion things were grim as well, the medical ward was flooded by injured, people scurrying from here to there to take care of as much as they could and trying saving those in critical condition. There were a few hundred which doesn't seem like such a large number but in the current room which was as big as they could make it in such a short time since the base was here it was completely filled to the brim. The noise was incredible, both from screams of pain and moans of agony as well as orders being yelled around. At the back of this room there was a nondescript door where it was the complete opposite. In this room you could hear a pin drop aside from the occasional rustling of clothes and the occasional teardrop falling to the ground.. Hermione Granger and Luna Lovegood both sat at opposite sides of the bed where Harry Potter was lying unconscious. His upper torso was bare save for the large amount of white bandages wrapped around it. It had a light pinkish tint around the area of his left abdomen. He was breathing rhythmically and didn't seem to have a care in the world.

Another tear fell to the ground and the sound could clearly be heard in the dead silent room. "It looks as if he is merely sleeping." Hermione said in a near silent whisper as she looked at him worriedly. "Why is it always like this?" Hermione asked seemingly to herself "Why is it always him lying in a coma with us worrying sick about him? Why can't they just leave him alone?" she threw herself forward onto the bed so that her head was resting against his side as sobs wrecked her body and silent tears started flowing again.

"Because he cares too much about us to let it happen to any of us. It might not seem fair to others as so far a couple dozen people have died, people who fight for the same cause as us, whom are in the same position and yet he lets them fight because they believe in what they are fighting for. We do too but while he shouldn't be allowed to keep us from fighting we are the only family he has and he wants to protect us no matter what unlike what his previous family did for him who didn't really care what happened to him. He's a noble and courageous one and at the same time he is selfish since he won't allow us to get into any real danger." Luna said as she sat serenely in her chair gazing at Harry's face. Hermione looked up startled, that was the first thing Luna had said since sitting down in her chair. Only

a few minutes aafter Harry had been brought in she had a very intense conversation with the Head Healer, after that she had sat down in the chair without saying a word. "then why is he letting Draco and Neville fight on the frontlines?" she asked in a tearful voice as she looked up slowly. "I don't really know." Luna shrugged "My best guess is that Draco and Harry understand each other quite well despite their differences. While Harry's parents are dead Draco has no family anymore as well, he is now an outcast, probably with a big price on his head for the one who kills him. And Neville ... I don't know about Neville, I know he's happy to just live in his greenhouse and stay there for the rest of his live, he doesn't want to fight per se but I think he can relate to Harry very well, he too lost his parent to Voldemort so he probably fights to avenge them. We two don't have such a past and we mean something special to him, although I don't know what it is with me, with you it's fairly obvious." Luna said offhandedly "He's a bit selfish in that regard."

"How can you say such a thing." Hermione said in a hoarse voice as her had snapped up and a few tears were flung away by the motion. Luna looked at her dispassionately. "Because that's how it is. Don't get wrong, if anyone has the right to be selfish it is him, he has suffered so much by the hand of others and yet he still tries to solve things with a minimum amount of killing involved. I'm surprised he simply isn't going on a rampage destroying everything in his path, and I'm deeply moved by the fact that he can still trust and love anyone after all the betrayal he has suffered."

Hermione got a pensive look on her face for a moment but then emotions overruled her normal 'think things through' attitude and she started crying again while mumbling to herself. "I know if I had the power he has I would go on a rampage for a while." Luna muttered. She looked to the side and saw Harry's sword lying on top of a table on a white cloth. She got out of her chair as silently as she could so Hermione didn't hear her and walked over to the table. She looked at her own creation and admonished herself silently for not getting it to him sooner but on the other hand from what Draco had told them if Harry hadn't been stabbed he probably wouldn't have regained his magic. She sighed in frustration and looked at the other object lying on the table. The broken sword of Godric Gryffindor, the two pieces neatly aligned with few centimetres between them. Its former mirror

shine now a dull grey and the rubies on the handle were now almost a lifeless black, only a tint of red remained as if it had died. Luna looked at it with hatred and picked up the hilt to just throw it against the wall and hope it splintered into dozen of pieces, she didn't care of it was the cause for Harry regaining his magic, it has still wounded him badly. But the moment she grabbed she felt a shockwave running through her body and massive amount of pressure flooded her mind as she felt her vision turned black. She could see herself falling to the ground as her body went numb and she couldn't feel it anymore. A few moments later she was out.

Dumbledore's eyes snapped open, he sat up faster than someone could blink and his piercing blue gaze stared straight in front of him making one of the healers in the tent feeling very uncomfortable.

"Damn it Godric, was that truly necessary?" Rowena asked In an angry tone. "It was," Godric said triumphantly " I believe I have found the means to win this battle."

"Will somebody please tell me what is going on." Dumbledore demanded in an angry tone. Both the healer and the three other persons in his head started talking simultaneously. "Not you." Dumbledore snapped as he shot a look at the healer whom froze on the spot. "Godric?" "I leached some of your powers which rendered you all unconscious as soon as the sword was broken in order for my presence to stay in it a little, I simply knew someone of importance would touch it at some point and that someone has indeed touched it." Godric said gleefully. "Who was it and what did you do?" "Her name was Luna Lovegood. Don't worry Albus, I merely invaded her mind for a moment and took a glimpse at what was there, I couldn't stay long since I was severely weakened and despite how she acts her mental control is quite impressive, even when knocked out." "Get to the point Godric." Albus said. "I have found their defences' weakness."

Albus' eyes widened momentarily as Godric continued. "Now," he said out loud after a moment of thinking "you tell me what's going on." he continued looking at the still frozen healer.

Dumbledore strode into the tent where Jonathan and a dozen other men were discussing ways to try and destroy the large piece of metal lying in the centre of it.

“Avada Kedavra.” Dumbledore yelled and everybody’s eyes in the tent went as wide as saucers while some of them were fast enough to react and immediately ducked “Reducto.” Dumbledore yelled immediately afterwards. The people whom were still standing up’s eyes went even wider as a chunk of the metal was blown apart.

“Damn it Dumbledore.” Jonathan yelled outraged as he struggled to get back up “What was the purpose of that, you nearly gave me a heart attack and I nearly blew your head off.”

Dumbledore remained silent for a moment or two as he gazed at the hole in the large metal block. “I believe I have just found us our path to victory.” he said and as Jonathan looked at the spot a predatory smile crept on his face. “I know you don’t have many men capable of the curse but I suggest you round them up and organise a second assault.” Dumbledore said.

Jonathan immediately started barking out orders.

She felt herself slowly waking up, her mind felt like it had been trampled on by a herd of hippogriffs and the light in the room stung her eyes, she heard worried voices but couldn’t discern whom it was or what they were saying.

As her brain functions slowly started up again she could finally discern the two voices in the room.

“I don’t know what happened Harry, I fell asleep, I was so tired and when I wake up she was lying there, on the ground and unconscious with the sword in her hand.” Hermione said.

“I believe you Hermione,” Harry said “I was just asking to see if you saw anything that could help us determine what’s wrong with her, her mind has always been something strange but now it seems as if it’s simply not there.” “I’m here.” Luna groaned and she was immediately

hugged by the two. "Oh Luna, Hermione cried "we were so worried, I nearly caved when I saw you lying there, first Harry and then you."

"Calm down Hermione." Harry said in a soothing but self assured tone "You know I'll always come back no matter what." he continued and cracked a cheeky grin. "But I am curious what happened to you Luna and why you are with us again while I could nor anyone else couldn't detect you in any way."

"I don't know what happened exactly myself, I merely touched the sword and then it felt like someone was trying to squish my mind like a bug but it appears y mind was strong enough to remain intact." she said and Harry got a shocked look on his face "You're not the only one who knows a few tricks with their mind Harry." she said as she got up from the bed. "So what happened while I was out?"

"I woke up." Harry said "The Americans still aren't back for round two and this." Harry stopped as he showed her the hilt of the sword of Gryffindor. The mirror finish to the blade had returned full force but the rubies in the hilt had changed colour and instead of a dark red they were now a luminescent blue. "My best guess is that Gryffindor somewhat still had some connection to it even after it was destroyed and the magic was broken and he tried to invade your mind when you touched, it appears he hasn't succeeded and he had to give up, making you its rightful owner." Harry said and he held it over for her to take it. She looked at it apprehensively and hesitated. "Don't worry, it's completely safe." Harry assured her and she looked at him in earnest this time and she saw the change he had gone through. He once again radiated confidence and power, his magic was almost literally flooding the room as she felt her body tingle from it.

She reached out and took hold of the hilt and as her hand touched his she could feel the tingling sensation increase tenfold. "So you're really back?" she asked as he released the blade and she brought it closer for inspection. "Yep," Harry said "my magic flows a little less easy than before from the lack of use and access to it but it has been cooped up for a long time and it is begging to be released he said as he inhaled deeply and a ripple of magic went through the room as he

exhaled again. "It feel very good to have it back." he commented. "Apparently." was all Luna could see as a shudder ran up her spine.

"Now, if you ladies wouldn't mind excusing, there is business to be taken care off." he said as he turned around and started walking out of the room "I suggest you take a closer look at that sword and see what you can do with it." he said as he opened the door and was hailed by a large amount of cheers. The door closed and the noise was abruptly cut off.

She looked at the door for a little while longer until a cough interrupted her. "Luna, we need to talk." Hermione said. "I know." Luna answered as she dropped her gaze downward at the sword. "I know how you feel about Harry." Hermione continued. "I know." Luna said "I'll try to keep being in his presence at a minimum Hermione and leave him alone as much as I can unless I need him for business things." she said as she continued to look down and started walking to the door. She was surprised to be grabbed by the arm by Hermione. She looked up and saw that Hermione had an intense look in her eyes as they looked each other straight in the eye. "I think you misunderstand me Luna," Hermione began and Luna got a puzzled expression "I don't want you avoiding him because of me, I don't care if you spend a lot of time with him, if over time he decides what we feel between the two of us is gone and he starts feeling something for you then I'll accept that, we can't control our feelings, I know that. But I feel uncomfortable, I know you love him and I know he feels something special towards you too, I just don't know what it is. I just don't want you to be unhappy when you see us together because we're together now." Hermione said in a sad tone.

A few tears escaped Luna's eyes at the amount of compassion Hermione was showing towards her. "Don't mind me Hermione, I do feel a little uncomfortable and even jealous but Harry made his choice and I accept that, as long as he is happy, then I'm happy for him and whomever he's with." Luna said. "Are you sure?" Hermione asked. "I'm sure, I've made my choice to be happy for the two of you and I'll stick by it." Luna said with determination. "Oh Luna." Hermione said and she grabbed the girl in a hug. Both were crying freely now, it had been a very emotional day.

Harry arrived on the wall to see Draco sitting on a chair with papers strewn on it, he was leaning backwards, his eyes closed and letting the sun hit his face as he casually smoked a cigarette.

“I didn’t know you smoked.” Harry asked in a light hearted manner as he approached Draco, Draco didn’t even twitch, Harry had at least expected him to be startled as he didn’t appear to be paying any attention to anything.

“I didn’t use to but it started around the time when you decided to see what it was like to be blown up.” Draco answered casually “I had no idea how much stress came with running Insania and everything that comes with it. I had gone to the bar to get a few drinks to calm myself down and when one of the men saw how stressed out I was he offered me a smoke and I accepted, since then I’ve found that it is actually very stress relieving, just sitting down for a minute or five smoking a cigarette, slowly inhaling the smoke and then as you exhale look at the patterns it makes or like now just enjoying the sunshine while not completely sitting still, you still have something at hand.”

“You know it’s bad for health do you?” Harry asked but not in a berating manner, everyone had his own ways of dealing with things. “The magical smokes aren’t but I find the muggle ones to be better, Luna apparently knows that they are bad for your health as well as she gave me quite an earful when she caught me about three days later. And besides, I think that if you smoked instead of always getting knocked into a coma your life expectancy would be a lot longer.” Draco said jokingly. Harry chuckled as well “We have to chose between what is right and what is easy.” was all he said. “So did you hear me approach or something because you didn’t seem startled and didn’t look like you were paying attention either.” “Are you kidding Potter, I could sense you a mile away, magic is literally radiating of you.” “Really?” Harry asked “I hadn’t noticed that.” Draco just smirked and made a motion with his hand indicating for him to sit. The staff appeared in his hand and a chair appeared out of nowhere. Harry sat down and leaned backwards just like Draco and closed his eyes, bathing in the relatively warm sunlight for the time of year, the

weather had changed and the snow on the grounds was quickly melting it away.

After about a minute or two Harry's cell phone went off and this time both were so startled by it they fell backwards and smacked their heads against the steel of the wall. "What is it?" Harry asked as soon as his mind cleared up again from the collision with the ground "Are we being attacked again?"

"No, not yet." Neville's amused tone answered him "I just wanted to ask the two of you if you were having a good time down there, you both seemed to be quite relaxed. Draco heard what Neville said as Harry had pressed the speaker button in his haste and made rude gesture at the small amount of clouds above them.

"I saw that." Neville said "You were supposed to." Draco retorted. "I just hope there will at least be some clouds remaining for the remainder of the day, we wouldn't to be discovered or else we'll lose a large advantage." "I hope so as well," Harry said "anything new?" "The Americans are on the move again, we've seen it and the AIDS are giving us the same reports, those things are damn handy. I think we can expect an attack within the next hour or two." Neville said grimly. "Oh great." Draco muttered.

"Let them come." Harry said with steel in his voice "the sooner they do the sooner we'll be rid of them." "Don't get too overconfident Harry, the fact that they're coming in for another attempt means they might have something up their sleeve." Neville said. "It doesn't matter, we still have you and now that I'm back I'll make them regret they ever decided to come here, this time I'll show them no mercy, they've come to attack us and we'll defend ourselves by whatever means necessary.." Harry said. "Just be careful." Neville said and hung up.

"Do you really think we'll beat them?" Draco asked. "We have no other choice, if they defeat us a lot of lives will be lost on our side and phase two of our plan will be postponed once again. And if worse comes to worst we'll use our last resort." Harry said and a series of conflicting emotions rapidly crossed his features. Draco nodded grimly and looked over the wall towards the forests around it. "Come

on you bastards, give us everything you've got, we'll show you what we're made of." He whispered harshly.

"Everything's set sir, we're ready to start operation Breakdown." one of the soldiers said as he rushed into the tent.

Jonathan looked up slowly from the table where he had been looking at a map of the area and the current positioning of his troops.

"Good," he said "begin operation Breakdown immediately. We'll show those self-assured bastards what we're made of."

Draco was looking over the wall at the forest. "I know you're out there, why wait any longer, come and get us." he muttered. A moment later dozens of sickly green booms emerged from between the trees and headed towards them. He ducked on instinct and swore violently. "Why do I always have to tempt fate." he muttered as he stood up again when he heard the volley hit the wall. Not a single one had passed over the wall which puzzled him, they knew the wall could withstand spellfire, even the most powerful of spells hadn't even dented it and the killing curse didn't have any effect on metal. He looked carefully and saw no more spells heading towards the wall. A quick series cannon fire followed the curses and for a moment he thought they had resumed bombarding them but he didn't see the Gatling turrets swivel upwards. The only thing he heard after the sound of cannons being fired was a loud but short metal screech and then the world around him exploded.

Sirens started blaring everywhere and in the War room everybody was startled into action.

"What's going on." Harry demanded as he rushed into the room. "The wall's been breached." someone yelled "The Americans are attacking us again."

"What?" Luna yelled surprised "That can't be. The wall's impenetrable, how can they suddenly break through and so fast." "Figure it out." Harry yelled "I'm going up there, tell Draco to make sure they don't get close to the wall, seal up the holes with whatever

he can find and keep the troops underground on standby.” he yelled as he started running towards the exit, damn anti-apparition wards.

“We can’t reach him.” someone yelled. Harry stopped dead in his tracks for a moment and then started running double time.

He arrived on the surface to find everything in complete chaos. The wall was breach in no less than seven places other than the wall and the troops were in a state of panic, most were merely running from here to there, other were looking for survivors or carrying the wounded while only a small portion was still focusing on keeping the enemy away from the wall and were firing non-stop over the wall. Harry quickly cast a sonorous on himself and started running towards the gate where he knew he would be needed the most as it was the largest gap in the wall.

“Everyone listen up, Return to your stations, that is an order, backup is on the way to take care of the wounded, resume your tasks and try to keep the enemy out, we cannot let them beat us, we will be victorious.” He yelled.

Most did as they were told, some were simply too shocked and other continued to search for survivors. He himself was worried about Draco, the devastation to the wall was more severe than he had thought and it wasn’t like Draco to not answer a call. At the moment he could just hope Draco was okay. He quickly arrived the wall and saw the enemy advancing towards them. They were throwing spells right and left while others concentrated on casting shield and look for threats they couldn’t block. Harry took an aggressive stance, his staff appearing in his one hand and one of the short swords in the other. As soon as the advancing force saw who was standing there spellfire became concentrated and Harry struggled to deflect and block all of it, he had to evade a dozen killing curses but the moment he was able to fire back he swung his staff in a wide arc and a wave of magic was unleashed, most shields shattered on impact and a few dozen men were killed instantly while many others were injured.

“Don’t think I’ll go on easy on you bastards, I’ll show you what it means to mess with me and those under my protection.” he yelled

as he threw a dozen spells at them. After this it became a free for all as there was no time to execute plans, everyone fought to keep themselves alive when Harry began his onslaught only occasionally given to opportunity to return fire. They were falling by the dozens.

At the back of the column advancing towards the fortress soldiers were getting restless, they couldn't all attack at once because of the ship lying in the lake but they were getting anxious to start fighting.

"Hey bill, have you heard the rumours about men disappearing in the forest during patrols and they never find anything back, only scorch marks and pools of blood?"

"Yes Paul," Bill sighed in frustration, didn't the guy know when it was time to keep your mouth shut about such things as he started looking around him at the trees to see if there was anything unusual "and I think it's a load of crap, we would've at least discovered something about it if there was an enemy stalking through these forests."

"Yeah I guess you're right." Paul said but his voice got a little squeaky at the end, bill looked at him and saw that Paul was staring at something behind him with an expression of pure horror. He heard a metallic clicking behind and turned around slowly, his wand already in his hand, a nasty curse on his lips but the words never left his mouth as he stared at the gruesome metallic spider standing behind him. A large knife at the end of one of its legs shot forward and pierced his heart, he gave a few death rattles and was quickly tossed to the side. Paul tried to run away while screaming in terror but a blast of fire caught him and he was quickly incinerated to ash. Terror quickly spread to the ranks as they were assaulted from behind by huge metallic spiders that cut through anything it came across and spat fire while firing bolts of destructive energy from its back.

War Room

"AIDS forces are now in full battle mode and are attacking the enemy from behind, so far it appears as if no enemies have made it past the wall." someone yelled.

“Good.” Luna said as she gazed at the map on the table while dozens of other people around her gave orders which were quickly passed along to the troops “It appears as if Harry was right and we’ll defeat them, they’re madly sending their troops towards us and we’re just mowing them down as they come.”

Her cell phone rang and she quickly picked it up. “What’s the matter?” she asked. “So far the battle’s going good, apart from the holes in the walls we’re standing our ground but those troops are rushing in by the hundreds if not thousands, we can’t even see the ground anymore, just heads and while Harry isn’t letting them through the gate they are slowly but surely closing in on him, should I help?” he asked. “do what you think is best, I would rather keep the Potter a secret for a little while longer but we can’t afford to lose this one.” “Roger that.”

Harry wasn’t having a good time, nobody was getting through and their attempts at killing him hadn’t been successful so far the wound in his abdomen was starting to hurt again and he was sure that by now it was bleeding once more from all the stress he was putting it through. He knew they were slowly but surely closing the noose around him, hoping they could overwhelm him once they completely surrounded him but he wasn’t going to allow that since that would mean they could pass through the gate. He unleashed another burst of magic and the enemy was pushed back a dozen or so meters but the wounded and dead were quickly replaced and they continued to rush towards him quickly making up for the distance lost. After a good five minutes it was starting to get difficult for him to keep them away from the gate he was standing a good twenty meters in front of it and the circle was a good $\frac{3}{4}$ closed. He was about to start another all out barrage at the enemy when he saw the Potter dropping out of a cloud and falling towards the ground. As soon it got in range the turret on the underside fired and two dark red beams of magic lanced forward and connected with the ground. Of Course an aircraft didn’t stand still or moved slowly like a ship does so when the beams connected with the ground they carved a deep gash in the landscape as everything around the impact point exploded. The Potter zoomed overhead not thirty meters from the ground and the air displacement it created made for a bloody mess while it suddenly leaned to the left and pulled up giving the Gatling turrets an opportunity to fore on the enemy as

well as the two turrets on top. Around a thousand men fell in the single swipe of the gargantuan flying battle ship. After its run it quickly pulled up while artillery shells battered its shields.

On board INIS Potter

“Shields are holding at 85 per cent sir.” an officer said as he gazed at his screen.

Neville nodded grimly as he looked at the devastation he had just ordered on the ground on one of the screens as a camera was focused on it.

“Shall we make another pass sir?” Clark asked as he guided to Potter to a higher altitude in order to let the guns recharge and the crew took stock if the Americans had a way of dealing with a threat from the sky. “Yes, we’ll make another pass in about a minute, remember to aim at the spots with the highest concentration of enemies, we’re here to reduce losses on our side, we’re not merely defending a stupid base, we’re defending our loved ones and brothers and sisters in arms.” Neville said addressing the entire crew on the bridge.

Everyone gave a grim but resolute affirmative and the prepared for another run.

Enemy headquarters

Jonathan swore violently and threw curses at the craft flying overhead from the rebuild and fortified tower they were standing on, but they were futile as the spells sizzled out before they ever even came close to hitting it. “what else do those bastards have, metallic spiders, heavy weaponry, a near impenetrable wall, a massive fleet capable of wiping out a ship with a single shot, Potter and now a gigantic flying warship, what’s next, gigantic humanoid robots?” he yelled.

“Calm down Jonathan.” Dumbledore said “I will take care of that ship, you concentrate on getting past the walls.” Jonathan looked at

him in a wild rage but quickly calmed down when he saw his former mentor's steely blue gaze tinted with other colours he had never seen before in the man's eyes. Jonathan nodded and started barking out orders again.

Dumbledore sighed and started concentrating. He transformed his wand into a long staff and began chanting, quickly pooling up the powers he controlled.

On board INIS Potter

"All stations ready to begin our second pass Sir." "Alright," Neville said "mister Clark, you may begin the descend."

"Yes sir." Clark said with determination as he cut the throttle and pushed the nose of the ship downward. The ship quickly started descending and plummeted towards the ground passing through a layer of clouds, as soon as its nose was aimed straight for the ground Clark pushed the throttle to maximum and started pulling up again. "Prepare to fire the lower turret." Neville said. "Locked onto target." "Fire." Neville bellowed and the two beams shot out from beneath the ship and headed towards the ground.

"Incoming fire from..." Someone started yelling but was interrupted as a stroke of lightning shot towards them from the left and pierced the shields like they weren't there in the first place and connected with the portside pontoon causing a massive explosion. Electricity crackled over the control boards as almost everything short circuited at once. The internal gravity manipulators stopped working immediately as everyone on the bridge was suddenly flying around from left to right, the aft turret on top blew up from the overload and one of the engines as well. A consecutive explosion rocked the ship as a fuel tank on the starboard side exploded. Clark had been able to hold onto the controls and was struggling to do so, Neville was lying somewhere in the back. As soon as he was able to control the ship again instead of hanging from them he saw the ground approaching rapidly and did what was called 'An Extreme Emergency Manoeuvre' or AnEEMa. He pressed a button and the engines swivelled upward pushing the aft of the ship down until it was horizontal, as soon as it

was horizontal he pressed the button to activate the booster. A roar was heard behind them as the booster kicked in and he was propelled backwards and slammed against a bulkhead from the sudden increase in velocity. A second engine exploded as it was only partly damaged by the attack but not capable anymore of withstanding the forces it endured during a booster acceleration. Luckily for them emergency equipment had various additional safety precautions and were still functioning, as soon as it was detected nobody was steering anymore the emergency autopilot engaged which was a program that made the ship fly horizontally and climb to a safe altitude.

Fighting stopped as people scrambled, trying to avoid the deadly fire from the flying ship. The beams impacted with the ground and there was a massive explosion. Harry didn't care for that one as he saw an arc of lightning connect with the ship and an explosion threw it of course but it continued to plummet down to earth. A few seconds later, which was a lot when flying at speeds over two hundred and fifty miles an hour Harry recognised the emergency manoeuvre the ship made and was glad to see that there someone was at least still piloting it which probably meant the damage wasn't that bad but when the booster activated and the second engine exploded things took a turn for the worst. The ship's aft was propelled downward from the force of the explosion, it quickly levelled out again and started flying but the downward force was too great and the aft of the centre hull connected solidly with the ground. The deceleration it caused along with the remaining two engines in booster mode on top of the aircraft made the front slam into the ground crushing hundreds of people beneath its massive hull. It continued along its path grinding across the ground, crushing hundreds more, the portside pontoon connected with the ground and it started turning sideways. The engine on that pontoon still worked and with the help of the emergency autopilot it managed to align itself with its original direction again as it crashed into the forest and destroyed everything in its path. It rapidly neared the edge of the forest where the cliff began, the high resistance of the hull scraping along the ground and the huge forces generated by the engines trying to propel it forward were too much for the joints holding the engines down and they broke free, taking off on their own. The one on the pontoon shot nearly straight up into the sky and was never found again, the other remaining engine slammed against the back of

the bridge after which it started spinning out of control and crashed in the lake right next to the Ekliptica but the ship didn't suffer any damage. The Potter scraped over the edge of the cliff but still had enough momentum to remain approximately horizontal and crashed down onto the water suffering huge structural damage.

Harry was enraged. Dumbledore was interfering again and he had enough of it. He had switched from his staff to his second blade and was now slicing a path through the troops, most of them never even realised what happened as he was actually merely passing through them as fast as he could while slicing anyone and anything that got inside his range. The enemies' numbers were greatly reduced by the two attacks from the Potter and by himself. The troops on the wall had been busy with keeping the enemy away from the breaches but as most of them rushed towards the gate they were able to deal a good deal of damage as well but now the enemy had finally succeeded in getting past Harry. The forces waiting below ground were finally ordered to head out and attack the enemy. You can imagine the Americans forces were suddenly a lot less enthusiastic to get through the gate as they had to deal with three times the force they had estimated. After this they knew they had lost but they weren't about to give up yet, they started forming formations again and fought back. The fact that Potter was now behind them at the back instead of fighting them was another factor in their decision.

Harry made his way through the forest swiftly. He wasn't in his Drone-mode yet since he didn't want to use it this early in the game, he knew he hadn't recovered enough from his fight with Ron to use it again for a longer period of time and yet he was moving way faster than normal, something which had happened before but on occasions when he had been very emotional, now it was coming more and more natural. He encountered hardly any troops in the forest itself, he did come across one of the AIDS which was happily cutting down retreating forces. He quickly transformed his blade into one, thinking it would be better for the first strike to be a heavy one.

He arrived in the deserted camp of the enemy and looked around, it certainly looked like they had left in a rush as a lot of stuff was trampled. He saw the tower standing at the back and rushed over

there. He stopped at the base as he saw the figure standing there, probably waiting for him to arrive.

Dumbledore answered his stare with one of his own, despite his wacky ways as Harry remembered them from his first year. Dumbledore sure made a tough warrior when he wanted to be. With a long black battle robe and his beard loose instead of tucked into his belt slightly swaying in the wind. His long hair in a pony tail swishing as if it were alive with the blue steely eyes flecked with other colours and the slight frown completing the look.

“So you’ve come Harry, we had expected you to when I destroyed that ship.” Dumbledore said, his voice even and controlled but it rumbled with power. “I was surprised by that, I really didn’t think you had it in you anymore to kill people.” Harry said with an arrogant smirk as he shifted his right foot a little to the back to take off in an instant. “I merely made the choice that meant the least of casualties, if I let that thing continue to fly it would’ve killed another thousand, now the casualties on board and I’m sure there will be survivors there.” Dumbledore said, not wavering for a moment. Harry laughed out loud. “You’re a fool Dumbledore,” Harry said and laughed even louder “where did you think it was going to land when you hit it in a dive?” Dumbledore remained silent “Are those guys inside your head driving you insane or something or is it merely the age that’s finally taking its toll. Your little stunt cost the lives of at least four hundred men and women, crushed beneath the hull of the Potter. I can tell you the sight of squished people isn’t nice, especially when the upper half of their bodies is still alive. And because of that stunt I had to rush over here, meaning I had to go through an army, I couldn’t even keep up with the count but I reached seventy eight casualties and around twenty wounded which were standing just a tad too close but not close enough for me to make the kill without slowing down. Every action has a reaction, every choice has consequences, I thought you would realise that by now, especially you Dumbledore, I’m a prime example of that, look what your decisions for the ‘greater good’ turned me into.” Harry said in a maniacal tone and then he disappeared. He appeared not an inch away from Dumbledore’s nose. “A MONSTER.” he roared and brought his sword down. Dumbledore’s transformed wand intercepted it and the sword clanged with the staff. “Mistakes can be corrected.” Dumbledore said and

disappeared as well. Harry sped off again as well. "I see, Godric decided to bestow his very own created power upon you. But I doubt it will do you much good, no matter how powerful you are, if your body can't keep up you will fall victim to that power." his magically amplified voice yelled as he swished at a seemingly empty spot of air but then meters further Dumbledore appeared with a gash in his side.

"My body may be weaker than yours but I still have the power of four." Dumbledore said coldly. He rammed his staff into the ground and the ground shuddered, jagged pieces of rock shooting up from it but Harry had already jumped up and was now diving straight for Dumbledore with a roar of victory. His sword swished down only to hit empty air. He continued his downward swing and cut a deep and wide piece out of the soil. He stood completely still as he looked at his environment. He had to cut this battle short, he only had five more minutes in his Drone-mode. Dumbledore appeared again and both fired a blast of magic at the same time. Both energies clashed and seemed to wrestle with each other until they merged and started to expand rapidly. "Bugger." they both said and took off. A massive explosion ripped the area apart damaging the rebuild tower and making it unstable.

"Damn it Dumbledore." Jonathan yelled from above "kill him, not us." but both ignored him. He sighed and tried to get his nerves back under control. He looked towards the battlefield and knew they had lost, reports had even stopped coming in but from the amount of explosions and number of people still standing on the wall firing those monstrous guns and rifles he knew which side was winning.

He felt defeated and sacked down to the ground. He looked to the side and saw Fudge standing there a strange expression on his face, the man still hadn't said a word. A thrill sounded through the air and Jonathan suddenly felt a lot better, he might even feel a bit happy and he looked around wildly to find the source. He looked nearly straight up and there he saw a red streak coming down towards him. He didn't know what it was but another thrill and a burst of positive emotions later he realized it must be Fawkes, Dumbledore's phoenix and then he felt hope again. He knew the magnificent bird had saved Dumbledore's hide on more than one occasion.

But as soon as that hope had blossomed it was suddenly evaporated by a feeling of despair and suffering as another thrill sounded and Jonathan saw a black cloud of flame appear out of which a black streak shot forth and rammed the red one. Both clashed and the sound the two creatures made was terrifying to hear. The two stopped and hovered in place, glaring at each other. Both started to sing to one another as a challenge. To an observer later on it might have been beautiful to see, two phoenixes hovering in the air, singing to one another, but to Jonathan it was pure torture. The feelings Fawkes brought up and those Hedwig brought up inside him clashed violently. His mind was slowly being overwhelmed as emotions bubbled up and he couldn't handle such strong ones, both positive and negative, at the same time. The singing stopped and the birds flew towards each other, trying to rip the other apart with their claws. Jonathan looked up and gave a sigh of relieve, he was lying on his side, blood flowing out of his ears and tear ducts.

"Memo to ourselves Albus: Don't do that again." Harry said amused as he ran through the forest. "Agreed." Dumbledore's harsh voice said suddenly from his left, he slashed at it out of instinct but Dumbledore was already on his right. Dumbledore's staff glittered with energy as he was about to release it at point blank range but Harry was faster, his sword split into two again and he slashed again. This time he struck home. Dumbledore managed to get away but Harry knew he had hit his wand arm.

He stopped and Dumbledore stopped twenty meters away.

"Very good Harry." Dumbledore said "I truly hadn't expected you to wound me so badly so soon." "Practice makes perfect." Harry said with a grin and Dumbledore winced at that. "Don't get too cocky." Dumbledore said, his staff went back to a wand and he started a barrage of spells, he was holding his wand in the wrong hand but it precision didn't matter now, right now it was quantity over quality. While his other hand was of less use it was still good enough for wandless magic. Harry knew he couldn't avoid or deflect them all so he threw his sword away and summoned his staff. He held it out in front of him and conjured a shield. Just shooting spells at random in

quick succession didn't just lower your accuracy, the power was greatly reduced as well and his shield deflected everything that came his way. He quickly stepped to the side as a powerful curse zoomed his way through the haze of spells and dust from them. It passed though the spot he had been standing and then it stopped. The spells had caused explosions, implosions and scorch marks, of the piece of forest they stood on nothing remained.

"Very impressive Dumbledore." Harry said and clapped modestly, his staff casually leaning against his shoulder "And since you really want to turn this into a sole magical battle..." Harry didn't finish the sentence as he moved faster than the eye can see and unleashed a barrage of spells himself, picking up one of the swords as he took off again. He could now cast twice the amount of spells easily. He assumed Dumbledore had taken off as well and he was proven right as he had to duck spells coming in the his left-rear side. He quickly threw another barrage at the spot and then managed to surprise Dumbledore. This game continued for a while until both decided they had enough, Dumbledore because he could feel his body start to complain and Harry because he was nearing the end of his time in Drone-mode. Both stopped and stared at each other while bent slightly forward and breathing in and out deeply. Harry's eyes flashed in rage while Dumbledore's added colours pulsed.

"So how are we going to end this Harry?" Dumbledore asked "Both of us know we can't hold a battle of attrition against each other since we will both collapse in another minute or two." "How about we go full out Dumbledore." Harry suggested with a sadistic gleam in his eyes "Why don't we just throw every bit of magic we have against one another." "We did that and it exploded." Dumbledore said. "This time will be different," Harry said self-assured "this time we will keep it under our control instead of run free, it will be more a battle of wills instead of pure power I guess."

"Alright then." Dumbledore said with a tone of finality, the staff returned and he aimed it at Harry, a gust of wind appeared out of nowhere and Dumbledore's eyes glinted and seemed like they truly glowed all kinds of colours. "Looks like you've finally gotten serious." Harry smirked and his sword disappeared, he grabbed his staff with

both hands and aimed it at Dumbledore as his own eyes started glowing a brilliant green mixed with a pulsing red.

They stood stock still, glaring at each other, magic slowly pooling at the end of their staffs, it could be done in an instant but they were both waiting for the other to start. It appeared as if Dumbledore or one of his occupants was the less patient one as he roared and magic suddenly erupted towards Harry. The grounds rumbled and the trees shook as Harry gave a roar of his own and threw everything he had at Dumbledore. The two magics clashed violently in a show of blinding light that had colours in it you couldn't even imagine. Everything in the area was blown away from the force of impact: trees, foliage and even sections of the ground they were standing on but both stood firm. Both their magic wrestled for control as after the initial impact two colours became distinct. One an ethereal white shining brighter than the sun, the other a dark forest green with hints of red, black and purple in it. Both colours seemed to be trying to overwhelm the other by encasing it as the colour of the surface of the sphere continually shifted between the colours but both colours always stayed equal in amount of surface they covered. After about ten minutes Harry could feel neither of them was winning and they were both losing strength, he was already six minutes passed the maximum amount of time he was supposed to spend in Drone-mode and he had to end it soon. But he had anticipated that. It happened in less than an instant, he let the staff go with his left hand and his sword appeared in it as he started to fall to the left. A quick swing with his arm and the sword was flying straight towards Dumbledore who didn't expect in the least and the thought of blocking or evading didn't even cross his mind as the sword cleaved straight through his lung, just next to his heart.

Harry fell to the ground but jumped up in an instant. He disappeared and after a few moments he reappeared before Dumbledore with both swords in hand. "You cheated." Dumbledore coughed up blood. "And you broke your promise not to mingle with my business anymore so now we're even. You were foolish enough to believe I was going to play fair, now you must bear the consequences." Harry stated coldly and disappeared.

Dumbledore raised his head a little and saw the sphere of magic now running rampant and he could feel the power rapidly building up in the air. "Bugger."

Harry ran as fast as he could through the forest, hoping he could put enough distance between himself and the explosion before it happened, he knew it would catch up with him but he would try to at least get far enough to have a chance of survival.

He saw a bright white light erupt behind him and he knew it would only take a matter of moments before the rest caught up. He was starting to get a very serious headache and he could feel his energy leaving him rapidly as the trees started passing him at a slower and slower pace even if it was several times faster than a normal person could run. But it was nothing compared to the speed which an explosion travelled. The roar of it suddenly caught up to him and he could feel himself being swept from his feet as debris started flying on all sides. Trees snapped like they were matchsticks and splinters pierced his skin. He knew that this was probably the end, he had survived a core explosions but that had been his own magic and he had been at the height of his power at the time. This time he was utterly spent. His mind shutting down from overuse as he accepted that if he got through this or not was entirely up to fate. He thought of it as amusing because if he died now it would be dying along with Dumbledore, the one whom was the only other able to stand up against Voldemort. If they both died today he would be able to rein free.

His eyes snapped open, the brilliant emerald green shining, he couldn't die here, Voldemort was still out there and those he regarded as family were still out there as well, he had to live. He was being hit by chunks of wood and other sorts of debris on all sides and a rock to the head made him woozy. As he saw a large and solid oak in front of him he knew the end had come, he tried to struggle but it was of no use, he couldn't summon the power to get away in time before he smashed against the tree. When he was only a metre or three away a burst of black flame suddenly appeared in front of him, he was startled beyond believe by it and before he realised what it was a pair of talons grabbed him, piercing his skin and making him cry out in pain. He saw the blackness of the flames spreading around him and

a moment later he saw instead of a solid tree trunk approaching rapidly the blue sky with some scattered clouds above him.

Hermione stormed into the hospital area and rushed through the room so fast nobody had the time to even take notice of her. She almost rammed through the door that led to the separate room normally meant for Harry. People were startled by her explosive entrance and looked up in shock, except Luna, who slowly swivelled her head to gaze at her and the occupant of the bed who was lying in a coma.

“We found Harry, he’s lying on the grounds but conscious this time but we’re afraid to move him and we need some help.” Hermione yelled so fast some people didn’t understand her “NOW.” she yelled at the stunned crowd which consisted of most of the I.C. and several healers. Luna was out of her chair before anyone else reacted and pushed Hermione out the door. “Lead the way.” She said in a hard and determined voice. The others except a few followed soon after.

They arrived a few minutes later. Harry was still lying on the same spot and dozens of people stood around him, all facing away with their guns armed, ready to defend him.

As they saw the group approach all aimed their weapons at them. Luna didn’t break her stride as Hermione faltered for a moment. She grabbed a weapon lying on the ground and fired a few times into the air. As they saw it worked normally they lowered their weapons, but only after overcoming the initial shock of seeing a rapidly approaching person grabbing a weapon.

“Luna,” Hermione said as she caught up “calm down, they could’ve shot you.” Luna didn’t answer but walked towards the line of soldiers which rapidly made room for her to pass.

She knelt down next to him and was relieved to see him awake. “Luna,” he said light heartedly but it was obvious he was in a lot of pain “everyone,” he continues as the rest appeared behind Luna “I’m glad you’re all okay.” “Never mind us.” Hermione says with determination “How are you?” she asks as several healers kneeled

down around him and started casting spells. "I'm fine," he answered "A little battered and bruised, I can hardly move my body but that's mainly because I am very tired." the healers finished their investigation and told them that he is physically okay and not in need of urgent medical attention, only the bloody gashes on his shoulders need cleaning and a bandage.

"Where's Draco and how is Neville?" Harry suddenly asked as he doesn't see them amongst the group. A pained look crossed a lot of faces.

"Draco's in a coma, he was knocked out when they breached the wall and was injured pretty badly, we only found him when the enemy was driven backwards." Luna said solemnly "And we're just starting to retrieve wounded from the Potter, less casualties than expected so far but it is pretty banged up."

"So what's the overall status?" Harry asks a little hesitantly. "We've won the battle by a wide margin but our estimates are that we've lost over a thousand lives and that the enemy has suffered at least three times that many casualties." Andrew Waldfeld said. Harry looked grim. "Let me know as soon as you know for sure how many." he said and Andrew nodded.

"There's at least one thing that's positive at this moment." Sarah Brown suddenly spoke up "From this moment on, it's us that have the upper hand."

"Phase two can finally begin." Harry said and sighed in relief as he fell asleep and started snoring. Everyone standing there laughed briefly at the scene before they went back to dealing with the damage. Hermione sat down next to Harry and put his head in her lap as she softly stroked his hair.

Luna looked away from the scene and saw Hedwig lying still a few metres away. "Why are you sitting so still girl." Luna asked as she stood up and walked towards Hedwig and as she came close to the bird she saw the blood on the ground. "Are you hurt," Luna asked and

a soft thrill was her reply. "I'll take care of you." Luna said serenely and with a last glance at Hermione and Harry she walked away.

Author notes: And another one done, a lot faster than I expected. Next chapter should be a calm one in which I'll wrap up a few loose ends. As for the rest: Reviews are still very welcome and my yahoo group is still open for everyone who wants to join. 'Till next chapter.

Review responses:

Hpnut1: soon enough? I'm glad to see my writer's spirit has returned with a vengeance, although I don't know how long it'll last but I am glad about one thing, with this chapter done the end is in sight so everyone prepare for the grand finale (in the next five chapters or so).

Wtf: Another mindless creature without a hint of imagination.

Darker than Larry: you probably wrote one when I posted the notice.

Jarno: There are fates far worse than death and he will kill while being on the defensive side.

karone-sakura: I'm very sorry to hear that and I'll miss you, I hope you get around reading it entirely in the future, preferably when it's finished.

Korraganitar the NightShadow: that part will near its conclusion at the very end I think, right now she's not on my schedule for the upcoming chapter.

harry shall rise: something about writing that one made me happy too for an unknown reason, maybe it's just the scene in which it's set. As for your questions, first one is answered I believe, as for the underwater base, that will make its appearance again soon enough as the war heats up. As for the island, I won't change that, it would took too long and I've got a backup just in case, you'll see but don't forget, from now on the end of this story is approaching rapidly.

Makurayami Ookami: I try and thank you.

Thanks to everyone else who has reviewed:

Beth5572, ladywatertiger, Ciroth.

The changing world

It was once again nearly silent in the room adjacent to the hospital room. Harry was lying on a sofa, snoring softly while Hermione was still softly stroking his hair. Luna said on the opposite side of the room in a chair with Hedwig sitting snugly in her lap. Her wounds were healing quickly but as everyone else in the room she didn't want to leave Harry's or Draco's side. Severus Snape was sitting in a chair next to the bed where Draco lay with a sullen expression on his face, his eyes staring at something only he could see. Neville was lying in another bed next to Draco's, Andrew Waldfeld sitting next to it. The other members of the Iron Circle were scattered in the room, most of them exhausted from stress. It had been a gruesome battle and even until the final minutes they had thought that they could lose. Amy was curled up in a sofa, also lost in thought.

The joy of winning the battle never really got through as the number of casualties was announced. There were less wounded than dead, that was a comfort but two of the most important people in their forces were out of the count. Neville had a severe concussion from flying against a bulkhead due to Dumbledore's arc of lightning, luckily the Potter, even after most of its systems were fried, had several safety features. When it was hit the internal gravity was shut off but when it crashed an emergency procedure activated it again but not in its normal way, it pushed on everything and everyone equally from all sides at all times so that nothing could move. At least until a certain point. When compartments were crushed and the most heavy of machinery started to shift even the system couldn't do anything against it but it had prevented the death of probably hundreds of people and that the Potter remained largely intact. Seventeen men and women died but hundreds were wounded. Luna and Sarah were happy about that. None of the wounded was injured too badly thanks to the system. As for total losses, they lost eleven hundred and thirty eight people in total, a high toll to pay for their victory, it was a fifth of the force stationed at Potter Mansion. Harry didn't know yet, they had decided to let him sleep first, he would need his strength to deal with the aftermath. The number of casualties on the other side they didn't know, with the gruesome power of the Potter and that of the MAG cannons not a lot of bodies were recovered from the other side, only those slain on the grounds itself and a few outside of the wall. Three

hundred in total. Those more than a hundred meters away they didn't go for, none of their own men had gotten that far except Harry and if the Americans wanted to recover their deceased than they would have to come and ask for it. The bodies recovered by them could be delivered outside the wall if they wanted that. They knew one thing for sure, the death toll on the other side was much higher than their own and the Americans had been with far more. Nobody spoke of it, they didn't want to think about how many dead they were responsible for, directly or indirectly. It would probably destroy them if they dwelled on it.

Severus gave a great sigh as he slumped deeper into his chair. "Is something the matter professor?" Luna asked serenely.

"I'm not your professor anymore Miss Lovegood," Snape answered "but yes, something is the matter."

"What is it?" she asked a little concerned.

"I feel ... confused and without purpose." Severus admitted. "Why would you feel without purpose and what is it that confuses you?" Luna asked puzzled.

"I don't understand why you people all accept me like this, I've been a bastard in live. I've committed horrible crimes, been horrible to all of you and am a traitor to almost the entire world. And I'm without purpose because I didn't think I'd live this long. I would've thought Harry would kill me first chance he got once I had decided to ask him if I could fight on his side or if he allowed me to I would be killed by the Dark Lord or that we would've been defeated long ago." he said in a sad and bitter voice.

"Then why did you join us in the first place?" Amy asked curiously as she sat into an upright position and regarded the man of whom she'd been afraid of at Hogwarts.

"Because of him." Severus says and points a finger at Draco "He showed that it was possible to defy everything and everyone and to choose your own way if you had the guts to do it. He went against

Voldemort and his own family to join what he initially took as one of his greatest enemies. I admired that but I thought it was a lost cause, just a gesture of nobility and maybe a way to repent for all what he had done so far, for the wrong believes he followed for so long. I don't know but I honestly thought you would all be defeated and killed or imprisoned within weeks, if there is one thing the Ministry doesn't approve it's a revolt. I was sick of my live, I was sick of being a puppet, I was sick of living itself so I joined in order to repent for my sins and maybe die with a little sense of value, knowing that I had at least tried to do the right thing. Whatever path I took in life I didn't expect to live very long, if I had to die I at least wanted it to be a death in which I didn't die as a piece of scum known only for his Death Eater past and his hateful ways towards others." he said with pain evident in his voice. Luna was thoughtful and silent, sitting as still as a statue while Amy and Hermione both had tears in their eyes as they listened to a man ready to die, who hadn't had a lot of people who cared about him in his life nor experienced a lot of happiness.

Amy stood up and walked over to Severus who eyed her with a hesitant look. She stopped in front of him for a few moments before, completely to his surprise, she rushed forward and hugged the man. "It looks like my live was not the only one Harry saved." she said quietly as silent tears fell down her cheeks. Severus looked awkwardly around at all the faces looking at him, full of sympathy. He relaxed after a moment and hugged her back, not knowing what else to do.

"I'm grateful to him for that and at the moment I have a purpose, helping him and everyone who believes in him to victory but after the war is over I'll be useless. I won't be a popular person, ever, because of my past, they'll be suspicious of me." he said solemnly.

"That's not true." Amy continued "we'll need you to help us rebuild the world and support Harry while he does it and who cares what other people think, the only ones whose opinion matters are here in this room, those that care about you."

"You ... care about me?" he asked in wonder as he looked at Amy's head as it rested on his shoulder.

“Of course silly, to me everyone here is like an uncle or an aunt, you’re all extended family to me.” Amy said.

He slowly looked around at everyone else and everybody in turn nodded, telling him that they felt quasi the same way, that everyone in the room was kind of family. Together they had raised a nation and had now brought it to the point where victory and survival was in sight.

“I know I’m not the most likeable of persons but at this moment I am truly grateful to have met each and every one of you.” Severus said and bowed his head.

“You’re right about that but I’m glad I have met you too Severus Snape.” said an awakening Harry.

“I see you’ve joined the land of the living once more Harry.” He drawled out, especially the last part but everyone knew it was in good humour.

“Oh,” Harry said as he stood up, Amy left Severus’ arms and rushed over to Harry “I’m back alright.” he said with a cocky grin and smiled down at Amy. He looked over to the two beds and his face turned grim.

“What’s our total number of casualties.” he asked.

“Eleven hundred and thirty eight people.” Andrew said solemnly.

“I had expected worse.” Harry admitted “It’s still a great loss but it could’ve turned out worse.” he continued “We’ll hold a ceremony for them and bury them in two days. We’ve won this battle and their sacrifice was not in vain, from now on we’ll be leading the war and I’ll revenge every last one of the lives lost for our cause, I will swear to that.” Harry said with determination. Everyone in the room nodded with resolution and grim faces. “What about them?” Harry asked indicating at the two bedridden persons.

“Draco’s hit pretty hard, his left leg has suffered the most, it's broken in three different places and a splintered knee cap along with severe skin and muscle damage. , his right leg is merely broken and he has a concussion, overall he’s fine but that leg will take a long time to heal, even with magic. As for Neville, he’ll probably wake up soon with a major headache but nothing else to worry about.” Severus said as he gazed intently at Draco.

“He’s in capable hands Severus.” Harry said “And I’m sorry to ask this of you but could you come with me, we have things to discuss.” he asked with reluctance.

Severus looked at him for a few moments and Harry knew he was asking if he had to but he remained silent. After a few moments he stood up and exited the room. Harry made a gesture telling him he would follow shortly.

“We probably won’t be seeing much of each other in the coming weeks.” Harry begun “I’m leaving all of you in charge to repair the Mansion and get it back into shape should another attack come, which is unlikely but you never know. We’ll meet up in two days in the War Room of Hell’s Bay. I’ll leave these two in your care.” Harry said in a business like manner “Luna, get the Potter back to Insania as fast as you can. Sarah, I want that ship back in action at the end of next week. Andrew, I want you to stay here for a while until the Potter is back, Insania can take care of itself for now and you can be there in the blink of an eye. Hermione, how is the project coming along?”

“Almost done, I think it’ll be done around the same time as the Potter. We just need to activate its power plant.” Hermione said.

“I’ll drop by to construct the core later. Tom, I’ll leave you in charge of getting our stocks of ammo and weapons back to normal, we’ll need a lot of ammo to be transported over here.” they all nodded in confirmation and he left the room.

Severus was waiting for him. Neither spoke a word as they started walking. “It is nice to know that all the people in that room care about

one another.” Harry said after a minute or so of silence as they walked through corridors and down flights of stairs.

“Just because of what I said in there about how I feel doesn’t mean I am a nice person Harry, no matter how you look at it, I have done some things that cannot be forgiven. Sometimes I wonder if I even possess the ability to care.” Severus said in his sour tone. “You can still care,” Harry said “if not at all times, I know there’s a lot of hatred in you Severus and you are capable of unspeakable things, I know the feeling.” he paused for a moment “And that’s exactly why I’m in need of your assistance right now. Things are going to get ugly from now on, the war will become a scene for bloodshed, I have no doubt that Voldemort will want some revenge once he has recovered from his attack on Insania and the Americans and the Ministry will probably try to destroy us once more but this time they will try to destroy our foundations.”

“You mean they will try to attack Insania again.” Severus stated.

“Yes, they’re probably building up their fleet to an even larger one as we speak, it will be their last chance but we will defeat them. What worries me more is Voldemort right now, Dumbledore was soundly defeated and he will keep a low profile for a while, Voldemort will not. I expect him to start attacking innocents and muggleborns soon, we will interfere as much as we can and kill every Death Eater we encounter. You know a lot of them. I need to know all of the names you can remember, possible hideouts, both in use and abandoned, homes, everything that has anything to do with them, we’ll destroy all of it and once that’s done he will come out to face us unless he finds a way to destroy us first. He could attack this place but he knows that if we were able to defeat the Americans he won’t stand a chance against this fortress, he doesn’t have the manpower.” Harry summed up.

“I agree, I have already made a list of most things I know. but where are we going now?” Severus asked as they entered the lowest level of Potter Mansion, the dungeons.

“To visit a special guest I defeated during the first assault, Draco locked him up here.” Harry said with a sadistic gleam in his eyes as he put the flat of his palm against one of the cell doors and briefly closed his eyes. A few moments later the lock clicked and the door swung open.

Severus had already deduced whom the prisoner was but was still surprised to see him. Ron Weasley was sitting in a corner of the cell, wrapped in clumsily done bandages. Large blood stains on them indicated they hadn't done a good job with the spells but considering what he had done Severus thought they probably hadn't tried very hard. He knew he wouldn't have. Ron looked up dumbly and dazed, he seemed to be very weak and unaware of where he really was, his eyes were listless. But when he saw the two men standing in the doorway a bit of that fire in his eyes returned and he tried to stand up and attack them but his wounds prevented him from doing that and he fell down to the ground, face first.

“Hello Ron.” Harry greeted in what seemed like a jovial manner but it was tinted with a darkness “I think we have some unfinished business to take care of.”

“Go to hell Potter, along with your Death Eater spawn.” Ron spat and he received a quick kick to the jaw from Harry. “You won't speak unless I allow you to.” Harry said harshly “And about my companion, he is loyal to me and that's all that matters. But now that we're talking about persons loyal to me, I'll let you take a guess whom my new girlfriend is. While I'm not really fond of boasting, after that other piece of your family left me for Dumbledore I don't mind.” Harry said with a smirk but on the inside his guts twisted when he said that, he knew Ginny hadn't left him voluntarily but he didn't care, right now he was pissing Ron off.

“You deserve nothing better than people leaving you, you bastard.” Ron said with difficulty with his sore jaw and this time he received a kick to the ribs which abruptly broke again. “Be silent you stupid pawn of Dumbledore.” Severus snapped, he had dealt the kick this time. “It's Hermione by the way.” Harry said amused “You know, the one you tried to have but couldn't since you were too stupid and blinded

by your momentary fame, she had a thing for you for a while you know.”

“Liar.” Ron yelled and this time he received no punishment. Harry laughed while Severus smiled maliciously. Toying with the mind was a specialty of him and it surprised him that Harry was good at it when he wanted to be. “Maybe you think so, but I know the truth, lovers do tend to share everything with each other if they love and trust each other implicitly.” Harry said, while he hadn’t gone that far with Hermione, Ron didn’t know that.

Ron growled in anger. “Someday I will finish all of you, Dumbledore will come for me and then the power of Godric Gryffindor will allow me to kill you.” he yelled. Harry laughed at him. “Godric has abandoned you, you fool, can’t you feel it how your mind is still repairing from the damage his departure did. All he did was try and maintain his presence in the sword so that he could get a chance to overpower one of us. He failed by the way and now Dumbledore is probably dead or lying in a hospital bed very close to his end. It will be a long time before he will have recovered from our little duel. We destroyed half the forest in the process. There is no one coming to save you and you have no power against me, you are at my mercy and for you I don’t have much.” Harry said and smiles cruelly “Your fate is in my hands, care to take a guess with it’ll be?”

“Go ahead then and kill me.” Ron said bitterly, he didn’t want to believe what Harry was saying but he could indeed feel that something was wrong with him and he didn’t feel anything of the feeling running through his mind and body which had accompanied receiving the sword.

“Ron, Ron, Ron,” Harry said wickedly “I’m not going to kill you.” Ron looked up startled but his head dropped back down immediately as his body protested “There are fates far worse than death, especially for you.” Harry continued. “Then what will you do with me?” Ron asked a little afraid. “I’m going to send you on a trip with some fine company for a while.” Harry said and all the maliciousness was gone. “You’re kidding right?” Ron asked bewildered as he saw the hostility disappear. “No, I’m not, you’ll see.” Harry said and turned around “I’ll

send someone down to take care of you properly. You'll need to be in reasonable shape for your trip." Harry said and walked out the door, Severus following behind him with a puzzled expression as he absently waved his wand and the door swung shut.

"What was that all about?" Severus asked suspiciously.

"Merely what I said, I'll be sending him on a trip with some company, and we're going to get that company right now." Harry said but his sadistic attitude had returned and a sinister smile graced his features. Severus felt a shiver run up his spine and he knew whatever this trip was, it probably was something far worse than what he could even imagine.

A moment later Hedwig appeared. They both took hold of the bird's tail without a word and disappeared.

When they reappeared Severus had to shut his eyes from the sudden brightness of the blue sky. It took a moment or two to get used to the light and then he saw where they were. Standing on the village square of Insania in front of a white marble building.

A stunned expression crossed Severus' face followed almost immediately by the most sadistic you could imagine. "They're still here then?" he asked in malicious delight.

"They're still here, I must confess I did forget about them for a while and I didn't know what to do with them either but now it seems I have found a use for them." Harry said and strode forward, Severus followed with a billow of his cloak.

As they entered the gates of the bank all goblins which they passed gave a slight bow which they returned with nods of their head. They passed the counters of which there were a lot less than at the bank in Diagon Alley and walked straight towards the back of the room. Two goblins guarded the passage to the hallway behind them but upon seeing Harry they quickly stepped aside and moved their weapons so they were pointing away from the passage, a sign of respect.

They quickly walked through it and started walking down a long slowly descending corridor. As Severus observed Harry walking next to him he didn't know what to think, the boy leader, the founder of a nation and it appeared he would be the destroyer of another. As they passed goblins all bowed but it didn't seem like they bowed to him. He didn't care either way, Harry deserved respect, otherwise he wouldn't be next what he had once considered his enemy. And yet after all that power the boy could wield there was still just that, a boy. Perhaps he should've been a little more fair to Harry back at Hogwarts and suddenly he realised he felt remorse for everything he had done, he would discuss this later with Harry, he sensed now was not the time.

They arrived at an office guarded by two more goblins. They backed down without words and allowed them to enter.

"Mr. Potter," the goblin behind the desk said jovially "I was expecting you."

"Griphook." Harry said and made a small bow "I know it's been a long time since I've seen you but I don't have the time right now for small talk, I've come to collect my dangerous animals."

"Ah yes, your" Griphook paused a moment and a grimace crossed his face "relatives. I must say they've been mysteriously quiet the past few weeks."

"Maybe, the message has finally gotten through to them or they've simply lost their minds." Harry said without emotion "It doesn't matter now, I have a purpose for them."

"Very well," Griphook said "I'll accompany you personally to the vault." he got out of his chair and faced the wall at the back of the office. He put his palm against it and muttered something in gobbledygook. The wall shimmered and disappeared. "Follow me."

Both men followed him without a word and they entered a small station where one of the famous mining carts stood ready. "I must confess Mr. Potter that I've forgotten to express my gratitude to you

for when you first approached us and made the suggestion of making me head of this branch, for that I am grateful.” Griphook said and made a low bow as he motioned for the men to get inside the cart.”

“It was nothing.” Harry said dismissively “After all, Dumbledore never heard a word about what really happened to them so I was in your debt.”

“Business always comes first Mr. Potter, no matter how mighty the person may be, goblins don’t like to bend to the demands of wizards anymore.” Griphook said with some bitterness in his voice.

“Understandable,” Harry agreed “that’s why I’m still quite surprised you ever agreed to start a new branch here, you knew we would ask for loans to start a new live here and that some of those loans would be used for the war. This war has to be bad for business on the mainland, is it not?”

“For the moment yes but we are firm in our believe that once this entire ordeal is over business will be much better than it ever was before, right now we are hindered by a lot of laws, laws that you would probably find ridiculous. Therefore we support you, we are sure that you will defeat your enemies.” Griphook said with conviction as he brought the cart into motion.

Harry was taken aback by this. “Maybe you misunderstood my intentions,” Harry started “while I fully intent to defeat my enemies I have absolutely no intention of taking over Great Britain or anything else for that matter. I merely wish to free the world of Voldemort, defeating the Ministry and the Americans was merely something that came along with it since both seem corrupt.”

“Do you mean you don’t intend to rule over Britain yourself?” Griphook asked stunned.

“No.” Harry stated “I’ve grown quite fond of this island and once this war is over I have every intention of never leaving it again. I might keep an eye on how it evolves once the Ministry is restored but that will be all.”

“It saddens and relieves me at the same time to hear you say that Mr. Potter.” Griphook said “But your decision may be for the best.” the entire time Severus Snape sat silently in the cart, lost in thought.

They arrived after a few minutes at Danger Animals Care vault nr. 1. All of them got out of the cart and stared at the door. Griphook looked at Harry whom nodded. Griphook walked to the door and opened it. The sight that met him would’ve shocked most people and would’ve probably made most people feel pity, Harry only smirked evilly while Severus showed no emotions. Inside were the four people that were once called the Dursleys but they didn’t really look like them anymore. Instead of three rather obese persons now sat four near skeletons while Aunt Petunia had remained quasi the same. They were once proper and upstanding citizens, nothing ‘abnormal’ about them but now they wallowed in their own filth while constantly muttering something about magic and crawling around aimlessly.

Harry couldn’t help himself anymore and started laughing very loudly. Severus felt a chill running up his spine as the laughter echoed in the catacombs, it had a distinctly evil tone to it. It took a rather long time before Harry stopped laughing and even then an evil smile nearly split his face. “Oh how low the mighty have fallen.” He said and seemed very amused “they used to tell me I was a good for nothing and now look at where we stand, they are prisoners of their own mind, acting like animals muttering about the thing they despised most besides me while I am at the top of my game.” Harry said and laughed again. He stopped as suddenly as it had started and waved his hand, stopping the enchantment he had cast over them. Their glazed over eyes refocused and they looked around relieved for a moment, they probably thought it was time to eat but when they saw Harry standing in the doorway with an evil smile plastered on his face they all yelped in fright and scurried backwards to the wall, as far away from Harry as they could.

“Hello dear family of mine.” Harry said in a jovial tone but his expression spoke of great pain and suffering in the future. Vernon and Marge cowered in fear and only whimpered softly in reply. “Please don’t hurt us anymore.” Dudley whispered softly as he tried to

hide behind Petunia which actually almost worked now. Harry looked at Petunia curiously, despite trying to put some distance between them she hadn't really made a lot of noise or any other reaction. She didn't look at him but instead looked down at the floor.

"Do you have something to say, Aunt Petunia." Harry asked in a curious high mocking tone. She slowly lifted her head up and looked him in the eye, Harry saw she was crying.

"I'm sorry." she said simply. There was a moment of silence before Harry burst out laughing again. The Dursleys cowered in fear but Petunia merely sat there morosely staring at Harry while tears dropped to the cold stone floor.

"You're sorry?" Harry asked incredulously and when she nodded he laughed again. "And why exactly are you sorry? Because you think that it might stop your suffering, that I'll stop punishing you if you apologize?"

"No," she said in a sad tone "because I feel regret for making you live through all those bad times while you were actually a part of our family and we never treated you as such, for making you feel unwanted, for making the misery you were already going through even worse and for never treating you fairly. I'm sorry for wanting to make you feel the way I did when I was young." she yelled the last part and then collapsed to the floor, crying loudly with sobs wracking her body.

Harry was stunned, he had imagined a dozen or so scenarios but this he wouldn't have even thought have even imagined in his wildest dreams, Petunia apologizing to him for how she treated him, and because the sale had happened to her. "How...interesting." he said slowly unsure of what to do next. Severus, sensing his doubt, stepped forward.

"Regret that comes after the act is meaningless, if you had a set of values you never would've done what you did." Severus snarled "I should curse you to heel and back." he spat while drawing his wand.

“Severus,” Harry said and the amount of power in that single word made him freeze to the spot “stand down, I’ll deal with them.” Severus nodded and walked backwards, he kept his head down as he was afraid to look Harry in the eye at the moment. He could feel the magic in the air and it was overwhelming, he was afraid that if he looked at Harry now he would see the same thing as he did when he served the Dark Lord, a master whom demanded to be served, one with the power to enslave men with only his voice and raw power that radiated of him.

Harry stepped forward and raised his hand, wand clasped in it. Severus saw this out of the corner of his eye and was surprised he hadn’t seen Harry summon it from the plane where he kept it hidden and Harry never used his wand to begin with. Severus didn’t know why but it seemed some times as if Harry was afraid of it.

“You’re truly feeling regret, I can feel that.” he said and Severus trembled with every word as waves of raw power flowed through the air with them. “But your real reason for this regret I’m not sure of and I don’t intend to find out either.” Harry said and Petunia suddenly looked at him in fear “Instead I’m going to send you and your idiotic family on a trip which will be a test to see if you truly regret treating me the way you did. If you do, you won’t mind having a little magical company around you day and night. I’m going to send all of you to a deserted island where there will be enough food for the five of you to survive for about two weeks but that shouldn’t be a problem since there’s someone there that can do magic, or will it?” he asked her. She shook her head. “Great, there’s only one rule for him being able to do magic, you all have to agree that he can perform magic and you all have to maintain physical contact while he does it.” Harry said and laughed evilly and he made a broad sweep with his wand and the Dursleys disappeared. Harry looked at the empty space for a moment with a harsh expression and then Severus felt the magic in the air dissipate as Harry took a deep breath and exhaled slowly. His expression became unreadable.

“Do you think they’ll survive?” Severus asked.

“I have no idea and frankly, at the moment, I don’t care. We’ll see in a few months if I don’t forget about them. They can’t get of the place in any case, I’ve made sure of that.” Harry said and turned around “Come Severus, we have business to take care of. Griphook, I thank you for your time but we must be off now.” Harry continued as Hedwig appeared and both men disappeared in a burst of black flames.

They reappeared in Insania’s War Room which was strangely deserted. Harry immediately set down in one of the chairs while Hedwig perched herself on his shoulder. Severus sat down calmly in one of the other chairs.

“Thank you,” Harry said after a few moments of silence “for getting me back on track there Severus, I must admit Petunia’s words shook me more than I thought.”

“I sensed that yes.” Severus said.

“I didn’t realise that maybe Petunia had a lousy childhood as well.” Harry said a little stunned.

“She didn’t have a lousy childhood.” Severus said “She was merely a jealous little wench that made her own life miserable because she couldn’t be like her sister. Even her parents grew sick of it after a while, no matter what they did it was never good enough since Lily was the smartest and better at almost anything and she could do what Petunia could not, magic. That’s probably the reason why she treated you the way she did, because once again you could what the other child in the house could not.” Harry looked surprised at Severus, he shrugged “I knew your mother when we were younger and I was, at one time, a close friend of hers. If things hadn’t gone the way they have we might have even been more but it wasn’t supposed to be.”

“Is that why you treated me the way you did?” Harry asked perplexed.

“Not entirely, I had my role to play, everyone else treated you like a hero so there had to be someone to point out your mistakes as well

but I will admit that I felt some hatred towards you. You were after all the son of one of my enemies and of someone whom could've been mine if things had turned out differently. I don't like admitting this Potter but I did love your mother. Perhaps I should've treated you differently just because of that but I thought you were brought up in a family that cared a lot about you but now I realise our growing up may have not been all that different at all, I'm just glad now you haven't made the same mistakes I made when I was young. It is so easy to choose for what is easy instead of what is right."

"Humans are complicated beings indeed." Harry mumbled in a slightly depressed tone "I won't judge you for your past Severus, I'm beyond that. I don't understand why you did what you did and apparently neither do you, I don't even understand myself sometimes so who am I to judge but I do feel a lot better now that you told me more about my mother and Petunia's past."

"Shall we let the past be the past for now and focus on making a better future?" Severus asked and extended his hand, Harry shook it without a doubt. Hedwig lifted off from his shoulder and let out a loud thrill. A wave of magic rippled through the air.

They looked at each other in confusion and shrugged. Hedwig settled on Harry's shoulder again.

"I'll expect you to lead the raids we'll be going on." Harry said after a moment.

"What?" Severus asked surprised.

"You have the most experience in these things and how Death Eaters think and act, I know it's a lot I'm asking of you and that it might probably bring up some bad memories but you are the one who's most qualified for the job." Harry explained "And with Draco wounded I don't have anyone else except myself but I'll be leading a team of my own which will be responsible for stopping the raids the Death Eaters will be going on." Harry continued.

"I don't like this but I'll agree to it." Severus said with reluctance.

“Thank you.” Harry said with deep gratitude “I have something to help you.” he produced a handgun out of thin air and handed it to Severus who took it and looked at it with disdain.

“You know I’m not a fan of these weapons Miss Lovegood has designed Potter.” Severus sneered “I like to have all my wands ready to cast spells with my own hands.”

“I know and therefore I’m giving you this one.” Harry stated “This one is not like the assault rifles, it doesn’t require a wand. We’ve discussed it and found that as we’ll be fighting in close combat situations from now on we won’t always be able to rely on the rifles and wands do get lost in battles. Therefore we designed these,” he said pointing at the gun “they don’t require wands because they don’t give the magic being shot a purpose, it’s just raw magic that. It hurts tremendously when hit by it and can even kill someone if they are hit enough and in the right place but they do have a relatively short lifespan, a clip will only last you fifty shots or so. They’re a last resort.”

“Then why give me this in person?” Severus asked “I’m sure we’ll all be give one at our first briefing.”

“Because this one is unique.” Harry said with some smugness in his voice “This one is ties to me in such a way that it will never run out of power. Also, it is a lot more powerful than the regular ones. It was quite a job to get it working so we only made one.”

“But why give this it to me then?” Severus asked suspiciously.

“Because I’ve asked a great deal of you and to show you that I trust you implicitly. You still have to activate it so it will only work when you use it. Use it carefully because when you use it it drains magic from me. You can see should this fall into the wrong hands it could be used against me.”

“Very well then.” Severus said “How do I activate it?”

“Leave that to me, just hold it like you would while firing.” Harry said and Severus did as he was told. Harry concentrated for a moment and Severus felt the gun in his hand come to life and somehow attach itself to his magic.

“So this thing will never run out of energy.” he said in wonder as he looked it over once more and a dull multicoloured light at the base of the hilt.

“Not unless I completely drain my magic or die.” Harry said.

“Very useful.” Severus commented “So when do we start with the raids and how are you planning to go about this?”

“The idea is to completely unsettle Voldemort’s forces. We’ll attack them when they are at home or at their safe houses, that’ll be your job. My job will be to interrupt the raids they’re doing.” Harry explained.

“And how do you plan to do interrupt his raids as word of them mostly reaches help when it is too late or done already.” Severus asked sceptically. Harry smiled and tapped the scar on his forehead.

“Don’t forget we share a unique connection Severus. While I cut the link before I ever started with Insania I can open it up again whenever I please and use it to see where they will happen.” Harry explained.

“But why not simply use it then to determine where he is hiding and confronting him right now?”

“Because of the same reasons why he won’t attack us even now that he knows where we are. His defences of his current hide out are way too good for us to defeat with a head-on assault. And even if I manage to corner him don’t forget he has years more experience than me. While I did manage to find him to a stand-still the last couple of times it was merely through luck or the element of surprise. I would attack him in a position where he had the upper hand, I doubt I could win. When I didn’t have my magic he underestimated me and we needed the other’s help to defeat the demon. Next time he won’t

underestimate me and I think that by now he's thought up dozens of things to defeat me. If I'm going to beat him we need to take out his support base first of all and then when the opportunity is right, finish him off." Harry said a bit dejectedly "Believe me Severus, if I could finish him off right now I would in an instant but the truth is I can't. In the beginning of all this I could and I knew it but I was so angry and arrogant with these new powers I decided I should see what I could accomplish first and now it appears I will need to pay for that mistake. A lot of things have happened in the past few months and he has been doing everything he can to get more powerful and it is working, I can feel it."

"So how long do you think it will take?" Severus asked a little perturbed at this revelation.

"I have absolutely no idea, I'm hoping that after a few raids we'll be able to gather some accurate information about how much followers he has because right now we don't have a clue. I've tried to find out through the link but his defences are strong and I can only see what he's actively thinking about." Harry said.

"So basically we either need to set a trap to get him at a disadvantage or wait for him to blow his cover and expose himself when he's at a weak point." Severus summarized.

"Indeed." Harry said.

"Then I think it will be best that we do what we said a few minutes ago: let the past be the past and focus our efforts on the future."

Two days later thousands of men, women and children were gathered on the grounds before the cemetery on Insania as the ceremony for those whom had fallen at Potter Mansion took place. Harry stood at the front facing the crowd trying to get control over his emotions as he thought about how all these men and women had sacrificed their lives while under his command, while fighting for a cause he had started. Feeling his distress Hermione put a comforting hand on his upper arm and leaned slightly against him. Everyone of the Iron Circle stood by him. Neville, with a large bandage wrapped

around his head and Draco, who needed crutches to walk around as even magic wasn't able to fully heal the damage in his legs so soon but the healers had assured all of them that in time he would fully recover but his legs might still feel a bit stiff from time to time. Harry thought they had been very lucky. It could've turned out a lot worse.

The ceremony ended and as the coffins were being lowered into their respective graves the members of the Iron Circle made their way to the War Room except Severus whom had been strangely quiet the last few days. He didn't really speak a lot to begin with and an idle conversation with the man was unheard of but the grunts and muttered words of the last few days were a bit strange, even for the sour man. Harry saw him walk off in the opposite direction, most likely to his potions factory. Harry looked after him sadly. The war was taking a toll on all of them. He looked over towards Draco as he walked with difficulty over the grassy slopes. Luna was trying to help him but Draco stubbornly refused her help. Harry didn't know what was going on there but Luna was seen at Draco's side nearly all the time the past two days. Tom McGuire and Sarah Brown were also walking close together while Andrew walked alone. While the man didn't have his customary smirk on display his gait was the same as usual. The man didn't seem to be affected by anything. Harry knew that he didn't smirk like usual only because he didn't want to hurt others. Harry figured it was Andrew's way of coping with the war, always acting as if everything was right as rain. Neville walked by himself as well and he was looking towards the lake where the Potter was lying on the support barges once again. Harry sighed, there really did seem to be a curse on the ship named after him, the thing spent more time being repaired than it was in actual service. Nobody spoke as they slowly made their way to Port Neville, all of them had something to think about.

Twenty minutes later everyone was seated in the War Room including Severus, he had shown up a moment earlier back to his normal attitude. Apparently he had made peace with himself, for now.

Harry looked around and stopped for a few moments to look at everyone individually. They all looked like they hadn't slept that well which was understandable. The past two days hadn't been easy for any of them. A lot of work had been done even while they were

dealing with the emotional aftermath of the battle. None of the previous battles had been as bad as this one, everyone had lost at least someone they knew even if it wasn't a close friend, they knew they would never see that person again. Dean had been a powerful blow but now they had seen what battles were truly like and how horrifying they could be. It may have been a shock to most but if anything they seemed even more determined now than before.

Harry cleared his throat and began: "Let's begin with looking at how we're coping so far. Luna?"

Luna looked up startled, she had been lost in thought and not paying attention. While Luna usually looked like she wasn't paying attention this was the first time Harry could remember she actually wasn't. "I'm sorry," she said "I was distracted for a moment. Did you say something Harry?" she said in a tired voice.

Harry repeated what he said and she nodded in understanding. "I've researched what happened on the Potter and I think I've found out what caused so much damage." she started "I'm sure some of you know some basics about our shield technology but let me explain how it works in a crude manner. Basically our shields are a kind of anti-magic." she explained and paused a few moments as she saw Hermione frown "Maybe that's not the best way to say it. It's not the opposite of magic like you might think it more like the Ennervate charm counters a Stupefy. If the magic you cast is the stunning charm then the shield is a kind of Ennervate cast before the stunner even takes effect, it simply counters the meaning of the magic heading towards it. When we initially started research for our weapons we studied magic in minute detail and found that magic behaves in a certain way. You could say our magic is like the day, it is always light even when it is clouded or raining and shields are like the night, everything is the same only that it is always dark, when the moon is up it is a bit lighter but it still dark. Every spell we cast, even curses or the blackest of magic, or day and our shields are night. Many of you are wondering why I'm telling you this." she received several nods "Because the way I explain it the spell Dumbledore cast should've been halted or at least weakened by our shields but instead it seemed as if they weren't even there. That's because magic as a whole does have an exact opposite and that opposite is electricity."

Many stared at her as if she was crazy but judging from the expression on Hermione's face she was quickly figuring it out. "We all know electricity doesn't work at Hogwarts because of magical interference but no one knew why magic interfered with electricity and I believe I've discovered why. Electricity is everywhere, the universe runs on it as the building blocks of which we are made are electrical as well, at least in the beginning. I've did some extensive research into what it is exactly that makes us different from muggles, what gives us the power to do magic and the answer is actually quite simple: Atoms. A human body normally produces a small amount of electricity but wizards don't strangely enough, instead there is a constant flow of magic, albeit a very small one. I don't know how it's possible but we're all born as regular humans that can do no magic at all but as we grow older there is something that corrupts our atoms and changes them, basically they are being inversed and turn into magical atoms. That's why the bolt of lightning produced by Dumbledore just cut straight to the shields of the Potter. It's like matter and anti-matter. When they come into contact they annihilate each other. Summoning a lightning bolt is one of that hardest pieces of magic imaginable and now I understand why. While it's still strange it's possible at all that's how far I've gotten with my research up until now. While the normal world of atoms is pretty logical the world of magic is anything but, I'm sure that within a couple of months..."

"Luna!" Harry suddenly yelled with a small smile "While your theory is terribly interesting I must admit I'm also sorry to say that we don't have the time right now." Luna mumbled an apology. "Are we able to counter it next time it comes up?"

"I've found a way yes." Luna said hesitantly "I'll try and implement it into every ship as fast as possible but it'll take some time, naturally the Potter and Ekliptica take priority, it should be done in the next two weeks for the both of them. The others should take about another month."

"Very good." Harry said with an approving nod "Sarah, how is the Potter coming along?"

“Well, it was quite a hassle to get it here so fast.” she began “But we managed, damage to the ship’s frame was minimal I’m surprised to say thanks to the gravitational technology on board. The location of the transportation crystals was shifted a bit but with some adaptations in the program and some emergency wiring we were able to get the transportation drive up and running. We were lucky in that regard but that’s about as far as our luck goes. Ninety percent of the wiring and equipment is damaged beyond repair. Everything is fried to scrap: magical conduits, energy cylinders, buffers, radar. It’ll take a while to replace all that and we’re trying to scrape together everything we need from spare parts and other ships. The parts are already being constructed but they do take a while to make. We figured it would be better to take some parts of certain ships and have them replaced later on. As long as the smaller ships work together there shouldn’t be a problem, it’ll be done within the deadline you gave us.”

Harry nodded. “Andrew, how are reparations to the mansion coming along?”

“Quite well,” Andrew said in his normal way “the wall has been repaired and the mansions is well underway but I’m still curious about how the enemy was able to breach it.”

“Crap.” Luna swore and everyone stared at her in horror, Andrew looking around wildly to see if the end of the world had finally begun “I completely forgot to tell you about that.” she continued and looked at Harry, completely unaware of everyone else’s expressions.

“Don’t worry about it Luna, I’ll admit I forgot about it as well, we’ve all been a bit busy.” Harry said recovering from his shock, Luna swearing was a first for all of them “So how were they able to do it?”

“It’s actually quite simple.” Hermione interrupted “The thing that makes the wall and almost all of our technology possible is magic. The enemy cast killing curses at the wall and shortly after that shot bunker buster rounds at it. The killing curse is a curse that forcefully separates the soul from the body as well as sort of kills the magic the magic in a person, while the wall of course doesn’t have a soul it did

weaken the magic in it severely making it almost no better than ordinary metal.”

“Exactly.” Luna confirmed “I knew this might be a weakness but tests have indicated that while it does weaken the structure it is still stronger than normal. Even after being hit with the killing curse spells have little effect on it, I just never took into account what a shell would do to it that managed to make it inside the wall.”

“Is there any way to counter that one.” Harry asked a little worried.

“Not really.” Luna admitted “But it shouldn’t pose a real problem in the future, now that you’ve got your magic back we can establish the wards around Potter mansion as originally intended and they won’t be able to get a killing curse past them. We know for a fact that a killing curse can’t penetrate the shield or the wards we designed because they still fall under the category of the ‘day’ magic.”

Harry remained silent for a moment as he thought about everything that had been said for a moment. “Tom, how is the restocking of ammo coming along?” he asked after another moment or two.

“Production is as high as it can be but for the moment we’ve taken about fifty per cent of Insania’s emergency supplies out of storage mostly for Potter Mansion, the stock there is seventy per cent for the moment and for the upcoming missions. We’ve calculated that our stock will be full again by the end of next week as long as you rest enough sir.” Tom reported.

“I’ll remember that.” Harry said and turned to Severus. “How are the preparations for the raid coming along, have you selected your first target?”

“I have,” he said and seemed a bit reluctant to continue “Malfoy Manor will be our first target.” this shocked most and all of them cast a sideway glance at Draco who sat there with a stony expression on his face, Severus continued as if it was any regular target. “I’ve assembled my team. Malfoy Manor is a high profile target as Lucius is one of the Inner Circle members and we know for sure it is a base

for the Dark Lord. By attacking it we'll also attract media attention on it and if we leave behind some evidence that connects it to the Dark Lord Lucius will be cast in a bad light which will hinder his financial support, I'm sure the Quibbler can help with that."

"You're right Severus." Harry said "This might finally open an avenue for us to hinder Lucius' financial capabilities. So far the goblins weren't able to interfere as they have to remain neutral and not choose a side unless there's prove of criminal activities. Good, I think that's all for today? Tom, I'll stop by later today to start construction on a core at Potter Mansion. Hermione, I'll stop by your office as well and see when I'll start construction of a core there as well. Severus, I'll come by in a bout half an hour."

Everyone nodded and stood up to leave. "Luna," Harry suddenly called "would you mind staying behind for just a moment."

Luna knew it wasn't a request and shook her head as she sat back down.

As soon as everyone had left the room Harry walked over and sat down next to her with a look of concern on his face.

"Is everything alright Luna? You seem a bit off lately." Harry asked in a mild tone.

"I'm fine Harry." she said with a forced smile that could've fooled him if it weren't for the lack of her normal enthusiasm in her voice.

"Strangely enough I don't believe you. Normally you're the one who doesn't seem affected by anything, especially not in your work, your behaviour today has got me really worried."

"I'm sorry Harry, but the attack made sure I had a lot of work on my hands even with the use of the time-tu..." she said and suddenly slapped her hands over her mouth.

Harry looked grim for a moment and a little bit angry. "I see, now I understand and that's another indicator you're not fine. Normally you

never would've let something like that slip, I can even start to read your surface thoughts." Harry said in an almost scolding tone.

"I'm sorry Harry," Luna said and her eyes started shining "but after you raided the DoM I stumbled across it and thought it could be useful in an emergency but once I started using it it was such an asset, all that extra time I have now but the past few days have been a bit too stressful and..." a hiccup interrupted her and a tear started to slide down her cheek "seeing not just you but a lot of people injured like that and a whole lot more dead made me realise that by the end of this war I'll have probably lost some people that are dear to me. Draco was nearly killed and I started thinking about how it would be if I lost him or you, besides you he's the one who comes down to my lab the most to help me improve weapons and test out new things."

"I know it's though Luna but you should've told me you were using a time-turner, Hermione used one on our third year and she suffered greatly from it by the end of the year and she only used to do over a couple of hours, I'm sure you used it for days." Harry said in a stern voice. She nodded and tears started flowing freely now.

"I'm sorry Harry, I just didn't want to fail and the fear of losing someone because something didn't get done in time was too much to bear so I did whatever it took..." she couldn't finish her sentence and merely slumped in her chair crying.

Emotions welled up inside Harry but he didn't allow for his tears to start flowing, he had to show he was the brave one. He had shed enough of them the past two nights when he talked about his fears with Hermione before they went to sleep.

"It's okay Luna." Harry said and put a comforting hand on her shoulder "I understand why you did it, I probably would've done the same and I can see now how much stress you're under." he said and he felt a little ashamed "I didn't realize how much I was asking of you, this is for a great part my fault. Can you forgive me?"

Luna looked at him tearfully and launched herself at him. The chair toppled backwards and both fell to the ground. Harry was surprised

for a moment but a small smile appeared and he stroked her hair comfortingly. "I suppose it's good for people to cry once in a while." he said softly as he let Luna cry out her frustrations of the past few days.

He waited for some time until her sobs became less frequent and her breathing evened out.

"Are you okay Luna?" he asked and he could feel her nodding against the side of his face "Then you wouldn't mind if we get up, the floor's getting rather cold and hard." he said jokingly. She got up slowly and looked down at him. He looked up at her with a questioning look.

"What?" he asked curiously.

"Nothing," she said as she offered him her hand "just wondering what my life would be like without you in it."

"A lot less stressful probably." he answered with a smile as he grabbed her hand and pulled himself up.

"And a lot less ... worth living for." she said with honesty.

He mock-bowed. "Glad to be of service. While I disagree it does make me feel better that you think that way. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have other things to take care of." he said, turned around and walked away. "I'll drop by later to see if we can come up with a compromise in regards to your time turner issue."

She nodded and as soon as he was out the door started walking, she too had some things to do.

Severus Snape sat brooding in his living quarters. He lazily swirled the liquor in his glass around as he looked through it at the fire. He knew he shouldn't be drinking but he had to calm down his mind. He didn't like going out on raids again and the next one would be especially harsh on him. While it was unlikely Voldemort would be there, and if he was they wouldn't go, but a lot of his former

'associates' would be and defeating them would be though. They knew his ways and would no doubt try to capture him instead of killing him outright. He was pretty sure the Dark Lord would reward the one who brought him Severus Snape alive with piles of gold and a lot of respect. He took an object of a small table that stood next to his chair and looked at it with mixed emotions.

He had accepted the gift, sure, but he didn't really have any intention of using it but he was starting to turn around. Accepting it completely was something that meant more to him than it would appear on first side. If he decided to use it it would basically mean he would devote his life to the cause of a Potter. He rolled his eyes at himself, he was past the childhood grudges but still, a man's past haunts him. His eyes turned hollow as he started living through some of his memories. Some about his uncaring parents, some about life at Hogwarts where he only had one friend, the later years where he had nothing but an empty life and the past few months where his life had been given a meaning again. He grasped the gun tighter. "What am I doubting about? There was no choice to begin with, I've chosen my path, I will follow it to the end whatever the end may be." he thought, shut his eyes and clenched his hands in resolution, so hard that he pulled the trigger and the gun went off. A shattering of glass was heard and his eyes snapped open. A picture standing on the mantel of the fireplace fell to the floor and the frame shattered. He sighed, put his glass down and the gun next to it. He stood up and walked over to the fireplace where he gingerly picked up the shattered picture. He looked at it in a strange sense of detachment. He was in it, maybe three years old or so, with his mum and dad standing behind him, all of them showing off a happy smile. He smiled bitterly. "How much someone's upbringing influences them." he muttered and threw the picture in the fire. The wood crackled merrily as it rapidly consumed the picture and its frame.

Someone knocked on the door and he didn't even have to guess who it was, fate wouldn't allow it to be anyone else when thinking about upbringings and how it made them who they were.

"Enter." Severus said.

“Am I interrupting?” Harry asked as he entered and quickly scanned the room.

“No, I was merely having an internal debate but it has been settled.” Severus sighed and turned around to face Harry. Harry nodded, understanding what he meant, he noticed the frame burning in the fireplace but decided not to comment. “I’ll take a guess and say that you came here to ask about my choice for the first target at this time?”

“It seems you’re starting to get to know me too well.” Harry said with a laugh “I am indeed curious, you know very well that Draco can’t go on this raid even if he wanted to right now and I think he would’ve liked to go, even if it was only to close a chapter in his life.”

“I know Harry and while I think you’re right I personally think it’s better this way, while he may not hold much love for his father or mother anymore the house is where he grew up, it holds a lot of memories for him, both good and bad and I don’t think it’ ll survive the raid, at least not if I have anything to say about it.”

“I see what you mean, I only hope that Draco won’t be mad at you over your decision.”

“I’m willing to take the risk, he might not see it now but it is for him that I did it.” Severus said with determination.

“I knew someone who did things because he thought it was for the best, I think you knew him pretty well too.” Harry said with a glint in his eyes.

“I won’t repeat Albus’ mistakes, I will explain myself fully once it’s done and then let him judge over me.” Snape said with resignation at being compared to the old man.

“Very well then, now if you’ll excuse me, I have other places I have to be.” Harry said and turned to leave. “Just one more thing Severus,

you have made the right decision, I'm certain of it." with that he left the room.

"I very much hope so." Snape said. He looked at the small table where the gun and glass were. He strode over to it and picked up the gun. He looked at it once more and saw that the multicoloured light was pulsing. A maniacal grin crossed his face. He turned around with a billow of his cloak and started walking to another section of his compound.

"I have some training to do, tomorrow might be more fun now." he said with a satisfied smirk, while he still feared it the expressions on his former 'associates' faces would be priceless when he cut them down one by one.

He blew out a puff of smoke into the evening air and he could feel himself calm down, slowly, but surely.

He looked up and saw the landscape slowly turning darker. It was starting to get chilly outside. A knock on the door made him sigh, he knew it was coming but he was still wondering who it would be, Harry most likely.

"Enter." he called and was surprised to see Luna appear on the balcony. What surprised him even more was that for once she wasn't in her usual work clothes but in a white summer dress. Draco's eyebrows rose up in wonder.

Luna looked away embarrassed and blushed prettily. "Don't look at me like that, it's not that special." she said in a small voice.

"I'm just surprised, that's all, the world isn't ending and yet you're not in your work clothes. It's not for me is it?" he asked a little apprehensive suddenly.

"No!" she yelled vehemently and this puzzled Draco "Harry ordered me to take a day off because..." she said dejectedly and hesitated for a moment at the end "Well, he has his reasons." she finished lamely.

“Found out about your time turner did he?” he asked with a cocky grin.

“You knew about that?” she demanded outraged.

“Of course.” he said as if it was obvious “Not only was the amount of work you got done suspicious but there was the time when you had just woken up and greeted me cheerfully but when I walked into the furthest lab thirty minutes later you were so tired it looked as if you were about to collapse and you snapped at me that it was too late to be bothering you.” he snickered.

She blushed again for a moment but let her shoulders droop. “Cat’s out of the bag now, we’ll just see what he decides on how it’ll be in the future.” she shrugged.

“I’m sure he’ll allow you to use it but merely with some restrictions and if he doesn’t I’m sure I’ll be able to persuade him to allow it anyway.” Draco said reassuringly.

“Thank you.” Luna said honestly.

“You know,” Draco said after a few moments of silence “didn’t you come up here to comfort me instead of the other way around.” Luna blushed again “What’s up with you today Luna, you’re really not yourself.”

“I think it’s just the fact that this is my first day off since the beginning of all this, it feels good to let the stress go for a while, I guess that’s why I’m so loose today.”

“That might explain it.” Draco acknowledged with a nod.

“So how are you?” Luna asked.

“I’m fine.” he said and continued immediately, not allowing her to interrupt “I truly am, you think I should be angry because I won’t be able to go on the raid don’t you.” she nodded “But I’m not. I would’ve

liked to go, to put a definitive end to my past but now I think it might be better not to. I think I would regret it later if I go. I do have some good memories there, even if not much. It wouldn't feel right I tainted them now."

"I can understand that." Luna said sympathetically "So you're really okay with all this?" she asked and he nodded. "I'm glad." Luna said "We all need to be strong, the less internal problems we have the better." Draco nodded.

"You're right, now let's stop with all this emotional stuff and let's get something to eat, I'm hungry." he said.

"I'll agree to that." she said with a laugh but it disappeared when she saw him almost fall when he got up from the railing he had been sitting on and grab his crutches. She rushed to his side to help him and to her own surprise he immediately let her, normally he always protested in the beginning.

"Thank you." he said.

"It's not a problem, you know every single one of us is always ready to help the other." Luna said with fondness.

"I know and even know I still have to get used to it sometimes." Draco said with a small smile that was followed by a wince as pain shot through his legs.

Luna gave a disapproving grunt but didn't comment on the fact that he shouldn't be overexerting himself, he hadn't interfered with her time-turner as well.

"Let's go to that new restaurant in the village, I've heard it serves some pretty good food." Luna said and Draco nodded.

In the cheerful hospital wing of Azkaban Jonathan woke up groggily. He sat up and clutched his head.

"Damn it," he swore "what hit me?"

“A magical shockwave.” Was the dry reply he got from the occupant of the chair standing next to his bed. Jonathan looked to the side and winced as pain lanced through his neck.

“Please Albus, don’t scare me like that. Fast movements don’t seem to agree with me right now.” Jonathan said with a hint of humour.

“Nor with me.” Dumbledore said gravely as he stood up, still rather fast in Jonathan’s opinion for such an old man but definitely more cautious than normal “I’m glad to see you’re awake Jonathan.” Dumbledore finished as he stepped into Jonathan’s field of view. Jonathan gasped involuntarily. Dumbledore looked a hundred years older, he looked absolutely horrible, his eyes seemed haunted and a large scar now graced his left temple. “Don’t be like that.” Dumbledore snapped as he saw the expression on Jonathan’s face “You know how war is, people get injured and killed. Besides, me external injuries are nothing in comparison to my internal struggles.”

“I understand.” Jonathan said “So how did it end?”

“Badly, very badly, the losses we suffered were far too great. I’m afraid we were truly beaten. As it stands now we can’t stop Harry from spreading his influence on the mainland.” Dumbledore said with anger in his voice.

“Then we’ll have to bide our time and wait for the right moment to strike at his weakness.” Jonathan said seriously.

“I’m working on it.” Dumbledore said “I’m afraid my friend that playtime is over and the true war is about to start like in the old days, we’ll probably see news of new victims every day in the newspaper from now on. I can only hope Harry knows how much of an impact our defeat will have. I’ll leave you know, your advisors are very eager to speak with you.” Dumbledore said and left without another word.

Jonathan realized Dumbledore was right. They would be powerless for now but soon he would get another chance to destroy Potter’s

little band of renegades. He looked out one of the windows and he had to smirk, the large shape on the horizon meant that at least their defences were in place. He had to divert his attention as his advisors rushed into the room.

Lord Voldemort laughed maniacally as he read the day's newspaper headline.

Ministry suffers humiliating defeat

Potter gains influence

"Today, my loyal followers, today is the day the old days in which the Death Eaters and the Dark Lord spread fear and terror return, from this day on there won't be a family that won't be afraid to go to sleep last night afraid that they won't wake up in the morning, that their loved ones might be gone. Today our path to former glory has started." The Dark Lord said coldly as he regarded the gathered men before him "Rest now because tomorrow will be a very busy day, tomorrow we will announce our return."

"Praise be to the Dark Lord." All men assembled replied in unison.

"Are you truly prepared for the consequences of your actions?" Arakir asked as he lazily flapped his wings.

"I am." Harry said with resolution as he looked at the clear blue sky from his position, lying on Arakir's back "I will stop him and prevent him from hurting as many people as I can, even if it kills me."

"You are resolute Harry, but don't forget, you are only human."

"In the end, even if he isn't wholly anymore, he is as well."

Author notes: Well, another one done, a few more to go. The end is coming near and the pieces are being set. I hope you all enjoyed it. Reviews are still very welcome, they help keep up my spirits. For anyone interested my yahoo group is still open for anyone (who doesn't use it as an advertising blog) who wants to join, the link is on

my bio page. Please check out the polls and there are some drawings of ships and weapons as well which I made myself. 'Till next chapter.

Review responses (the most fun part of a chapter is you ask me):

Beth5572: As always, you're very welcome.

Quetzalcoatl5: Can't disagree with you there.

Lina239: Don't land too far, there's still more to come.

Lady-Luthien-Ancalimon: There's actually a lot more to go, Voldemort still has to be defeated, the Ministry isn't completely down just yet and there are still some other matters that need to be settled, if I can remember them all that is (I really should start taking some more notes.)

harry shall rise: Yeah, the whole duel with Dumbledore didn't feel as right as it should have but it suited my needs and after having started over a couple of times it was the best I could do at the moment, sorry for that. Hope you like this one better.

Steve's Place: I love to hear these things, I like to be one of a kind and my ideas are mostly unique even if I do tend to mix up certain things I've seen somewhere else and use them in entirely different ways. I remember at a job interview when they asked me what the first word that came to mind would be if you asked a friend of me to describe me. My reply: weird.

Harshbutfaircritic: Harsh? Most certainly. Fair? No way! Just one of those who judges a book by its cover. It's such a shame to know there are people around that are just that shallow, tsk tsk.

Messhnhs: I get them done as fast as I can, I'd like nothing more than to see this story done so that I can be proud that I was able to finish it. I truly never that that I'd still be doing this after three years.

Hpnut1: Like nothing you'll ever expect, believe me.

Story Plotter: Everything here happens for a reason, that's all I can say and now you probably now why that happened.

Sigm: I'd say another six to seven chapter although I can't say for sure, in the beginning I was expecting the story to be thirteen chapter and maybe 90K words and look at it now but I'll promise it won't drag on too long anymore, even the best things need to come to an end and this is far from the best so... I'll just say the end is in sight and I've almost completely figured it out.

Thanks to everyone else who has reviewed:

Sploft, Matt101, harry rukes

Hunter hunted

Lord Voldemort gazed at the scene with some annoyance. While the screams of the tortured victims and the crackling of fire pleased him the morning had been rather dull.

They had hit for families already and yet all they had gotten was a few Aurors whom had apparated in and were killed instantly, Potter was letting him down. He was eager to test his new powers yet none of the Ministry morons were worthy of more than a few moments of his attention, just enough to dispose of them.

A crack announced the arrival of the first Auror. The sickly green killing curse hit him in the face before he had even realized he had arrived.

“Lucius,” said Voldemort in his entrancing voice “we’re going back to the mansion. Give the men some time to rest, we’ll resume activities in one hour.”

“Yes my Lord.” acknowledged Lucius as he sank down to one knee.

“The men started apparating away, two more Aurors were taken down before everyone had left. After that they started rushing in by the dozen but by then they were too late, the victims were dead and the house was nearly burned down, the Dark Mark glowing eerily in the sky.

The Daily Prophet

3rd Morning edition

Dark Lord on the rise

People cry out for Potter

By Rita Skeeter

Another family has been attacked and slaughtered by He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named. This is the fifth family today and so far the Ministry and its special response team of Aurors have been unable to stop them. The casualty rate has been rumoured to be up to twenty civilians and five Aurors by now. Nobody knows how long this will keep going and most are afraid and starting to leave the country while others remain steadfast and cry out for the help of Potter. This reporter believes that hope for the rescue is moot. We here at the Prophet are speculating why the 'Saviour' hasn't shown up yet and are starting to believe Potter is starting to crack under the pressure...

Severus Snape threw the paper away with a disgusted expression. "Sometimes I wonder why we even do this, it's certainly not for the praise." he muttered.

"Perhaps it's because we save innocent lives with it." said Harry from his spot on the floor where he was sitting in concentration, trying to find what he needed inside his own mind.

"Most of them are hardly innocent." snorted Severus.

"Perhaps, but they don't deserve to die, especially not like that."

"Yeah, you're right." conceded Severus in a defeated tone.

"My my Severus, I think that's the first time I've ever heard you talk like that." Said Luna in her usual dreamy tone as she walked into the room "Is something the matter?"

"Of course something's the matter." snapped Severus which startled Luna. "Sorry," he continued "but I'm a bit ticked off that the Prophet," he sneered the word "is using this moment to put is in a bad light while we're all sitting here, ready to go, anxious to kick some Death Eater ass but we can't."

He slumped down in the chair, truly looking like a defeated man.

Luna looked uncomfortable. Severus Snape wasn't really her most favourite person, his attitude wasn't the friendliest after all. But seeing the man like this perturbed her, maybe even scared her a little. Usually the man seemed unbreakable, always strong and hostile towards everyone. The last few days had shown her otherwise and she didn't really know if she liked all the changes that went through everyone. She guessed the war was slowly getting to them all. Even she had changed and she knew it.

"If it helps any," Luna began "I talked to Draco and he's not mad at you or anything, you two will still need to have a talk but everything's fine."

"That does indeed help some." said Severus with a sigh "I just hope this won't last much longer or I'll have to find a way to vent some of my frustration."

"Yeah," said Luna dreamily "it would be nice to have a way to relieve some of the tension right now."

Both suddenly looked at each other and stared into each other's eyes, wondering if the other was thinking the same thing and hoping they didn't.

"Okay," began Luna "that may have sounded a little suggestive but..."

"Don't say another word Miss Lovegood." warned Severus "Nothing good can come of it."

"If you two are quite done trying to put the moves on the other," interjected Harry in an amused tone "I'm done, the connection's established."

Both snapped out of it with a blush and looked at him.

“Can you read his mind?” asked Severus immediately.

“Are you alright?” asked Luna at the exact same time.

“Neither,” said Harry with a grimace “it’s not pleasant having this...thing inside my mind again. On the plus side, I can see through his eyes and get a sense of his location.”

“Alright, then let’s get started.” said Severus with a determined expression on his face.

“Not yet.” said Harry with a bit of hesitancy “He’s not attacking anyone at the moment and I can’t access the link right now. I think he’s in his hideout or something. He’s probably protected himself well enough from an attack there. We’ll have to wait until he goes out again and even then we can’t just rush in. I suggest we gather in the War Room and wait.”

Severus grumbled something but didn’t comment.

Potter Mansion War Room

All things considered they didn’t have to wait long. It was only about thirty minutes before Harry suddenly slumped on the table, his eyes rolled back in the back of his skull. Luna and Hermione rushed to his side but knew not to try and wake him. For the first time he had undergone one of these visions willingly. He woke up after only three minutes with a glint in his eyes that wasn’t his own.

“Severus,” croaked Harry “get ready, we’re going out.”

He stood up after a few moments and a glass of water offered to him by Hermione. He walked over to the keyboard for the overhead projector and rapidly typed something. The projector buzzed to life while the lights in the room dimmed. A location appeared on a map showing England.

“He’s there right now,” began Harry “they are with a good thirty men.” he tapped a button and now the screen showed a house with the surrounding grounds “most will be on this side of the house. Severus, you will arrive here along with everyone else.” he said as a red dot appeared just in front of the front lawn “I will enter here.” a black dot appeared at the back of the house “Voldemort will be there along with around five men. You are all authorized to use extreme force to stop the raid and take down as many Death Eaters as you can, show no mercy. If you can, bring of them in alive. That’s all.”

Everyone stood up, Hedwig appeared to take the Severus and his group with her.

“Harry,” Luna called “I’ve got something new here, they’re mini-transmitters and receivers for inserting into the ear.”

“Very good,” praised Harry but without emotion in his voice “distribute them quickly, we’re leaving in twenty seconds.”

Twenty seconds later everyone was ready.

“Hedwig,” said Harry “get them there as fast as you can. Everyone ready?” he didn’t wait for a response “Go!”

Sussex, England

Dark Lord Voldemort watched as his Death Eaters went about their business, toying with the children, treating them as scum and putting them under one curse or another.

The parents were out front with the rest, probably well on their way to insanity by now.

Everything was as it should be on one of their raids, the Aurors would probably arrive in ten minutes or so but it would be too late by then.

And yet, Voldemort didn't feel at ease, as if he was being watched. There was a feeling in the back of his mind that things were about to go wrong, one way or another.

His feeling seemed just as an immensely loud crack startled them all and he felt the air humming with magic. A flare of energy and a Death Eater being hurled away by a streak of raw magic told him all he needed to know.

He cackled maniacally in anticipation as he saw the flash of steel slice one of his Death Eaters in half.

"Lucius," hissed the Dark Lord "Get out of here, the situation is about to become very hostile and I need you in the future."

"Yes my Lord," said Lucius as he bowed. He was about to apparate but just as the magic of transportation was about to solidify a spell hit him in the chest. A horrified expression crossed his features just before he disappeared.

"Fool," snarled Voldemort "I hope for his sake he survived or else I'll seek for him in the deepest pits of hell to punish him."

"You won't have to wait long to go there." said a voice made of steel. Harry Potter emerged from the shadows of a tree, blood clinging to his blade and his black robes showing spatters of the fight. Behind him the last Death Eater accompanying Voldemort dropped to the ground, decapitated.

"I see you've finally grown a fondness for killing Harry." said Voldemort with glee.

"Hardly," responded Harry, showing no signs of emotion "but I don't feel much when I kill scum hardly worthy of being called human."

Harry swished his blade and all the blood disappeared from it. He sheathed the sword in the scabbard which hung from his belt.

“More of these muggle mannerisms.” spat Voldemort “Why won’t you accept that you are a true wizard and behave like one, you are a disgraceful enemy.”

“That’s your opinion Tom, I think it’s much more magnificent when I defeat you with my muggle mannerisms which are so inferior to you.”

“Aren’t we getting a little ahead of ourselves? You have to defeat me first.” taunted Voldemort.

“Exactly, so why don’t we get STARTED.” yelled Harry as he shot forward with immense speed, his blade sliding out of the scabbard with lightning speed. Voldemort had to jump backwards but the blade still sliced through his robes and made a cut on his stomach. Harry continued his assault immediately, splitting the sword into its two smaller versions. He attacked relentlessly, spells flying from the tips. Voldemort was on the defensive but he didn’t really seem to care. Lights began flashing from the other side of the house accompanied with loud booms and screams of pain and terror.

“It would seem your little gaggle of friends has arrived.” said Voldemort as his left hand glowed with an unholy red energy and he thrust it at Harry, letting a gap in his defence appear, resulting in him getting stabbed in the side. Harry was fast enough to get out of range and Voldemort didn’t manage to grab him. They were now standing only a few feet apart, Harry breathing heavily but Voldemort wasn’t showing any signs of fatigue.

“Indeed, I’m sure they’ll make short work of your little minions.” said Harry with a satisfied smirk as Severus was constantly telling him what was happening through the receiver in his ear. He could feel his magic pulse as Severus fired the weapon nearly constantly.

“Perhaps,” said Voldemort in a cold voice. His wand appeared in his hand with a small gesture. Harry braced himself. “But that won’t matter for long.” continued Voldemort “Because once I’ve defeated you I can kill all of them. They don’t stand a chance against me, not even precious Snape.”

Voldemort slowly brought the wand in front of him with a grandish gesture, as if he was about to perform some very complex magic. Instead, he just apparated away.

Harry remained alert. A pop behind him made him spin around, the swords glowing with magic but he halted a moment later as he saw a scared looking Auror standing there. Moments later dozens of pops announced the arrival of more Aurors.

“Severus, we’re retreating.” said Harry, not letting his guard drop. Most of the Aurors seemed ready to start throwing spells as soon as he even blinked.

“Agreed.”

Potter Mansion, War Room

Harry sat silently in his chair while the others went through the debriefing with Severus pointing out several things that could go better next time. Luna was there as well to hear how her devices had performed.

“Harry?” asked Luna in a low voice as she approached. He merely hummed an affirmative. “Is something the matter?”

“Not really.” said Harry as he looked up and stared straight ahead with piercing eyes. “Everything went as it should have. We managed to save the people and get some Death Eaters in the process.”

“You should be happy then.”

“I should.”

“But you’re not.” stated Luna with a downcast glance.

“There’s just something about the way he left that doesn’t sit well.”

“He?” asked Luna confused.

“Voldemort.” said Harry and a hint of malice entered his voice for a moment but was gone the next. “Right when the battle was starting to become interesting he suddenly left. It’s not like him.”

“Maybe he left because he sensed the Aurors apparating in?” she suggested. “Maybe he didn’t want the odds to turn against him, even he could get hit by them if he was fighting you at the same time.”

“Perhaps, but Tom likes to show the world his power and he likes to make a show out of things. Normally he would’ve waited just long enough for the Aurors to see him and then get out of there while killing a few of them in the process. It’s how he works.”

All eyes had focused on him by now and everyone remained silent as they thought about this.

“So what do you suggest we do now?” asked Severus.

“Nothing.” said Harry simply “We continue as we are doing now, a family was saved. That’s all that matters.”

A few hours later another attack began and Harry and Severus departed again with their men.

As before Severus took the Death Eaters on While Harry dealt with Voldemort.

As soon as Harry appeared a curse was thrown his way and he narrowly avoided it. He threw one back blindly. It missed and a tree snapped in two and fell to the ground with a loud rumble as Voldemort stood there, looking at him with a superior look.

Harry snarled while throwing a vicious curse at Voldemort.

Voldemort merely stepped aside to let it pass and disappeared without saying a word.

“Harry,” said Severus’ voice over the earpiece “I don’t know what’s going on but the Death Eaters disappeared as soon as we arrived.

“I don’t have a clue about what’s going on. Voldemort disappeared without saying a word.” said a confused Harry. “Doesn’t matter right now.” he continued with a sigh “Just check the family if they’re alright and then leave.”

“I’m on it.”

Harry looked around and saw a little girl sitting near the back door, crying and trying to hide behind a small bush in fear. Harry started making his way towards her but this frightened her even more.

“No!” she yelled “Stay away from me, you’re one of them, I saw it. You wave a stick around like them!”

“Calm down.” said Harry in a soothing manner “I’m here to help and I just want to see if you’re okay.”

“I don’t care, stay away from me!” she yelled vehemently and just as she did Harry heard the sounds of people apparating in.

Harry whirled around, wand at the ready but as soon as he saw that it was Aurors he stood up straight. “Severus, time to get out of here.” he said and disappeared.

Once again they sat around the table in the War Room but conversation was much more subdued than the first time.

“Something’s up, we all know that.” said Severus in an angry way “And we’re probably being set up for something but we did save that family. If we don’t act, if we don’t show up, they’ll kill them so we have no choice.”

“I know all of you are afraid,” interrupted Harry “and if you don’t want to be in this task force anymore I won’t blame you but I know one thing for sure: I won’t give up. I can’t. Whatever he’s cooking up this time we’ll beat him, we’ll deal with it. We have no other choice.”

Things quieted down after that as all thought about what was going on.

“If there’s anyone who wants to leave then do it know, you won’t be blamed. Otherwise, just try to get some rest until the next sortie.” said Harry harshly. He stood up and walked away from the table. He was angry, very angry. Not at them but at himself. He couldn’t figure it out either and that frightened him. He had been sure that with the link in place they would’ve been able to start fighting back but somehow it didn’t feel that way. They were foiling Tom’s plans, that was a fact but there was something eluding him.

“Stop worrying so much Harry, its wearing you out faster than you think, you should be happy that you’re saving people.” said Luna from a dimly lit alcove as he passed by.

“Perhaps, and I’m glad we’re saving people but it shouldn’t be like this. He’s mocking me Luna, he finds it amusing that we’re interrupting his plans and it disturbs me. It’s like we’re doing exactly what he wants us to do.” he said in a cold voice, eyes focused on something only he could see.

“And yet stopping the interventions is not an option either is it?” she asked softly.

“Of course not.” he snapped as he whirled around and faced her. She flinched. “I couldn’t, it would mean damning innocent people to their deaths.”

“I understand. But whatever you do Harry, whatever happens to them, remember that your own life is valuable as well.” said Luna, looking at the ground, she couldn’t look in his eyes as they swirled with power and emotion.

“I know, if I die we lose and he wins.” said Harry in a softer tone.

“Stop putting all the pressure and burdens on your own shoulders Harry. It’s not just that we lose and he wins. Think about us as well, we wouldn’t be able to bear losing you. You’ve done so much for all of us. You made us realize what it means to do the right thing, what it’s like to make a difference.” said Luna fiercely as she locked eyes with him, her eyes bright with emotion.

“I’m glad you think that way Luna, I truly am but as far as I’m concerned the costs are running too high. My expectations told me even more casualties could’ve fallen but my hopes were nothing like this.” sighed Harry “Whatever the outcome will be, I’m damned as far as I’m concerned. I won’t give up no matter what but...” he hesitated “You’re the only person I’m telling this so I’m thrusting you with it. Whatever the outcome, I’ve accepted the fact that this war will most likely claim my life.”

“What do you mean, are you telling me that in order to repent for what has happened you’ll sacrifice yourself in the end?” she asked angrily as she took a step towards him.

“You don’t understand Luna. By opening this link again a lot of things are becoming clear in my mind, especially the fact that Voldemort and I are closely connected, that we always have been, and that when I kill him I’ll most likely go as well.”

“You won’t...you won’t die!” yelled Luna angrily “You can’t die, I won’t let you. Not after all this, I’ve worked too hard for that. We’ve all worked too hard for that.”

“Some things are unavoidable Luna.” said Harry calmly. Luckily they were far enough away from the others so that they didn’t hear what was being said.

“Not this! I’ll make sure of it.” she said with determination as she stormed past him and out of the room.

“Luna!” he yelled as he was about to go after her but then he got a vision of Voldemort attacking another family through the link and he had to get back to the men.

“Voldemort’s attacking again.” said Harry as he approached them. Hedwig appeared again.

They arrived at the scene. Voldemort was alone at the back and there were only three Death Eaters at the front, Severus informed him.

Neither even bothered to say anything as they exchanged curses and blows. After a few moments Voldemort jumped back and smiled.

“Time for me to leave Harry. I hope you are having fun. We’ll see how long you’ll last once the entire world shuns you.” said Voldemort as he disappeared.

“Severus,” he said into his earpiece “I’ll assume they left as well, quickly check the family and then get out of here quickly before...” he was interrupted by several pops as Aurors apparated in. but this time they didn’t wait to see what was going on what he was doing and they started throwing curses as soon as they spotted him.

“What are you doing?” he yelled at them as he deflected all their curses but didn’t attack. Nobody answered him but they continued firing spells. Harry swore and disappeared to the front of the house. Hedwig had informed him his men weren’t doing as well as he was. He appeared between his men and the Aurors and cast a shield powerful enough to stop the stream of spells for a little while.

“What’s going on Potter?” yelled Severus as he stood before his men, defending them.

“No idea.” yelled Harry in a strained voice from holding the shield up
“We have to get out of here now.”

“We’re on their side!” yelled Severus.

“And that’s why we have to get out of here! We can’t start fighting back.” yelled Harry. Hedwig had appeared behind the shield and they all quickly grabbed hold of her tail and off to Potter Mansion. Harry then pushed the shield away, knocking all of the Aurors over and disappeared again.

“What the hell is going on Potter?” demanded Severus as they discussed the Dark Lord’s strange behaviour.

“I have absolutely no clue whatsoever.” said Harry “But it’s obvious that we are getting even more hated by the Ministry.”

“No surprise there, we are stealing their glory.” muttered one of the men.

“Perhaps,” said Harry “but from now on we will have to be even more careful. We can’t get into a fight with them right now. I think that’s their intention, to make us attack them and then discredit us.”

“Well that’s very nice. We do all the work, they get the glory and now they’re trying to set us in a bad light.” muttered another.

“We all knew we weren’t going to be loved when we took our stance.” said Harry sadly.

“Harry!” yelled Gerard Lovegood as he stormed into the War Room
“You have got to see this but you won’t like it.” he warned as he handed Harry a special edition of the Daily Prophet.

Harry got a very bad feeling about the paper and accepted it with reluctance. As soon as he saw the headline his insides turned cold.

The Daily Prophet

2nd Afternoon edition

Potter sides with He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named

People are enraged and demand Potter's defeat

By Rita Skeeter

Today Harry Potter has thrown away his mask of tragic hero and finally shown his true nature. This reporter has personally always thought it would end like this but now it has been confirmed. Harry Potter is truly the second Dark Lord in the making. Aurors have witnessed Harry Potter himself leading an assault on a muggle family, they have seen him torture a little girl while she screamed in agony. Aurors tried to fight him off but he was too powerful. The girl in shock and is being treated at St. Mungo's for trauma. The Ministry has shown its disgust at Potter's vile intentions and has sworn to bring him down by whatever means. Harry Potter seems to be cooperating with the Dark Lord as well as the Dark Lord himself was leading an assault on another family at the same time. While at first Potter seemed to be fighting off the Dark Lord no traces of fights with Death Eaters and Potter's faction have been found, only random devastation he himself caused. Many people now cry out for him to stop or be stopped. Albus Dumbledore was called upon but he claimed that 'Whatever it seems, I am very sure Harry is not attacking innocent people like He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named. While we are enemies I refuse to believe this'. Some even say that the greatest wizard of this age has been swayed by Potter and is aiding him. ...

Harry's face contorted in anger as he progressed through the article. His eyes glowed with an eerie inner light. All people in the room took an involuntary step backwards as power radiated off him. The edges of the paper started curling and smoking before it burst into flames in Harry's clenched fists but he seemed not to notice and the flames didn't hurt him.

“Well people,” he said in a calm and quiet voice but as strong and determined like never before “we now know what dear Tom’s intentions were and it seemed he succeeded. We are now damned in the eyes of the world and I’m very sorry I dragged you all into this. If you wish to leave, then do it now for I will not give up and it will become a lot harder to keep going now.” nobody moved yet and his voice became louder and stronger “The hardships will be though to endure but I swear on everything I have, am and do, I will show them the truth. I will show them they are wrong. That we had only the best intentions in mind but if they see me as evil, if they see me as damned then I will damn myself thrice over. From now on it will be a ruthless war of attrition. We will see who will be able to remain standing the longest. We will stand by our ideals: kill when we are attacked, no more fighting then necessary when we attack except be it Death Eaters. We will kill them ruthlessly without thought. Slay them all. Slay even their families and their kids if necessary for evil must be purged from this world. It may seem harsh but one little seed can, over time, create a forest. Gerard, inform Luna development stage two has been authorized and make a special edition, ready as soon as possible. Tell Draco that Potter Mansion is from this moment on high alert for as long as it takes. Severus, you will take charge of squad two and I will take charge of squad one. Sergeant McKinnis, since you’re still here I’m assuming you’re going to stay. I’m assigning you as leader of squad three. From now on we will work in twelve hour shifts with everyone on stand-by. It’s going to be some very long weeks or even months so prepare yourself. Some of you may not make it, let me be clear about that. Severus, I’m assigning you and Draco to compose the three squads, ready by tomorrow. I have a feeling he won’t be doing anymore attacks today. He’ll be savouring his victory. The raid on the Malfoy estate is on for tomorrow. We won’t just react either. I have a lot, of things to take care of right now so you’re all dismissed. Do what you have to do, we’ll gather here tomorrow morning 4 AM.”

As soon as he stopped everybody rushed off except Severus.

“Are you going to calm down?” asked Severus in a serious tone.

“I’ll be back in ten minutes, I’ll be a lot calmer then.” said Harry in a cold voice.

“Where are you...” began Severus but Harry was already gone.

Diagon Alley

Harry appeared with a crack that made windows rattle and the ground shudder in the in front of Gringotts. People covered their ears and when they saw took cover in stores or ran away in fear. He looked murderous.

“People of Wizarding Britain!” he yelled, his voice amplified beyond volumes thought possible “Today I have seen the true face of the world. Today, the day you betrayed my people and me, I will show you my true face in return. I have tried to keep the damage this war will bring to a minimum. It has even cost us precious lives and resources but NO MORE. Voldemort, from now on there will be no holding back. I know this message will reach you. You cannot escape, your defeat is imminent. Albus, even if I had not expected it of you anymore you have shown me that we are still not true enemies. While we have our differences and I have a few things to settle with you I am grateful. Cooperation is not an option, I know that and so do you but if worst comes to worst I will stand by your side. Cornelius Fudge, the Aurors and the entire Ministry, both British as American, I will tell you all this: I have been merciful up till now but that’s over. I swear that I will not attack you unnecessarily but if you ever dare to attack even one of my people ever again, each and every one I encounter that was involved will die, killed by my hands. To the Daily Prophet I will say this: you have been allowed to stay this long just because I wanted there to always be two sides of the story but when lies are told unabashedly I will not stand for it. I give you one more chance and then you will face the consequences. I will give everyone a reminder of this day and it may seem like a way of one of my enemies but I don’t care. Most of you see me now as evil incarnate, then I will become evil incarnate. To those that still have an ounce of

believe in me, I am very grateful and the doors of Insania are open to all of you, farewell.” with that he pointed his palms of the sky and power started flowing through the ally. Everyone could feel the tingling of massive amounts of magic flowing through the air, the ground and even themselves. Harry gave a primal roar and from his hands appeared a black mass that shot to the sky. High above the roofs of the alley it exploded and a massive black phoenix appeared. Its wings flapping very slowly while its emerald green eyes glared down at everyone. Its tail fluttered but not because of the wind. From that moment on, every time someone from Insania died it would let out a terrible sound that influenced people’s emotions and make them sad for a few hours. Nothing anyone tried was ever able to make the enchantment undone and Albus Dumbledore even flat-out refused ever attempting it.

When Harry looked at it he gave a satisfied nod and disappeared.

“ What have you done?” asked Severus as soon as Harry reappeared.

“Just gave everyone a reminder that I will never go down easily or without a fight.” answered Harry in a dismissive tone.

“That far I’d guessed already but what did you do?” insisted Severus.

“You’ll see soon enough.” said Harry with finality “Let the issue rest for now. I hope you weren’t planning to go to sleep because we have plans to make.”

“Plans?” asked Severus intrigued.

“We hit Malfoy Manor at 6 AM tomorrow morning.”

“Right. To be honest I already made some plans. I’ve visited the place quite often and know some of its...intricacies.” Said Severus as

dozens of scrolls of parchment appeared on the table and unrolled themselves.

“Some plans?” asked Harry incredulous “Looks more like you’ve planned a full scale assault.”

“I might have.” Said Severus dismissively “But I don’t plan on letting any escape and take the head prize alive.” Harry gave him a questioning look. “I want Lucius Malfoy alive.”

“Hmm. I had thought of it but I was more thinking along the lines of ‘If we get him, so be it, if we kill him then that’s less to worry about later.’”

“Speaking of worries, how are your relatives doing?” asked Severus with glee.

“They haven’t killed each other.” Said Harry in a normal tone “Yet. They seem to realize that surviving will require sacrifices. They even let him start a fire.”

“It only proves how fast they throw their beliefs and determinations away just to survive.” spat Severus.

“Whatever, I’m sure the peace won’t last long. I know Vernon and he will mess things up soon enough. But let’s forget about them, we have more important things to think about.”

“Right. I suggest we take one squad over here and...” began Severus while Harry listened intently

Malfoy manor 5:30 AM

“He’s been quiet throughout the night, do you think he suspects something?” asked Severus slightly nervous.

“Calm down.” reassured Harry. “I know it’s weird but even his Death Eaters need rest and I think he’s not attacking right now to make it

more obvious we don't show up either when he doesn't. That way it looks even more like we're working together."

"Do you really think so?" asked Severus hopefully, despite that it would convince the Wizarding population even more that they were in league with Voldemort.

"No." admitted Harry "But that's the best I could think off. Whatever he's planning let's do this one and deal him a blow making him regret he didn't continue his attacks. Everyone ready?"

Whispered affirmatives where his answer. The other teams reported they were ready as well. Harry sighed and switched channel so only one other could hear him.

"Luna?" asked Harry a little unsure.

"Yes?"

"Are you sure you want to do this?" he asked concerned.

"I'm sure. You are two commanders short and now I can see if the improved ones work like they should."

"I have no doubt they'll work just as they should. I'd really feel much calmer if you'd stay at Potter Mansion."

"Hermione is running things along with Draco so there's no worry, they can manage whatever they throw at them until backup arrives and Neville is in charge of Insania so no worries there either."

Harry sighed, knowing she was right. "I know but...be careful. If you're in any danger just scream and I promise I'll be at your side in a flash."

"Why this sudden concern Harry? You're always cold and distant when you head into battle and now you're like...this."

“Two of my men are injured already, I don’t want another one to lie in the hospital or worse.”

“It’s not a pleasant feeling is it.” She said and while it may sound like that he knew she wasn’t accusing him.

“No it’s not.” he admitted “Just be careful okay? I need you Luna, don’t die here, not in this place.” With that he switched back to the main channel.

“On my mark.” he said. “NOW!”

Chaos erupted as five different teams rushed onto the grounds of the Malfoy estate. There were no guards on the ground but soon enough windows and doors swung open as dozens ran outside to see what was going on.

On the east side of the mansion a group of five was quite surprised when something fell down from the roof and a metallic clicking made chills run up and down their spines. The first one fell a moment later, sliced in half from top to bottom. The others all threw the first curse that came to mind in the direction they thought the thing was. All mist cleanly but in the faint light of the spells they saw a giant black metallic spider. On its back a massive Gatling gun, its eyes dozens of tiny red rubies. A small flame ignited in its maw before they were engulfed in flame. The turret burst to life, shooting at a balcony two stories up. It fell down after two short bursts. The spider rushed forward, crashing through the doorframe and into the mansion where it continued the wreak havoc as its eight blades spun madly, slicing through everything living that didn’t have platinum blonde hair. On the north side another group underwent the same fate.

“The arachnids are doing an excellent job. They are already inside the mansion.” reported Luna.

“Very good, we’re ready to storm the front gate then. Severus, you have permission to go ahead, you know your mission. I’ll be taking them out from below.” said Harry. He himself was standing alone in a dark small tunnel. Just high enough to stand straight in and wide

enough for two men to walk side by side if they weren't burly. He grinned maliciously. He had no clue as to where Voldemort was right now except one. He wasn't here. And that elated him. He had been without magic for so long, so damn long and it itched to be used. It burned in his fingertips, it pulsed inside him. He shivered in delight as he felt it rush through him. Today there would be no one to challenge him, no one that could possibly defeat him and no one to wear him out. He truly hated to admit it but today he would enjoy what was about to happen. Voldemort would regret ever challenging him and Dumbledore would regret this day as well for he lay at the root of the massacre that was about to happen. They may not be true enemies but the fact that he lost his magic for what seemed like a long time to him was an unforgivable fact.

He whipped his hand to the side and a weapon appeared. Even in the pitch darkness its barrels glinted to Harry's eyes. His sword appeared in his other hand and it ignited with cold blue flames. He thrust it into the side of the tunnel and sank slightly through his knees, ready to rush in. he was eager to test this new weapon. It was once again one step closer to Luna's ultimate goal.

"Ok, I have perfected the Gatling guns." said Luna as he sat down in a chair in her office. A beamer was projecting one schematic after the other on one of the walls.

"What do you mean? they have been installed on the ships for months now and they've been working excellent." Harry questioned.

"Yes, they have but they are large and bulky and use a lot more energy than you can spare. The machine is meant to go on for hours and while you're powerful you can't run it for hours at a time with the amount of power it consumes." Luna explained as she nodded satisfied as the wall.

"I've studied your theories about the power consumption and I thought it would more than suffice." Harry stated.

“Perhaps,” Luna agreed “but the less it consumes the better. You never know what will happen. We can’t underestimate our enemy in any way. These are also very advanced versions. Their rate of fire is thrice the amount of any other we have, hence the more efficient power usage. With the main weapon on it you’ll need all the defensive power you can get. The MAG based gun doesn’t use much at all in comparison but you know of its limitations.”

“Thrice the amount?” Harry questioned “That wasn’t in the original estimates.”

“It wasn’t, but on the other hand those were written before the latest battle at Potter Mansion and the noticeable absence of the American fleet worries me a little.” Admitted Luna.

“They’re probably still reconstructing their fleet. I doubt that whatever they try they’ll be much of a threat.” Harry said “We can handle them with just the fleet.”

“I think you’re right.” agreed Luna with a nod “But our fleet can’t be everywhere at the same time and who knows what they have up their sleeve. We know they have access to weapons of mass destruction.”

“I know and I’m surprised you’re considering the fact that they would use them. I have considered it but somehow I don’t think the American president would use them. If he was planning to he would’ve done so already by now. But do you think this machine could prevent an attack?”

“If we respond fast enough most certainly. I know for a fact it should survive one of you piloted it at the time. It could outrun the blast in any case.” said Luna with a strange glint in her eyes “And if it doesn’t prevent the blast it will make sure that revenge will be served.”

Harry grimaced at that. “So what about the time table?” he asked as he looked through one of the reports lying on Luna’s desk.

“Cut back by two months.” said Luna proudly “The OS is completely up and running. The ammo is starting production soon. We have almost completely designed the cockpit. All we have to do now is construct every piece and assemble the thing which takes a lot of time.”

“Very nice.” complimented Harry as a drawing of how the thing would look appeared on screen “How is Hermione’s project coming along?”

“Very well, but why are you asking me this? You should know better than I do.” said Luna with an arched eyebrow.

“An agreement between us.” said Harry. “Now how about it?”

“It should be ready to launch within a month.” said Luna crisply.

“Very well.” said Harry as he looked at a blank wall and his eyes went distant. “Once it is up our victory will be within our grasp. I have no intention of using it if it isn’t necessary but it will ensure losing won’t be an option. Even if I have to force the world on its knees and hating me for it I will do it if that is required to win.”

He looked down in surprise as Luna had thrown herself at his feet, leaning on his knees and looking up into his eyes with emotions swirling in her eyes.

“Harry, I should be mad at you for once again talking like everything is your responsibility and you need to make all the choices and carry the blame but whatever happens or however stubborn you’ll be I won’t allow it. Whatever happens, I’ll always support you in whatever way I can. Even If I’ll go down in history as the witch that helped make it possible, I won’t care, for I know that I’ll have done what is right and not what was easy.”

Harry looked down at her. “Luna,” he began slowly “I don’t know if what I’m doing is the right thing...” but he had to stop as he saw the tears in her eyes well up. He slowly brought up his hand and laid it on the top of her head. He couldn’t contradict her, not now. His heart

wouldn't allow it. "Thank you." he said and she knew he meant it from the bottom of his heart. "I can't express how grateful I am in any way I can think off."

"You don't have to, just grant me this one thing." she asked softly.

"There's nothing you could ask that I could deny you."

It happened in the blink of an eye. She shot up towards him and her lips smacked into his. It lasted only for a moment but it was enough for her. She stood up immediately after.

"Here is a small prototype." she said in a calm tone as she picked something up from behind the desk and handed him a miniature Gatling gun, compared to others they used, and left immediately afterwards without another word. He sat there, watching her leave. He didn't know what to do or why he deserved such people to surround him. He felt torn. He had dragged them into this hellish war and yet they followed him without doubt, they even loved him for it and for who he was, who he truly was. He looked down at the gun that would surely end lives tomorrow for he was determined to use it. He vowed once again not to fail them, he would never forgive himself if he did. He touched his lips and realised what Luna's drive to work as hard as she did truly was and it saddened him that he couldn't answer her feelings. He loved Hermione, he knew that he loved her with all his heart. He just hoped he wouldn't cause her too much grief or that he could solve this situation without too many repercussions.

He stood up and looked around the office again. He walked over to her desk and placed the flat of his palm on the surface. He let his magic take control and let his emotions flow into the stream. His palm glowed with ethereal white light as he slowly lifted it from the surface. Something hovered between the surface and his hand but the light was so bright he couldn't see what it was. He closed his eyes and when the light faded he turned around before opening them again. He didn't need to know what it was or maybe he didn't want to know. He walked out of the office without looking back.

The memory faded, the emotions died down again. He shot forward, running as fast as he could. The sword trailed behind him, cutting through the side of the tunnel and making it collapse behind him. He was about halfway through the tunnel when he felt something in his magic fluctuate with steady intervals. A vision of Severus cackling madly while firing the handgun repeatedly and mowing down enemies like they were nothing flashed in front of his eyes. He smiled darkly. It was the first real move they made against Voldemort and it seemed like everyone was making it worth their while. The tunnel stopped and now he was in a corridor with finely crafted wooden panelling. He did a quick check but didn't see or sense anyone. They were all probably heading up to fend off the attackers. He snarled. That meant less for him. He took off again. There were no doors so he didn't have to stop and check inside rooms. At the first intersection he paused a moment, wondering what he should do. He shrugged and blasted the roofs of the left and right corridor to pieces, blocking them. He rushed forward again. They wouldn't be attacking him from behind and he'd be damned if he'd let one get away today. Finally he reached some stairs and headed up. At the first floor he came across he quickly checked if there was anyone there. Deciding no to waste time looking for them he stepped into the hallway on one side of the stairs and blew the end of it up. Moments later a few dozen men rushed out from both sides. Harry grinned maliciously as the gun's barrels started spinning and his sword glowed eerily.

"Die, you bastards." Harry yelled as the gun let loose a stream of bullets and the sword swished through the air, blocking three spells. The men facing the gun were dealt with within a moment. He rushed to the other side and two were taken down before they could even react. "Let me know if serving that bastard did you any good in the afterlife." He whispered as he stabbed the last one standing, twisted viciously and pulled the sword back out. Blood sprayed everywhere but he didn't mind. His eyes flickered with the will to murder something in cold blood and he rushed off again, up the stairs but not before destroying the landing he departed from. He felt explosions shaking the building and knew the others were doing their best to raise as much havoc as they could.

Luna hummed happily as she strolled through the corridors. A lot of Death Eaters tried their chances when they saw this. An easy target was something they were not about to pass up. But the two metal arachnids that guarded her didn't let a single spell pass. Their blade tips deflected all of them and their destructive weaponry took care of any enemy that dared show its face fast and effectively. The others of her group had split from her when the two arachnids had met up with them. Everyone in Insania that had ever seen them in person were scared of them and the few that had seen them in battle preferred to stay as far away as they could. Fire scorched the walls, ceiling and floor and set paintings and tapestries on fire. The west wing of the Mansion was slowly being purged of anything living while it burned to the ground.

Severus was having a blast. He would freely admit that. He would never have guessed that he would enjoy blowing this scum of the face of the earth so much. They were absolutely terrified of the Black Phoenix. They had met the most resistance so far but that was to be expected, they had barged through the front doors after all. With his wand he held up a shield which blocked most of what they were throwing at him while he sidestepped a curse now and then or altered its course. With the gun in his other hand he was letting out a steady stream of fire that blew tennis ball sized holes in walls or anything else the deadly energy met. It had quite the recoil but he didn't mind that. It was too much fun to care about. With the men covering his back and flanks they advanced steadily.

Outside was another team that sniped anyone that managed to get out of the mansion and tried to make a run away from the battle. Well, sniped may be a bit of an understatement. It was more like blowing them to tiny bits. With several MAGs stationed in different locations it wasn't a challenging job. You could miss the guy by a good then metres and the chances of him surviving were still pretty slim. Although it was funny seeing them try.

After a good fifteen minutes they were getting close to each other judging from the noise.

“I’m nearing the central structure.” Harry reported “I’ve cleared all the underground levels from the tunnel up.”

“We’re close as well. They’re making their last stand over here it seems.” Reported Severus “There are other underground levels but they don’t have an exit as far as I know so they don’t matter.”

“I’m almost there as well.” Said Luna in a calm voice despite the blood curdling screams the came through the microphone along with that calm voice “Has anyone spotted the target yet?”

Everyone reported in now but nobody had seen their target.

They stormed into the central part of the four wing mansion. Wooden splinters flew everywhere as doors were blasted of their hinges. Columns exploded, paintings were torn to shreds. Blood splattered everywhere as the giant metal spiders did what they were built to do. Harry didn’t sit idle either, he rushed through the vast hall the made up the intersection of the four wings. Balconies were blasted down as several MAGs were deployed. The Death Eaters’ defence didn’t stand a chance against the assault. They hadn’t been prepared for it, that much was obvious. The ministry had been a lot harder than this and the Aurors weren’t allowed to use the darkest of magics. When the hall was cleared they gathered at the centre and looked up at the painted ceiling.

“Looks like my guesses were correct.” Remarked Severus. “They were unprepared for an attack, believing that we wouldn’t risk an assault so soon, especially not with their Lord as their protector.”

“Too bad they forgot we share a connection.” Said Harry coldly as he gazed at the ceiling so intently some started to think he was trying to look through it. “Do you think it would be best if I just blew off the entire roof?”

“We want him alive, remember.” Said Luna serenely.

“I guess you’re right.” Sighed Harry as he shook his head. He looked around and now that things were calm for a moment he was

actually somewhat surprised by the carnage they had indulged in. "I don't know what everyone here thinks but isn't what we're doing here a little..." he trailed off.

Severus looked a bit uncomfortable as well. "A bit colder and more bloody than how we usually work?" he offered.

"Yes." Said Luna softly and she shivered for a moment, nobody knew it was more from delight than realisation.

"I don't know what's come over me either." Admitted Harry. "I know that we've all sworn to exterminate every Death Eater from this planet along with Voldemort but even so, at the moment it doesn't feel like we're any better than them."

One of the men stepped forward and spoke up. "I know sir, this morning it felt so right, to kill them all and let justice take its course, I felt so angry at them, truly furious but know that I see what it's like I'm not so sure it was justice at all."

"Perhaps we were all filled with hatred this morning, hatred at our enemy that's been piling up over the months of frustration of being able to do little against them, especially the previous day must've been hard. Now that we have...liberated some of that anger we think a little more straight again." Said Luna in that same soft voice.

"Blinded by anger indeed." Muttered Harry. "Perhaps now we realise that even though they are enemies in the end we are all the same and when we die there are no differences anymore at all."

"Wizard, Witch, Pureblood, Halfblood, Muggleborn, Squib, Muggle. None of it matters, as inside they are all the same: five litres of blood and an infinite number of ways to spill it." Whispered Luna softly. Everyone gazed at her shocked. "What?" she asked perplexed "I read it once somewhere and it's true. People are all the same and yet we are so eager to spill each other's blood for even the smallest of arguments sometimes."

(AN: I tried but I couldn't resist, I stole that line from a fanfic and because I don't want to be accused of literally stealing it I'll admit it straight away. By the way, Five points to anyone who can tell me which one it is before they finish the chapter (no peeking!). I've added the name in the final author note.)

Harry looked around and saw everyone start looking down and sink into thought. "Perhaps we have all realized something today. While we are fighting to do the right thing, while we are absolutely convinced we are doing the right thing and most of us have sworn to never stray from that path, even we can be blinded by our anger and do things we thought only our enemies are capable of. Let it be a lesson to us and be more aware of our anger and thoughts. But for now we must continue, these men were enemies in life, let's not dishonour them in death and let their deaths be in vain, we came here with a purpose, now we have to complete it. If we turned around now it would indeed be just a massacre in which we just participated, maybe a useful one as we've thinned Voldemort's forces but still."

Everyone nodded and their faces hardened. As one they moved forward towards the grand staircase that led to the upper floor. It was the only thing left intact. The stairs had been cleared by the A.D.A.s to minimize damage. As they neared the highest floor the two spiders stood guard at the landing in front of the final set of stairs, their guns aimed at the door at the top. There was no noise any kind of resistance so far which was curious. All were wary of going up the stairs, afraid of traps or an ambush. Luna knelt down next to one of the spiders and placed a hand on the cold metal exterior.

"Go on now, my little ones. You know what you have to do." She whispered to it in a loving way.

The spiders' fangs clicked a few times and strange whirring noises came from it as if it was purring. Luna stepped back and their stance changed. Blades snapped in and out of their holders, guns spun a few turns to test them and a small flame erupted in their maws.

"Aren't you afraid they might get destroyed?" Harry asked softly as he went and stood just a little behind her and to her left.

“They’re machines.” She shrugged “They can be replaced. Humans, sadly enough, can’t be replaced or rebuild after they’re gone.” She looked over her shoulder at him with those luminescent bleu eyes that seemed deeper than any ocean to him at that moment as emotions swirled in them again for a brief moment before disappearing and her normal attitude reappeared.

The two spiders rushed up the stairs and barged through the door. Everyone waited for spells to start flying and explosions to start happening. Instead, only a surprised woman’s scream came. Everyone looked confused and shrugged. They rushed up the stairs and entered the bedroom. The sight that greeted them was neither funny nor pretty at the time but later it would be a great moment of entertainment to some. Mostly to those with a strong enough mind to put the bloodshed aside.

Narcissa Malfoy stood there in all her glory, naked as the day she was born, creaming her head off at the sight of the two giant spiders, guns spinning and ready to open fire with two fifths of a second. Luna had timed how long it took to respond. Lucius Malfoy’s head appeared from behind the bed.

“Potter.” He hissed as he stood up, wand in hand. Apparently he had had the good mind of drawing the sheets with him as they were draped over his shoulders and covered him up for the most part. A spilt moment later he hissed in pain and his wand clattered against the window behind him. The bolt of energy left his hand slightly singing where it had struck.

“Careful Lucius.” Taunted Harry “These machines are a lot more capable than you are. But I must admit you have at a loss here, we have practically torn your mansion apart, made enough noise to deafen the deaf and yet here you are, lying in bed with your wife as if you haven’t a care in the world. And I must say you have quite a lot actually. One of them is even standing in this room right now.”

Lucius refused to say anything and clenched his jaw, not even letting sounds of pain escape.

“Well, if you’re not even going to enter in a bit of polite conversation I guess I’ll have to be a little less courteous as well.” Said Harry in a suddenly very cold tone. He made a strange gesture with his hand. One of the guns on top of the left spider swivelled slightly and a single shot was fired. Narcissa fell to the ground, hissing in pain as she cradled her right arm.

“Still not willing Lucius? I could always...” Said Harry as he moved his left arm horizontally and started to move his fingers.

“No, stop!” screamed Lucius, scared to death.

“Ah look, even Death Eaters know love.” Taunted Harry again. “Or maybe it’s the knowledge that they’ll be next and a way to stall for time.”

“I surrender.” He said with dignity and some defiance on his features as if it was everything that everyone needed to hear and that they would all go home straight afterwards.

“I’m afraid you misunderstand me Lucius.” Said Harry after a bark of laughter at the man’s posterior “I’m not here for you to surrender, right now I want to hear why you were here like that while your minions were all being slaughtered downstairs.”

“I put a silencing charm on the entire room and ordered them that under any circumstances were we to be disturbed or the consequences would be dire, very dire.” Admitted Lucius in a defeated tone as his head fell forward.

Harry laughed out loud, a true hearty laugh while everyone else was too shocked to do anything. “No wonder the resistance was so weak and we were able to get here so easily, the head was already cut off before we got here and the body was ready to be taken down.” Said Harry.

“You don’t know what it’s like.” Began Lucius in his own defence “He’s always around and even when he’s not, nothing can be hidden.

He knows all. For once I was sure he was far away and not about to return today. For once I had the chance..."

"Lucius. Stop." Commanded Harry and Lucius shut up immediately with an embarrassed expression "I don't want you to tell me how your sex life is suffering from your servitude. Even better: I'm begging you not to tell me for I don't have any wish to know, ever. I just hope that you precious Lord never finds out about your blunder or you will wish he never finds you. I must say you have certainly made it easy for us. You might as well hang a sign on the front gate saying the key is under the doormat and we don't even have the need to perform a strip search before we lock you up."

Several smirked at that.

Lucius, probably because he sensed his mind wouldn't be able to hold up much longer against everything that was happening and how his life was rapidly disappearing down the drain, made a last attempt to get away and grasped a pendant lying on the bedside table and yelled 'defeat over death' very loudly. He was quite surprised when a few seconds later he opened his eyes as the sensation of portkey travel never came and he was still in the same room with the same people that were all smirking at him.

"My my Lucius, it would appear you were very distracted the last few hours. The portkey ward has been up one and a half at least and since I'm pretty sure you are the bonded person of the ones around your mansion you should've noticed than one going up." Said Severus with an evil grin.

"But...but if you knew I was going to sense that why didn't you attack immediately?" Lucius asked in a truly defeated tone.

"Well, to be honest it surprised us in the beginning. It had been the plan to just alert you but not allowing you any chance of escape and then just taking you all out while you rushed out of the building to fight us, except you of course. But when not a single person rushed out we were a bit nervous in the beginning and after half an hour with no signs of change outside the house or inside that we could see we

changed the plan and planned an assault instead.” Explained Luna happily.

“ I think that’s enough for now.” Said Harry, his cold exterior returning. “Men, take him captive.”

The men did as they were ordered and dragged Lucius, sans blanket, over the carpet and dropped him off in front of Harry.

“Thanks you.” Harry nodded at them. “I must ask that you all leave now; Luna, Severus and I will take it from here. Everyone did a great job but the three of us have something...else to take care off with dear Lucius here.”

Some of the men didn’t seem to agree that they should leave now and being left out of the loop but a stern gaze from Harry made them comply.

“Tell the other outside and make sure you are all at Potter Mansion in five minutes.” Harry yelled after them. He turned around again and eyed Lucius who was lying face down on the carpet, as limp as a pudding.

“Well now Lucius, the five of us need to chat a little more before I’ll grant you some rest.” Said Harry in a soothing tone.

Lucius’ head snapped to the side and one eye glared at Harry. “I suppose this is about the coward of a son of mine. I’m surprised he’s not here with you, gloating with his decision.” Lucius spat.

“Believe me Lucius, if he was able to be here he would be. He might even be here with his injury if I had not forbidden him, although not in such a direct way.” Harry continued in that same soft tone.

“Are you going to kill me now in his stead?”

“Kill you?” asked Harry surprised “Of course not. You hold far too much valuable information for that and I think I know who your interrogator will be.” Said Harry with a smirk. “But don’t be alarmed,

we will enact a little revenge right here and now.” Harry assured as Hedwig appeared carrying a huge crate which she deposited in one corner of the room. The bird landed on Harry’s shoulder and he patted it affectionately.

“Thanks girl.” Harry said affectionately “Luna, if you would do the honours.”

Luna walked over to the corner and with a wave of her wand the crate disappeared and in its stead stood a, to Lucius at least, strange device with a glowing white sphere at the back and in front of it a muggle contraption.

“This is a sphere of highly concentrated magical essence set to go off one minute after we activate it unless a certain act is performed and that big red button in the centre pushed. In that case it will detonate five minutes after that. Severus.” Harry said and Severus stepped forward towards Narcissa whom had been watching everything in a state of shock.

Severus grabbed her hand and placed her palm flat against one of the windowsills and muttered a spell. She immediately noticed she couldn’t move it anymore. Severus produced a jagged rusty dagger from inside his cloak and tossed it on the ground at her feet.

“If your lovely wife manages to gather the courage to free herself and stumble over to the device, place her palm flat against the centre and swear on her magic to kill Voldemort the first time she gets even the slightest chance and then press the button the device will be set back five minutes. She might be able to save herself, she might not. That will depend on her. Either way, she is doomed and you know it.” Harry said harshly.

Lucius nodded in defeat once more and gave up, tears starting to flow. Harry nodded and Luna activated the device. The three of them quickly gathered around the prone form and Hedwig took off from Harry’s shoulders and hovered between them.

“Narcissa,” Harry said with a vindictive gleam in his eyes “it was a pleasure knowing you.” And with that the four disappeared, leaving her to her fate.

Forty seconds after they had left the entire hill on which the manor was located evaporated.

Author note: Finally another chapter done, finally. I’m really glad. Finally I get to update again. First of all, the line was from ‘You did what!’ by nonjon. A very amusing story and a trilogy to boot. I sincerely hope it won’t take this long to update the next chapter and I hope not everyone has given up by now. I said I wouldn’t abandon this one and I’m not. On further notice, reviews are still very welcome, they help remind me I am still writing this story. A few side projects have kept me busy over the past few months and I’m back in school, something which doesn’t seem to help with the amount of free time I have I’m sorry to say but I do have some more great opportunities to let my imagination run free again. Nothing more helpful to get your imagination started than a boring lecture on a Monday morning. You may all consider this as your Christmas gift from me to you. And while we’re at it consider it your new year’s present as well. Reviews are still VERY welcome. Can’t say that enough. No pressure of course. I hope you all enjoyed it, if you did, let me know. ‘Till next chapter. (However long that may be (just kidding)).

Review responses:

Mainstream: Thank you, and I never stopped writing, I just wasn’t writing on this one very much, or none at all.

Jay: Think of a mind with an overcharged amount of imagination and a crazy person using it.

GreatWarlord: To be honest I don’t see the point, Harry is determined to kill Voldemort so it will be completed anyway, and Dumbledore knows that.

harry shall rise: lol. And don’t fret, the end is near, oh so very near and to me yet so very far away. I almost have it completely figured out, just a few minor details. This thing’s been in my head for over a

year. I have envisioned the end so many times and I'll be dmaned if I don't write down and go down in history.

Inazuma Kanji: that's a surprise I won't spoil. I have something in mind that won't please most but it will be grand and I have given a little something to all you Luna/Harry fans. It's not much but it felt very right. It only popped into my head just a minute before I wrote it. nothing of the kind was planned for the chapter. Ja Ne (Man I love japanese, I just wish I could learn the language.(on that note, has anyone seen Code Geass?))

Iamtherealmaverick: I was inspired by it, by the truly breaking free and going on a rampage. That was how this story was supposed to go, a short one about a rampaging Harry laying waste to all but it somehow got a life of its own and took a different turn than I intended it to.

Reken: haven't heard from you since chapter one so I reckon it's a fail.

Oogies4u: sorry about this one, it has been so llong I wouldn't be able to wait for a reply so here it is already but if you're still interested let me know . I'll see how we'll handle this.

Snoppy0160: why thank you. I'm honoured and I've kept your remark in mind. I'll try my best but things are about to take a turn and I don't think it'll be much of a problem.

Mihir: well, there's one thing that can fly and fight on Harry's side and quite a powerful thing. But just wait and see, wait and see ;).

Linc: the feeling is mutual.

LoireLoa: that's the spirit.

Thanks to everyone else who reviewed:

jdboss1, monkeyman89, colin, messshnhs, Talonspike, kudas89

Merry christmas and a happy new year everyone.

No pain, no gain

Three weeks had passed since the raid on Malfoy Manor. Speculations had been high and wide but in the end everyone realised what had happened as the Dark Lord had been seething when he found the smouldering crater that had once housed one of his greater bases. The week after the incident had been hell for Harry and his men as Voldemort attacked relentlessly. One family after another was attacked, twenty four hours at a time for seven days. It was a gruesome battle of attrition. Harry managed to save a lot but still, the casualty toll stood at twenty one people, even three small children. Voldemort's rampage had been a clear act of revenge and it had taken Harry a lot of willpower to get over it. He knew it was his actions that had caused those deaths. He had accepted it. It was a war after all. He had always known things like this would happen but that didn't mean the burden felt any less heavy. They had literally gone through hell that week. One fight after the other with hardly any sleep in between. On the plus side the Aurors now realized that Harry wasn't the bad guy. The public was still convinced on the other hand. It seemed that with the destruction of the manor Voldemort's subtleties had flown out of the window and back was the sadistic bastard intent on purifying the Wizarding world with slaughtering and proud showing of the evil one behind it.

It had been a relief for Insania. It hadn't lasted long but it had been though. The contact with the Wizarding world was minimal from their side and they couldn't really get a good idea of how the people were thinking right now. On the other hand, distribution of the quibbler had gotten easier since then. There were a lot of people that helped them distribute it but the larger part of the population had grown too afraid to tell their honest opinion. Fear of the Dark Lord and the Ministry which still banned Harry and his nation with a vigour were behind this. Not many people had joined Insania since this all began. Maybe twenty in total. All in all it had been a restful time, some even dared say peaceful. It was true that there were no immediate threats to Insania or Potter Mansion right now and they had been able to do a lot of work. The overflying Potter proved that. It was back up and running and with a permanent core installed. Potter Mansion was stronger than ever with the defences now fully up and running. The weapons supply of Insania was back up to standards, its weapon

bunkers bursting with ammo. Insania and Potter Mansion were both completely ready for the war and now one of the final steps was about to be taken. The space station was almost ready and would be launched in another week. Once that was up in orbit there wouldn't be anything out there able to stop them. Even if the worst were to happen the world would be purified of evil. The greatest evils in any case.

Harry had to admit, as he sat on the railing of the balcony of his apartment in the highest tower of Dragons' Keep, it had been a good period. Life had been truly worth living the past two weeks. He stretched and flexed his muscles, feeling the magic flow freely through his body. He had never felt as strong as he did now. The constant raid intercepts followed with vigorous tests by Luna and the constant drain on his magic for the manufacture of weapons was training him like nothing else. The fact that Draco was back up on his feet didn't help much either. Draco still had to be careful not to strain his legs too much but that didn't stop him from challenging Harry to a little match every chance he got. Even Amy was looking a little wearied from Draco's vicious training schedule. Draco had assured him all the men were in excellent condition and ready to fight. Harry relaxed again and leaned against the wall as he looked over the grounds of Insania and the sea beyond it. The sun was setting and the vibrant orange sky was a beautiful sight to behold. When Harry looked at it he could hardly imagine they were caught up in a war that would most likely cost a lot more lives than it had up until now. He looked down at the lake where the shipyards were still running twelve hour shifts to get everything completed. A lot of their ships had received upgrades, repairs and needed maintenance while the new smaller vessels were being built. Three a day, it was quite a feat. Everything felt right and calm. Everything seemed at ease.

"Then why do I feel so restless?" Asked Harry as he looked at the sky where stars were starting to appear. It was true, he really did feel restless. Something was gnawing at him but he couldn't place it anywhere. He guessed it truly felt like the quiet before the storm. The world was too calm right now, too peaceful. Hell would break loose soon, he was convinced of it. The sun was completely under by now and a clear moon light up Insania from high above. One of the dragons past in front of it as it drifted lazily through the sky. Harry

sighed and relaxed again. Maybe this calm time was just what they needed so best to enjoy it while he could.

Deep underground in the underwater construction site everything was dark except for one office high up against the ceiling. Luna and Hermione both sat behind their computer screens staring at them with intense concentration while they typed away at their keyboards. An overhead projector lighted up one wall with a list of problems that still needed to be resolved. Only the sounds of keys rapidly being tapped were heard in the room. Hermione stopped typing for a moment and tapped something on a second keyboard. One of the problems disappeared from the screen. She leaned back in the chairs, stretched and yawned.

“I need a break, want some coffee?” she asked Luna as she stood up.

Luna looked up with unfocused eyes and after processing what had been asked again nodded. Luna stood up and stretched a few times as well. She walked over to the large window on one side of the office which overlooked the entire hangar. It was dark and you couldn't see a thing but nevertheless Luna could see the thing sitting there. She knew every detail about it from the top of her mind. She yawned as Hermione gave her a mug of coffee.

“You look like you could use some rest.” Commented Hermione as she sipped her own mug.

“It's been a busy time for me. Between the tests in the lab, development of the current weapons, upgrades to the weapons manufacture plants and my own project and this one there hasn't been much time for sleep. The end of the week deadline isn't really helping.”

“I feel somewhat outclassed when I hear the number of things you work on at the same time.” said Hermione with wide eyes.

“It's not as fun as it sounds at times but I'm glad Harry allowed me to use the time-turner again. He doesn't like it but I don't have much

choice. There are few people that truly understand all the theory behind our inventions and with our disadvantage in numbers we'll need every advantage we can get." said Luna with another yawn.

"I guess you're right. It's a miracle we've survived this long already in my opinion."

"We do have a major advantage when it comes to defence of our main base here. The island along with its strong fleet and the disinterest of the Magical world in ships is the sole reason we survived this long. But even then none of this would've been possible without Harry. His potential is the one thing that gives us something no one else has and that's a powerful tool." said Luna.

"Too bad it's a tool of war." Said Hermione grimly as she looked down into the darkness "I'm just hoping we'll never have to use this thing. It's great to have it and it will make losing difficult but it's still a weapon of mass destruction."

"Harry feels the same way I think. He's happy it's almost done so that we can move on to the second phase which is a little less war concentrated. He knows it's been hard on you as well to build this thing. But in the end the main purpose of this thing isn't winning the war, it's to offer us an escape route if the unthinkable happens and we lose."

A flash of the pendant hanging around Luna's neck drew Hermione's attention.

"You really look up to him don't you?" Hermione asked.

"How could I not. No matter what happens he always gets back up. He knows this war could very well claim his life. A lot of people hate his guts right now and they are actively trying to kill him, even those he's actually fighting for. The Ministry, the Americans and a large part of the population: all have wronged him in one way or another and yet he still insists on killing as few as possible whenever we can. The greatest wizard of all time couldn't stand up to Harry and even

Voldemort fears him and hasn't been able to kill him. He's like a hero from a fairytale." said Luna, voice thick and eyes shining with emotion.

"You two seem to talk a lot as well." Hermione remarked, her tone neutral.

"You know we've been doing a lot of tests lately. The past week has been focused on power output. Harry had to get used to it in the beginning but once he got the feel of pumping out a steady stream of magic into the machine he could do it subconsciously so he was bored most of the time and while I was monitoring the tests we had some time to kill." said Luna casually. The pendant flashed again in the dim light of the room.

"What is that pendant anyway? The only jewellery I've ever seen you wear were those things you made yourself but in the past three weeks you've been wearing that pendant every single day." Asked Hermione as she stretched out a hand to take a look at it but Luna jumped away, crossing her arms over it protectively.

"I'm sorry," said Luna as she relaxed somewhat and let her arms drop "it was a gift and it's very special to me."

"From whom I wonder." Said Hermione as she gazed intently at the pendant slowly being revealed again, to tiny emeralds glittered briefly "In my opinion there's only one person that would give you something like that and that you would treasure it so much."

Her hand lashed out and she grabbed the pendant. She pulled back to look at it drawing Luna along. Luna yelped in pain as the chain dug into the back of her neck but didn't retaliate. A blaze erupted in Hermione's eyes as she looked down at the figure of a black phoenix with two glittering emerald eyes.

"Harry gave it to you, didn't he?" she asked in a low and dangerous voice.

"Hermione, let me..." Luna started, trying to fight back tears.

“Didn’t he?” she demanded as she yanked on the chain once more and Luna yelped again. The pendant suddenly grew very hot in Hermione’s hand. After a few moments the heat became unbearable and Hermione let it go with a hiss of pain. She looked at her hand incredulously, at the burn shaped like the outline of a phoenix in flight. “It...hurt me?” she asked dumbfounded.

Luna looked at the burnt hand in shock. “Oh my god, Hermione, are you alright? I had no idea it could...”

SLAP

“Shut up!” yelled Hermione as she looked at Luna with distaste “I don’t need your concern. Now I know how it is! Harry doesn’t love me anymore, he loves you instead!”

“Hermione, that’s not t...” SLAP

“Shut up! I’ve had enough, I..., I...” she couldn’t continue, she turned around and ran out of the room.

Luna looked at the door as it slammed shut and slumped down to the floor.

“What the hell just happened?” she asked in a whisper as she stared down at the floor in shock. A tear dropped on her hand and she looked at it in surprise. “What the hell went wrong? How did it come to this?” she let herself fall down to the floor completely and lay there crying. “I’m sorry Harry, it’s my fault. I... don’t deserve to be your friend.”

Harry had just entered the apartment, it had gotten chilly outside and he was thirsty. He entered the living room just as Hermione stormed into the apartment. He was a bit surprised to see her here, he had suspected she would be down in the base the entire night again.

“Oh hello Hermione, I didn’t expect to see you here tonight.” He said pleasantly. She stopped dead in her tracks and locked eyes with him.

The fury Harry saw there made him take an involuntary step backwards.

“What’s...” he started but she interrupted him.

“I’m surprised you even expect me back here at all.” She said in a harsh tone “I saw your little gift you gave Luna. It gave me a gift as well.” she hissed and showed her burnt palm. Harry’s eyes went wide when he saw the burnt skin and rushed forward to take a look at it. He was about to ask what happened but before he even got close to her she took a step backwards and drew her hand back, covering it up with her other.

“Stay away from me!” she hissed “I thought you and I understood one another but apparently you found someone else who’s even prettier than me and just as smart.”

“What are you talking about?” Harry asked dumbfounded “We do understand each other. I don’t have someone else and you know I don’t go for the looks.” It took a second or two before he realized what he had just implied and by then it was too late to avoid the punch. He was knocked of his feet and landed on his backside. He stared at her in surprise and guilt.

“Hermione, I didn’t mean...”

“Shut up you jerk! I don’t care anymore, you can go and be with her and you and your entire island can burn and go to hell! I couldn’t care less anymore.” She yelled and stormed out the door.

“What in god’s name happened?” Harry asked as he stared at the still open door. He rubbed his sore jaw for a few moments as he gathered his thoughts.

Something had happened between Hermione and Luna, that much was for sure but how had Hermione come to the conclusion that he and Luna were having an affair. Sure, he had been down in her lab a lot lately and they’d talked for hours and there had been the incident with Luna where she had confessed her feelings to him but they had

come to an unspoken agreement, hadn't they? Sure he had given her something formed purely from his magic and emotions but he hadn't even known what it was, he hadn't stayed to see what it had formed into. And he had of course just made a complete ass of himself. "Stupid," he whispered to the empty room "I'm such a fool sometimes. How could things have turned out like this just now that everything is going so well?" he wondered. Some memories flashed in front of his eyes. He thought about some situations and then he chuckled a couple of times. When he thought about it in his life didn't something good mean something bad happened in return? When he really thought about it it really did look like that. He survived a killing curse and was allowed to live another day but he had to live with the Dursleys. He was given a shield that protected him from Voldemort which reduced the bastard to a spectre but he lost his parents in return. For every year he spent at Hogwarts leading a good and normal life some bad shit had to happen during it. He had found happiness with Ginny and she was taken from him. He thought he had found some solace with Hermione and yet things took a turn for the worst again it seemed. Same with every victory Insania had achieved, a price had always been paid. He sighed again. He didn't even want to think what the sacrifice would be if he managed to win this war.

"It's all about equal trade I guess." He muttered "For everything you gain something must be lost in return."

He pushed those thoughts away, he had things to take care of first. He stood up and looked at the door. Something in the corner of his eye moved and his head snapped towards it. He was a little on edge he had to admit and it had to have shown as Amy seemed quite startled. She was standing in the doorway of her bedroom and seemed hesitant to step into the living room.

He let his expression soften and looked at her kindly. "Hey Amy, is something wrong?" he asked gently.

"I heard you and Hermione yelling so I came to look. You were talking to yourself when I opened my door and I didn't want to disturb you." She said a little apprehensive.

“Oh, well Hermione and I are having a little trouble right now it seems. Come out here, you know you can disturb me anytime if you need me.” said Harry. The first part a little confused as he thought about a way to solve this and the second in a gentle tone as he beckoned her. She stepped forward hesitantly.

“Is something bothering you?” Harry asked a little worried “You’re normally fast asleep by now.”

“I’m fine. I’m just worried about you and everyone.” She said in a sad tone. Harry winced.

“I’m sorry Amy. In the beginning I was so assured of everything, I had it all thought out and I dragged all of you into this but things never go as you want them to. This fight between me and Hermione probably doesn’t help either now does it?”

“That’s not what I meant.” Said Amy strongly “I don’t care you all dragged us into this. At least you’ve thought us all that we need to stand up for ourselves and fight for what we ourselves believe is right. You have shown the world how bad some people are and how there are still people with courage willing to stand up to them. I’m more worried about you and Draco and Hermione and Luna and everyone here that has been kind to me. It feels so much like having a large family but lately we seem to be drifting apart. Everyone’s always busy working or fighting and I...”

“Feel lonely?” asked Harry quietly.

“Yes! And now you and Hermione are even fighting. I’m afraid I’m going to lose all of you if this keeps up.” She said, tears brimming in the corners of her eyes.

“Don’t worry about that.” Said Harry with an assuring smile as he regarded her “You’ve grown on me, on all of us. You’ll never lose us as long as we have anything to say about it. But I’m afraid you’re right, this war is taking a toll on us all and our spare time is almost

nonexistent. But I'll try to make some more free time and be around a little more."

"Thank you." Said Amy "But I don't want to be a burden."

"You're not!" said Harry strongly. He felt a pang of guilt when she said that. She was kept out of most things and left behind when they were out to fight. He figured it felt like she was a burden sometimes when you were always left behind but he couldn't let her go and fight. He knew he was probably being a hypocrite right now, there were hundreds as old as her fighting for him but still, he just couldn't let her go out where she could be killed easily. It would destroy him if she died in a war he started. The full brunt of the burden he carried with him suddenly seemed to weigh down on his shoulders as he thought about the number of people that had died fighting with and against him. He figured that in the end he was a very selfish person. He sacrificed so much that he had no right to, it was him that had inspired so much death. A bitter laugh echoed in his mind. Perhaps he was no better than the ones he was fighting, not even Voldemort.

"Harry?" Amy's voice broke through the darkness in his mind and he looked up at her with a watery smile "Are you alright?"

"I'm alright." he lied "I'm just having some trouble dealing with all this right now. I'm sorry for worrying you. Why don't you try and go back to sleep while I sort this mess out." he suggested gently but she remained standing and looked a little nervous. Harry was torn. He had to go and solve this but Amy really needed someone to talk to right now it seemed. An idea occurred to him.

"If you don't want to be alone right now I could call Draco and ask him if he'd mind coming up here and staying for a while, I'm sure he won't mind." offered Harry. Amy looked up startled, a brief smile appearing.

"I guess that's settled then." said Harry somewhat relieved "Now hurry and climb into the couch and wait for him. I really have to hurry now."

“Okay.” she said with a nod “I understand Harry, there are more important matters right now.”

He stopped dead in his tracks. He was halfway in turning around and heading towards the door. He looked surprised at her and a swirl of emotions coursed through him. He felt anger and sorrow and he couldn't help but stop and stare at her. He lunged forward and grabbed her in a hug. She was so startled she didn't even respond and just hung there limply in his arms.

“Don't ever say that.” whispered Harry in a sad tone as memories of his early childhood flashed through his mind “Don't ever say there are more important things because that's just not true. Nothing's more important. You may be just one little girl, one individual in a big world but you are important. It is people like you for who we fight, to give you a future to live in.”

Amy was surprised by this sudden turn in conversation but she had to admit it felt good to hear someone say that they cared so much about her. She hugged him back and whispered a grateful ‘thank you’. He set her down, gave her a hopeful smile and exited the apartment. He made a quick call to Draco who agreed to come up after some grumbling. He put away his phone and stared at the gray wall opposite him. He was torn once again. On one hand he should go after Hermione and get her to speak to him and work this out but he had no clue to where she had stormed off to. On the other hand he could go and find Luna and find out what exactly had happened but that might make things worse if Hermione found out he had gone to her first. He shrugged, it couldn't really be helped. He didn't know where Hermione was and he felt like it might be best to talk with someone else about all this first.

Luna had shifted positions. She was sitting in the desk chair facing the windows, her left side facing the door as Harry entered. A mug was loosely held in her hands but the coffee in it had long turned cold. She was blandly staring through the windows into the darkness of the cavern and didn't notice him entering. If she did she didn't let it show. Memories replayed in her mind and conversations were replayed over and over again. She cursed out loud a few times as some

particular times flashed by and she saw how stupid she had acted then. Letting her emotions show like that. She scolded herself a few times. Harry cautiously stepped forward and stood behind the chair regarding her. The memory of kissing him and finding the pendant afterwards showed itself once more and she touched her lips in remembrance. She had felt so happy and sad at the same time. Happy that she had had the courage to do it and sad that it would probably be the only time. Harry looked at her sadly. Guessing what she was thinking about wasn't making speaking up any easier but he managed.

"Luna?" he asked cautiously but she didn't respond. He called her again but still she was lost in her own world. Her hand moved to her chest and she grasped the pendant. Harry grimaced and tapped her on the shoulder. She gave a small start at the sudden, contact and the mug dropped to the floor. Her head slumped back down again, already knowing who was behind her. She sighed and decided to face the consequences. She swivelled the chair around slowly. The first thing she saw were his shoes, she looked up slowly and met his gaze with dull regretful eyes.

"Hey Harry." she greeted in an emotionless tone. He squatted so that he wouldn't be looking down at her.

"Are you alright?" He asked a little concerned, he had never seen Luna like this "You don't look too well, mind telling me what's up?"

"Hermione didn't tell you? We had a fight." She said in the same tone "I'm thinking you must be pretty angry at me."

"Not really." He said with a comforting smile "I'm just trying to find out what's happened, that's all. Is there anything for me to be angry about?"

"I don't know!" snapped Luna "Maybe because of my stupidity, because of me wearing this pendant for all to see I'm in a fight with Hermione and now she's mad at you because she thinks there's something between us."

Harry chuckled briefly but stopped short when he saw Luna's expression. "I'm not mad Luna." He began "I can't say there's nothing between us. Of course there is something, that pendant is a clear proof of it."

She opened her mouth to speak but he stopped her.

"Luna, everyone knows we're more than just friends. At the moment, you're one of my best friends. I've talked with you about a lot of things I wouldn't speak about with anyone else, you know my fears and my reasons for doing this, you know my weaknesses and my strengths. You're my confidant and someone that would stand by my side in the face of death if I asked you to and probably even if I didn't. In truth, you're the person I trust most at the moment. You're the one person I can hold nothing against because you've never done me wrong. You've always been loyal for as long as we've been in this mess. I care about you a lot."

Her heart was pounding and her throat felt dry. Her breathing was a little quicker than normal and a million scenarios flashed in front of her eyes. He gave her a troubled smile.

"But I guess I don't see you the same way you do me." And the world crashed around her. A flat-out rejection by him was the one thing she had no defence against. It struck her where it hurt the most. She shivered slightly and felt light-headed.

"I understand." She mumbled, tears were prickling at the back of her eyes but she would hold them back, hold them back just a little longer. "You and Hermione are..."

She couldn't continue. She shot out of the chair and made a dash for the door but Harry was faster. Just before she was out of reach his hand shot out and grabbed her by the wrist. Her momentum was halted abruptly and she was yanked back. She stumbled backwards and collided with him. He fell backwards on his behind and he dragged her with him. She fell down as well and landed in his lap. Before she could react his arms encircled her waist making it hard for

her to escape. She looked at him in surprise trying to look into his eyes but she couldn't see them, his hair blocking her view.

"Please don't run now Luna." He said in a quiet tone "I am not rejecting you nor casting you aside. We have issues between us and we'll have to solve them but I won't let our friendship end in shambles. The thing between me and Hermione is like that as well at the moment so I'm pretty sure you don't understand. Even I don't really right now."

Something sparkled on his cheek and Luna saw it was a tear.

"Harry? What's wrong?" she asked worried

"I...I saw this coming in a way. You see, Hermione and me... I don't know what we are anymore." He said in a tearful voice.

"What do you mean? You're lovers aren't you?" Luna asked, afraid of the answer.

"Not really." Admitted Harry "We live together and sleep together but that's all. We say 'I love you' once in a while but lately I'm beginning to doubt our relationship. When we got together I was rather...unstable and desperately needed someone by my side. I needed someone that was close to me just keep me sane and cope with the hardships at the time. I guess Hermione was the logical choice in that regard. It was a mutual decision and we felt good about it but lately it seems as if this relation is driving us further apart. I'm losing her as a friend Luna and I don't want that to happen. I can't let that happen. She's very dear to me and I don't want to lose her at any cost." His head snapped up and his bright emerald eyes locked with hers. They literally shone with emotion and tears.

"Have you talked to her about this?" asked Luna a bit uncomfortably.

"That's just it." He said in a desperate tone "I'm afraid that I'll lose her if I do but because I'm afraid it feels like I've already lost her. I used to talk with her about anything. She was always there for me. I think that she's noticed it as well I think and that's why she freaked

out about the entire pendant thing. She thinks she's lost me and you replaced her."

Luna didn't know how to respond to that so she remained silent. She hugged him back and pulled him close comforting him. She guessed misery really did lack company.

They remained like that for quite a while.

Hermione was sitting on a patch of grass on the other side of the island, her knees drawn up to her shoulders. She shivered as a cold breeze from the ocean struck her. She lifted her head briefly from her knees to look at the churning ocean far below. The patch of grass was situated halfway up one of the mountains. She let her chin rest on her knees again and stared down at her feet. She felt miserable. She looked briefly at the hand where the pendant had burnt her but the wound had already vanished. It had healed remarkably fast she thought. She still felt like crying but no tears would come anymore. She guessed she had no right to cry. It was her own fault. She was seeing ghosts and had overreacted. Seeing that pendant had struck something inside her and she had lashed out at Luna before she even realised it completely. It had struck a nerve she hadn't even known was there. Had it been jealousy? Had it been fear? When she thought about it, it didn't seem logical and she was a logical type of person. No matter what Harry was Harry and if he was one thing it was loyal. He wouldn't cheat on her. Harry couldn't. It just wasn't him. But on the other hand she had noticed that there was a gap forming between them and it seemed harder to cross each day. Someone had once told her a relationship was over the moment you stopped talking to each other, and she believed that. Tears slowly formed in her eyes again and started sliding down her cheeks as she thought of all she was about to lose. She didn't know how to solve this. She didn't know what to do. She hated it. She was Hermione Granger for god's sake! She always knew something that could help. She sighed wearily. If she was honest with herself she didn't even know how she felt anymore. She cried quietly as thoughts continued to race through her mind. The night was turning colder and she started shivering constantly.

She was surprised when a sudden warmth enveloped her. She looked around startled and saw someone standing a little behind her. He was dressed completely in black. The moon was hiding behind a cloud and she couldn't see his face. He stepped forward until he loomed over her. A pang of fear coursed through her mind but she was unable to react. For all she knew it could be an assassin. A bitter laugh echoed in her mind. She had just found one solution to her current problem.

"Good evening miss Granger." The voice of Severus Snape said and it shattered her scenario of dying. He stepped sideways and a little forward so that he was standing beside her.

"Hello Severus." greeted Hermione bleakly as she looked up at him. The moon reappeared from behind the cloud and she saw the serious expression on Severus' face. "What are you doing out here?"

"That should be my line." Severus said with a smirk and sat down on the ground beside her. "Magic truly is a wonderful thing isn't it." He continued before she could speak up. He was twirling his wand between his fingers. "It can help keep you warm when you could just as well die from the cold. And yet, that same power could" his arm snapped forward, his wand flicked once and a bug that happened to be passing by fell down as it burst in to flame "kill something just as easily. It is like that with a lot of things, everything has an edge to it and if you're not careful you will get cut one time or another." Severus looked grim and pained in a way.

"Professor..." she started but he cut her off again. She didn't know why but suddenly she felt like a student again.

"Love is like that as well miss granger. In some senses it is the most dangerous thing of them all because it comes in so many forms. It has the power to give great strength and happiness. It is a drug that is more powerful than any other in the world and like a drug it can also destroy anything it touches. I'm assuming you're here because you encountered one of these edges."

“I’m not sure exactly why or what at the moment.” She admitted “I had a fight with Luna and I got angry at Harry afterwards. I don’t know what came over me, a fit of jealousy I guess but I don’t know why. I know he loves me and I love him and yet...” She broke off, unable to continue.

“You two weren’t meant for each other in that way.” stated Severus and she looked at him in shock “Harry sees you as family. If he was to ever lose you I’m sure the loss would crush him. If he were ever given the choice between sacrificing himself or losing you he wouldn’t hesitate. You two are much more than friends miss Granger. There is unconditional love between the two of you but it is not the love lovers feel for each other. Harry’s started to notice it as well. Don’t be afraid to acknowledge what you are both starting to understand. You will overcome it, you won’t lose one another.”

Both remained quiet for a while.

“Thank you.” Said Hermione in a soft voice. Tears were still flowing but they didn’t hurt as much anymore. “But how...”

“I am a spy miss Granger, it’s been my duty for years to figure out what people think and feel by mere observation. The fact that I know you all a little does help.”

She nodded in understanding.

“Take Miss Lovegood for example.” continued Severus “Although she tries to hide it so badly she is utterly in love with Harry. She is so dedicated to him she would sacrifice anything if it helped and she already does that a lot. She’s turned into a very strong woman, brilliant and dedicated but stubborn towards her own feelings, still a little afraid to be hurt but she’s coming into herself more and more each day. But sometimes she can’t help but let those feelings shine through. She’s as frail as a flower when it comes to Harry. If he were to for example refuse her flat-out she would be crushed and Harry knows it. He knows he has that power and it scares him just as it scares him when it comes to you.”

Hermione looked at him with wide eyes.

“Is it so surprising to you that I take an interest in the lives of the people around me Miss Granger.” asked Severus sardonically.

“I don’t know.” She admitted “To be honest I don’t see you as a person that studied others so intently while he doesn’t have to.”

“I could spend a lifetime studying people in their everyday lives and never get bored. People are very complex and interesting. They are detestable sometimes as well but they are simply fascinating. I’ll even tell you a personal secret of mine Miss Granger. Once this is all over I intend to write a book over humans and their complexities and how I’ve perceived them over the years.”

Hermione was very surprised by this. “That sounds very interesting, maybe I could...”

“Hurry over to the castle and talk to Harry.” Severus interjected strongly with a very strict look. “I know this must sound absolutely fascinating to you,” he said in a snarky tone and she flushed “but there are more important matters right now.”

Hermione nodded and felt scolded for some reason.

“However,” Severus said “you are welcome to come over and discuss it some other time. Now go and make things right.”

“Thank you for the help Severus.” said Hermione in a grateful voice “You’re right. We’ll get through this and be even better friends afterwards.”

“No need to thank me miss Granger. I didn’t really help you, I merely told you my observations. It was luck I stumbled across you, I was looking for an ingredient I needed urgently as a matter of fact.” He said in a normal tone as he stood up and brushed the dirt from his robes.

“Ow. Well, thank you anyway.” She said and a moment later she was gone.

He stood there looking at the empty spot and sighed. He turned and looked at the world around him. “You’ve all taken on the heavy task of making this world a better place.” Muttered Severus as he turned away and started heading back to his laboratory, he noticed one of the ships in the distance slowly making its way across the horizon “In return there must be at least one looking out for you kids in return.”

She stood in front of the door to the apartment. She reached for the door knob but stopped halfway for what must have been the tenth time. She sighed deeply. Her hands were trembling.

“Why am I still so nervous?” she asked herself angrily “Am I truly that afraid of losing him?”

She breathed deeply a few times and gathered her courage. She grasped the door knob and turned it. She entered the room and found it seemingly deserted. The fireplace was burning and casting a soft glow on the room. She slowly and quietly walked towards the couch. Trepidation filled her heart but she wouldn’t falter now. As she got closer she saw blond hair over the back of the chair. She thought it may be Luna and approached cautiously. When she made her way to the front of the couch she realised it wasn’t Luna but Draco and he seemed to be sound asleep as she watched his chest move up and down rhythmically. Her brow furrowed in confusion. What would Draco be doing here? If he was here because Harry had asked him to wait for her she was sure he wouldn’t have fallen asleep. When she could see the entire couch she saw someone else lying on it. A blanket had been draped across the huddled form. The only thing she could make out from here was that the person had black hair and that the person’s head was resting on Draco’s lap. For a moment the thought that it might be Harry crossed her mind and she didn’t really know how she would feel if that were the case. They were close friends, sure, but this close? She saw Draco’s hand resting on the back of the person and she was starting to get a little freaked out. What the hell was going on here? Was Harry...?

That train of thought was quickly halted though as she suddenly realized this person's hair was a lot longer than Harry's and then she saw Amy's face. She let go a sigh of relief. Perhaps she had been a bit more stressed than she thought if such weird ideas were popping up. She was startled when she noticed Draco's eyes were open and he was looking straight at her. Before she could make a sound he held a finger to his lips and she nodded in understanding.

"I don't know what's going on," Draco said in a whisper "but I'll assume you're looking for Harry." She nodded "He's down in the construction yard. At least he told me he'd be there if anyone asked."

Hermione didn't speak but glanced at Amy and then back at Draco.

"Don't even ask." He warned "She was restless and Harry asked me to come over. She just needed someone to talk to and she fell asleep like that."

Hermione nodded and felt troubled. It seemed her little outburst had affected more people than she thought.

"I'm sorry for troubling you. Thank you Draco." she whispered.

"Don't mention it, just remember you owe me one." he whispered with a cocky smirk.

Hermione nodded, glanced at Amy's peaceful sleeping features and left.

Draco heard the door close and sighed. How the hell did he get dragged into this? It was worse enough that he had been roused from his needed sleep but what made it even worse was that the reason behind was a spat between Potter's women. He looked down at Amy and a small smile crossed his face.

"I suppose there could be worse things than having to be here." He mused as he stared into the fireplace and enjoyed the way the flames danced and crackled "Besides, I wouldn't feel comfortable refusing to comfort Amy when she needs it. I feel like a father right now." He

looked down at Amy's sleeping form "Hmm, maybe being a father isn't so bad. Gah, what am I thinking, I'm way too young to be thinking such things."

Amy murmured something in her sleep and shifted a little. He looked at her, fearing he had woken her up somehow but she remained sound asleep. Another brief smile crossed his face.

"Maybe I'm too young but it is a nice picture to have of the future."

Hermione decided it was a long way from the apartment down to the construction yard if you decided not to apparate. She didn't know why she didn't, she just felt a walk would serve her better. Everything was dark in the construction yard. The only light came from a door standing ajar at the end of the hallway. The door leading to the office she and Luna worked. The sound of voices reached her ears but she couldn't make out what was being said. The conversation seemed to be about light-hearted matters as they spoke normally and a small amount of laughter reached her ears. There was no doubt in Hermione's mind as to whom was in that room. The fact that they were laughing hurt her. How could they be laughing while they were still having a fight. She walked forward but tried to be quiet. As she got closer to the door she could finally understand what was being said.

"I still can't believe Hermione would do something like that." Said Luna in a voice filled with mirth.

"Neither could we and Draco seemed a little shocked as well. We had to admit that was one fine punch." said Harry in a slightly less amused tone. There was a pause. "It's strange you know." Harry continued "It all seems so long ago. A lifetime of experiences has passed since then. Everything has changed so much. Hogwarts is no longer there, Draco is a friend of us, Ron's..." There was another pause "Life seemed so much easier back then even if we didn't realise it. Sure, there was Voldemort and the occasional battle or something but now it's all become so complicated."

“Taking life into your own hands is a lot easier said than done isn’t it.” said Luna in a calm voice.

“No kidding. In all honesty I’m starting to respect Dumbledore’s actions a little. It must have been hard trying to guide everything in the right direction like he did.”

“Yes but unfortunately his path wasn’t the right one.” said Luna regretfully.

“Perhaps.” Said Harry in a troubled voice “But in all honesty I’m not sure if ours is a better one. In the end I think Dumbledore’s way would have been a much more peaceful one. A lot less people would have died I think.”

“Maybe. But if you look at the difference between the first war against Voldemort and this one I firmly believe we made the right choice.” Said Luna in a firm voice “despite the casualties at least this time people have been given the choice to fight for what they believe in. the last war was a war of terrorism. Innocents died almost every night, murdered in their own homes for fun and entertainment. This time it’s not so easy for them. Perhaps a lot of people have died and it’s a cruel thing to say but they died fighting. They chose to fight and they knew they could be killed. In my opinion that’s a much better way to go than dying one night, shaken from your bed while your family’s being tortured next to you and then sometimes even being forced to kill them yourself.”

“I guess you’re right.” said Harry in a discouraged tone “I just hope we won’t be proven wrong. If we lose not even the deepest pit of hell will be good enough for me.”

Luna giggled at that. He gave her a strange look.

“I’m sorry but sometimes it’s funny how badly you think of yourself. Don’t worry, even if we lose it doesn’t mean we’d be proven wrong. Doing the right thing doesn’t mean you’ll win in the end. In fact, in everyday life it’s usually the other way around. If you always do what is right you’re bound to step on a lot of toes. If you’re willing to accept

that then you should also accept the fact that you won't be the most cared about person. The important thing is that you realise that however small your actions they might make a difference after all."

"I guess you're right once again." Sighed Harry and he leaned back. Silence descended over the room.

Hermione felt stupid and silly. Here they were fighting over something silly when compared to what they were dealing with. She gathered her resolve and straightened up. She walked through the door and both Luna and Harry looked up.

All three just stared at each other and didn't really know what to say.

"I'm..." started Hermione "I'm sorry." She finished in a whisper.

"There's nothing to be sorry about." said Harry "We've been in need of a serious conversation for a long time and I didn't start it when I should have. I'm sorry for that as well."

Luna cast her eyes downward and didn't say anything. Hermione looked at her with shame.

"Luna, I'm sorry for what I did to you too."

"It's alright Hermione." said Luna in a shaky tone "I'm don't feel completely innocent in this either."

"Still, I'm sorry for hitting you, I shouldn't have done that."

"It's alright Hermione." Luna repeated.

Harry stood up and walked over to Luna. He put a reassuring hand on her shoulder and squeezed once.

"I'll be back later." He said and let her go. He took Hermione by the arm and guided her out. "Come, we have things to talk about."

The door closed behind them and Luna looked up. Her face hardened and she felt resolve strengthen her. She moved the chair to in front of the computer again and continued working. The project had to be finished and they had lost precious time.

Harry and Hermione both remained quiet as Harry guided her through the halls.

Harry was thinking deeply. How the hell was he going to start? He was about to tell her he was uncomfortable with their current relationship. In his eyes it was basically the same thing as dumping her. No girl would take that well.

He stopped and shook his head. He had to get himself together and get it out of the way before it got even worse.

“I know a good place where we can talk.” He said as he half turned around to look at her. He offered her his hand and she took it without hesitation.

They appeared on the balcony of Potter Manor. Hermione didn’t know why he found this a good place but she shrugged. As long as nobody disturbed them it was fine.

Harry immediately let go of her hand and took a few steps forward. He took a few deep breaths and prepared himself. He turned around to face Hermione but before he could utter a word Hermione dove towards him and grabbed him in a hug. He could only see bushy brown hair and stand stock-still, unsure of what to do next. He noticed Hermione was crying as small sobs wracked her body. He felt as if his heart was being ripped in two and quickly hugged her back.

“Hermione...”

“Harry,” she interrupted “I just want to tell you that whatever you say or happens I don’t want to lose you. I don’t care what it takes but I won’t allow us to grow apart over something silly.”

“I’m glad to hear that.” He said and a small smile appeared “But I’m afraid Hermione of it still happening. I don’t know why but things between us just seem...”

“They’re not like you thought it would be?” she asked quietly. She was being muffled a bit because her face was pressed against his chest but he heard her. “That it doesn’t feel as right as it should?”

He nodded. “I don’t know why but it’s becoming obvious that we’re not...”

“Meant for each other in that way.” She finished for him. “I know, I realize that now as well.”

“That’s good. I was really afraid you wouldn’t.” he confessed.

“Don’t be.” She said and they remained quiet for a little while. They slowly let go of each other and took a step back. They looked at each other a bit uncomfortable unsure of what to say next.

“So where do we go from here?” asked Harry after some time “Things are going to be awkward between us if we don’t talk about this properly.”

“I know but I’m not sure how to handle this. I guess we should just try and be the friends we used to. Hang out and talk and laugh.” said Hermione a little sadly.

“I don’t think it’s going to be that easy.” said Harry a little sheepishly.

“Me neither.” Hermione sighed “And on the other hand...” she suddenly stopped and cast her eyes to the side.

“What is it?” Harry asked concerned. He really wanted to get this over with and become friends again. The best, like they had been.

“I don’t want to be alone Harry.” she said quietly. She glanced up at him to see his reaction. He stood there stoically and locked gazes

with her. Those brilliant emerald orbs still held some power over her. She didn't know what it was but going back to her own apartment and living alone didn't really appeal to her right now. Thinking of waking up alone again made her start to feel lonely already. But here they were trying to end those kinds of things.

His expression faltered and he seemed a little troubled. "I guess it can't be helped. Suddenly living apart doesn't sound very appealing to me either. We've been living together for a little while now. I must admit I've become used to it."

"It's always nice to have people you care about around you." Hermione said.

"I guess. Well, it can't be helped then. I don't want to be alone and neither do you so why not? Let's just start acting more normal toward each other again starting tomorrow but tonight we'll have to take comfort in each other's presence."

"I'd like that." said Hermione happily "See, we may have stopped being lovers but it seems we're still friends."

"I guess you're right."

The moon had been hidden behind the clouds again but suddenly it shone brightly through a gap and the landscape around them was lighted up. They looked around startled by the sudden light. They looked at each other for a moment and stepped towards one another. Harry slung his shoulder over Hermione's and hugged her to his side.

"Harry?" she asked as she let her head rest against his shoulder.

"Hmm?" he hummed a little lazily as he admired the moonlight being reflected by the ocean. He was happy, the world was a little righter again.

"Could we be friends with benefits?" she asked innocently.

It took a moment or two before that implication fully registered in his brain. His snapped to the side and he looked at her with an astonished look. She smiled innocently up at him and at the moment he had to admit she was very sexy.

Just as he was about to speak she burst out laughing.

“Man, you really are easy on some things. You should’ve seen your face.” She said with glee.

“That’s just plain cruel.” Harry said in a disgruntled tone and looked back at the ocean with a mock-angry face “Trying to break a man by using his weaknesses.”

She just laughed and hugged him good. “I’m just glad things between us feel more normal already.”

Harry grumbled something but smiled as well.

It was d-day. Today the giant space station Zeus would be launched. They had named it Zeus because Luna had predicted that when the massive gun would be fired it would look like a giant flash of lightning crashing down from the skies. Two thirds of the fleet was gathered over the underground construction yard. Thousands of people were gathered on the MV century. The ship they had hijacked so long ago. It would leave soon on its mission but today it served another purpose. Harry wouldn’t allow everyone to gather on the warships, you never knew when the next attack would come. The ships were all laying in a circle about five kilometres in diameter. They were all eager to see the gargantuan structure rise from the bottom of the sea and then ascend to the sky and into outer space where it would defend them from whatever threat the enemy could throw at them. In the middle of this massive circle lay the Potter. The Ekliptica was patrolling on the other side of the island.

On top of the Potter’s bridge Luna and Hermione stood behind a small pedestal with a microphone on it. Behind them stood the entire Iron circle minus Harry, who was sitting inside the bridge of Zeus and Andrew who was on board the Ekliptica.

Tom McGuire and Sarah Brown were a little apprehensive as well. Both had helped design parts of the station and they were curious to see if everything worked as they hoped. No wizard had ever made it into outer space after all, who knew how magic would react all the way up there. Neville was there as well. The Potter was still in a way his ship after all and as its captain he felt a duty to be here. Draco stood a little to the back scowling. He had actually forgotten about the launch and had planned a rigorous training for his men. None of them had dared mention it was on the same day. Going against Draco's decisions when it came to training was never a good idea. But Amy had shown up to ask him if he could take her along since everyone else was already gone. He had protested but she had played her cards well. Even he could not stand against the powers of a cute young girl looking at him with puppy eyes asking him to do something for her. He had protested and struggled against giving in but it was in vain. She hummed happily as she clung to his arm. She was very happy Zeus was finally complete. Even with the expansions that would be built for it Hermione and the others would be a little less busy which meant she could spend more time with them. Draco could almost feel Severus' amusement. The latter was standing a few metres behind the two trying his best to hide his amusement but he just couldn't. Seeing Draco of all people giving in to a girl's request two years younger than him was something he used to think he would never see. Especially if it was someone who looked up to Harry Potter like a father.

Luna and Hermione looked at each other with determined looks, they nodded and took a step forward.

"Fellow citizens of Insania," started Hermione "I am proud to welcome you all to the launch of the orbital weapons platform Zeus."

"We would like to thank all of you," continued Luna "for your help and support. This project would never have been possible without all of your help and hard work. It is a symbol of the willpower and determination the citizens of Insania have to work for a better future where we can live in peace."

Hermione took over again.

“This will be the day where a new era begins for Insania and all those loyal to the cause of defeating evil and corruption. From now on our victory is in sight. Whether we win or lose the war we will not be defeated. Over the next four months four more launches will follow this one and Zeus will become our safe haven. Nobody will be able to touch us there even if this land were to be burned to the ground. And with the power of Harry Potter on our side those that dare to threaten the citizens of Insania will be struck down by lightning coming from the skies. Never again will an enemy harm anyone while within the boundaries of our country.”

Luna: “This, ladies and gentleman, is the pinnacle of our defence. May we all hope none will be foolish enough to incite its wrath upon them. Victory is ours!”

A cheer went up from all the ships that could be heard for miles around.

“Zeus, launch!” They both yelled at the same time. More cheering ensued. The Potter’s engines roared to life and the ship started moving away from the centre of the circle. Right behind the ship a hole appeared in the water. It quickly began to spread, its edge trailing closely behind the Potter. It appeared as if the ship was literally pulling the edge along with it. Luna and Hermione admired the work the powerful underground shield generators were delivering. Pushing close to 800 million metric tonnes of water apart was no ease feat. The circle stopped growing a good hundred meters away from the ships. The Potter continued however, cruising past the ships and starting takeoff procedure. Everyone on top of the bridge quickly made their way inside. The ship took off and turned around to begin circling the massive hole in the middle of the ocean. The signal was given and a four and a quarter kilometre in diameter slab of the ocean floor a hundred meters thick started rising. In the centre lay the hull of the old hospital ship. It rose a good hundred meters above the ocean floor. A thunderclap sounded and the slab split in two. The two parts started drifting apart. The drifted to the side of the hole and then went through the wall of water. Many people couldn’t believe their eyes

when they saw that. Natural light streamed down into the construction yard for the first time and the red metal bridge of Zeus became visible. As soon as the slabs had disappeared into the water completely a whine cut through the air followed shortly by a deafening roar of Zeus' engines starting up. The roaring continued to increase in volume. After a few moments Zeus' bridge started moving up slowly. The bridge itself was actually pretty impressive in itself. Over three hundred meters in diameter the giant hexagonal bright red metal structure was not small in any way but then the five hundred meter long tower it stood on appeared and then the main body. Anyone could hardly believe it was actually this big. With a diameter of around three point seven kilometres and the massive central part with its twenty six red shiny metal surfaces was an awe inspiring sight. The outer ring with the four gargantuan engines and the multitude of turrets on it didn't help to diminish the powerful impression it gave people. On the underside of the main structure were another four smaller engines. Of course nobody considered the four three hundred meter wide smaller engines actually small. Next was the one and a half kilometre long MIEB cannon. It didn't look really that impressive. It was just a long pillar with a thin structure winding around it from top to bottom but those that knew its power shuddered when they saw it.

Zeus was accelerating slowly but speeding up. The bridge had reached a height of about ten kilometres now. Hermione was just about to call Harry and ask if everything was going all right. She had just turned around when she thought she heard a weird noise over the noise of the engines. Shocked gasps were emitted by anyone on the bridge. She quickly looked back around and saw smoke coming from one of the four large engines. It spluttered and died. She gave a horrified gasp as Zeus' ascent stopped and then, ever so slow it seemed, it began to fall back to Earth.

Author notes: Finally! Another chapter. Man am I glad, I could almost cry. So on to the usual stuff. I'm truly sorry this took so long. The next one shouldn't take so long as it will be just as entertaining to write as to read (or so I hope). Reviews or still very very welcome. They do wonders sometimes. Getting them once in a while reminds me there is still work to do and that there are people that appreciate it. My yahoo group is still open of course except for those ###§% spammers. The link is on my bio page. I hope the chapter meets all

your expectations so far and that you had fun reading it. 'Till next chapter.

Review responses:

NarutoFanBoy4Life: yes, and finally another one :p

the demon alchemist: I'm glad you liked those parts. Wouldn't be a war story if there wasn't a little blood involved now and then.

Play4ever: thank you. I know it's not really hp style but hey, that's fanfiction for ya and JK really did create a very nice cast. It was perfect for this story I think. And I do like anime. There's nothing better than animation sometimes. Anyone seen code geass by any chance? If you haven't you really should. Thanks for the compliment.

Nxkris: I'll let you see for yourself what the defences will eventually be. The Zeus was a pretty good start but unfortunately it wasn't supposed to be just yet. As for the Americans it's a little late for that. A truce between Dumbledore could happen but not how you think it will I think. But that's in the future. The war is about to take a turn. Whether it's good or bad you'll have to decide for yourself. As for Betrayal, it'll happen one day.

Oogies4u: Nice way of putting it :p

ROBERT-19588: doesn't want it and it's not something that's particularly useful.

Teufel1987: Well, I like big guns, fighting with them in close quarters where they are even more dangerous and I like all the movies you mentioned so they might have had some influence here and there :p. and believe me, I'm trying but this is not the only project I'm working on. Got a book of my own in the making and I'm helping with an animation show that'll come out in a year or two. Meanwhile I'm still in school and working on the side to earn some cash to go and party in the weekends so life is pretty busy.

Ranger Dragen: I think I forgot to PM you but don't worry, all in time. Shouldn't wait too long about the dragon part actually ;). Sorry, no

threesome although I may imply something some times. Maybe I'll put a side story on a more mature site someday ;). I read the slaves but kinda forgot about it. I'll read it again one of these days and I'll be sure to leave you a review.

joe w.: Sorry for hat, reminds me of days I discovered fanfiction. Teachers thought I was on drugs or something because I was always half asleep during the day from reading all night. Anyone read the hero trilogy or the psychic serpent trilogy? Now one you really need to have read. Links are in the group I believe. The age bugs me somewhat too but it can't be helped anymore.

potter29: loving your reviews already ;)

Modulus: Damn, don't flatter me so much, soon I'll believe I'm the god of fanfiction (coughs (Yeah Right)) although I'm honoured you put me on the same level as Shezza88. he's a great writer. Just unfortunate he never continued Harry Potter and the stargate. Loved that one.

Thanks to everyone else who has reviewed:

Colin, Beth5572, stevejobsfan, hordac85, KittyBlack208, writer-of-deathandlife

A leap of faith

Harry was sitting at the centre of the structure designated as the bridge of the space station Zeus. A large platform that was main command rose one story up from the ground beneath him. The bridge was a rather open space. The first floor only had the platform in the centre and dozens of workstations to the side. The second floor was more like a very wide balcony that hugged the entirety of the outer wall. On it were more workstations for the various operators that would man the station in the future. The stations served as terminals for weapons control, life-support systems and such. There was a lot more things you had to consider when you went into space. The second floor sported huge windows from floor to ceiling while the lower floor used screens here and there to look outside. When it would be filled to capacity four hundred people could work here. The fact that this thing had so many armaments, shields and other various systems contributed to this number. With a ship like the Ekliptica one man could operate the shields and about twenty could man the weapons but this thing was huge. The main weapon alone required four people to operate efficiently. Then there were the power plants of which there were four. Propulsion was another thing. In order to control the engines you needed at least eight people working together. Moving something this massive wasn't easy. Unless of course you were named Harry Potter and the entire structure was basically powered by you. His brow was furrowed in concentration as he linked with the station's core computer much like he had done once with the Ekliptica. He was launching the station by himself. Luna had deemed it the safest way to ensure everything would go as it should and Hermione had backed her up in that regard. The launch was well under way. He himself was a good ten kilometres up from the surface and everything was going well.

Something sort of pinged inside his mind. He was too focused on the process of getting the station into space and following the designated schedule while handling the engines to really pay attention to anything else. Before he could even look at what the ping was about something exploded near the number two engine. Alarms started going off and engine two shut down. Harry mentally cursed. He immediately tried to restart the engine but the process was too slow. He called up an altimeter and saw the station's ascend slowing down

gradually. More alarms started wailing and red warning lights flashed, bathing the bridge in a red foreboding light. Harry cursed some more as he saw the vertical speed drop to nil. The station started tilting towards the number two engine and then the vertical speed started counting up again but this time Harry's mental display was flashing red and a large minus blinked in and out of existence in front of the number. He fired the side thrusters and turned the station around so that the number four engine took the downed one its place. He fired the remaining engines at two hundred per cent their normal output in order to slow the station's descent. It had some effect but they could only be fired at this output in short burst otherwise they'd overheat and shut down. It helped some and the station righted itself somewhat but the second engine still wouldn't start. Even with the smaller lower engines, losing one sixth of your propulsion didn't do a lot of good. The descent rate was kept to a minimum but there was no stopping the millions of tons of steel from going down.

Hermione had been monitoring the ship's ascent along with Luna, comparing various amounts of actual data they were receiving with predictions they made. Everything seemed to be going according to plan. Hermione tapped Luna on the shoulder and stepped over to the large window at the front of the Potter's bridge to see the thing move with her own eyes. A happy smile graced her features as she gazed at the magnificent sight. The Potter was absolutely dwarfed by the massive structure it was circling. The main weapon was now passing by the Potter and a shiver ran down Hermione's spine as she thought about the power it possessed. She had calculated that when fired at maximum it could even affect global weather for over a decade of course that would never be necessary. If all went well it would never have to fire to begin with.

She moved her face closer to the window so that she could look up and she was amazed at how tall it actually was as the outer ring of the central structure was already a good kilometre and a half above her. She turned away to go back to Luna when behind her the people still gazing at the launch gave shocked gasps. She whirled around again.

"The number two engine shut down, cause unknown." Yelled Luna from behind her.

She sprang back to the window and pressed her face against the glass. She saw a plume of smoke coming from the aforementioned engine and it sputtered and died.

“What happened?” demanded Hermione.

“I don’t know.” Said Luna as she gritted her teeth and typed away furiously on her keyboard. “Harry’s trying to get it back online but it won’t start. He’s trying to adjust but vertical speed is decreasing and it’s tilting towards the north at an angle of ten degrees. If he doesn’t do something quickly he won’t make it into orbit.”

Hermione used some particularly explicit swear words which not many had heard her utter before and she looked back outside as indeed the station came to a halt in front of her eyes. The main weapon was hanging down at an angle and ever so slowly she saw the weapon starting to go down again. She looked up and saw Harry had turned the station around and the number four engine was now trying to make up for the tilt.

Hermione grabbed the headset Luna had on her head and tried to contact Harry. She knew it was most likely in vain since he was immersed in Zeus’ systems but it was worth a shot.

“Harry, turn another forty five degrees, it will increase thrust on the north side!” she yelled but got no reply.

“It can’t be stopped now.” said Luna gravely as she watched the screen in front of her intently “Zeus will crash into the ocean.”

Hermione saw a couple of scenarios course through her mind and she liked none of them.

“Order the fleet to scatter anywhere but to the north. Tell them to raise their shield and put their sterns towards the central structure. Have them all prepare for a tidal wave hitting them.” ordered Hermione.

“Vessels detected on the horizon.” The radar operator yelled through the din as dozens of people started ordering the ships on what to do.

This time it was Neville who stepped forward.

“Bugger, at a time like this? Tell all ships to ready for combat as soon as Zeus has touched down. Get the Century out of there, give it two escort vessels and get it out of there fast. We can’t let the enemy see it.” Ordered Neville as he took a seat in the captain’s chair. “Take us up to ten thousand metres and find some clouds to hide behind or even Zeus if we have to. I’m beginning to think this was no accident and if they can cripple Zeus they can most likely finish us in one shot. Contact the Ekliptica and tell Andrew to get down here ASAP, guns blazing if need be. Raise shield to maximum, charge all energy cylinders except transportation. Get those shield emitters online and set them to auto activate.”

“Yes sir.”

Harry wasn’t having an easy time getting the station under control and in all honesty he didn’t really think crashing something six kilometres long and four wide was having it under control at all. Sure, the tilt was only five degrees right now and the station had drifted a little to the north so that cleared it from crashing back down into the construction yard but he was guessing the impact wasn’t going to be any fun. He saw the mental counter reaching one hundred and fifty meters and braced himself. He could only pray he wouldn’t crush any of their own ships. It took another ten seconds before the tip of the massive beam weapon struck the water. A huge geyser erupted in its wake as it struck the water. Ships scurrying away from it were sucked back towards it as water rushed towards the beam weapon, filling in the gap the massive structure was creating. An alarm blared from within the construction yard as the shields holding the water out were starting to experience higher loads than normal. The sudden deceleration at the bottom made the station tilt another fifteen degrees before Harry got it under control. That was, until the tip struck the bottom of the ocean. The tip of the beam weapon screeched to an almost complete stop while the much heavier top of

the station continued onwards, or better said, downwards. Harry saw the mental display showing the angle of the station go from twenty degrees to thirty, forty, fifty and just when it reached sixty the main body hit water. The station decelerated fast. Unfortunately for Harry his body wanted to continue at the same speed. He shot off the platform and hit a steel bulkhead at the side of the bridge at a speed of around a hundred and twenty kilometres an hour. The only thing he remembered later was the fact that he had crossed his arms in front of him and screamed at the top of his lungs before everything went black.

The station tipped over and hit the ocean. Those on the bridge of the Potter saw the tsunami erupt outwards on all sides from the displacement. Over four hundred meters tall and travelling at an immense speed it was a wave of destruction that could crush nearly anything beneath it. Crews aboard ships prayed and fear made their hearts stop as it rushed towards them. Twelve ships were engulfed by the wall of water while the others were protected by the construction yard's shields. The protective slab was back in place by now. The massive wave hit the shield full force and collapsed. Trillions of litres of water suddenly started moving at once as the sudden gap in the middle of the ocean was filled with water once again. Ships were dragged towards the centre where the wave clashed with all the intruding forces of water. The turmoil this created would've most likely crushed anything caught in it like a tin can. Inside the construction yard everything clattered and shook as the equivalent of a small nuclear bomb was detonated above them. The ceiling shook and lights fell down. The shields supporting the ceiling held but massive cracks formed in the rock. Water rushed in, in powerful jets spouting from the walls. Another alert was raised and people struggled to get the intruding water under control before the entire facility was flooded.

Up in the air the crew on the Potter wasn't aware of any of this. All they could do at the moment was gaze in fear and awe at the spectacle below them. Ships were tossed in the raging waters as if they were toys. Some were dragged beneath the torrents while others rode the waves or struggle to keep away from the devastation.

The wave reached its end and the sea calmed down again.

An alert sounded on the bridge of the Potter and before anyone or anything could react the ship shook violently and veered of course going in a steep dive. The helmsman got it under control quite fast aided by the ships internal guidance systems which assisted if the ship made any sudden moves caused by external forces.

‘Outer shield on the port side is down sir. Emitters were unable to intercept, it was moving too fast.’

Neville crawled back into the captain’s chair.

“Damn, that was a good one.” He muttered “Taking down the shield in one shot. Set internal gravity to highest sensitivity and set it to exert twice normal pressure from all sides at idle, that’ll make us shake around a little less but will make it tougher on us. Take us down to as low as you dare Mr. Courtney and take as much evasive manoeuvres as you dare. Don’t let them get a clear hit. How’s Zeus doing?”

“Status unknown.” Said Luna as she looked at her monitors

“No response from Harry.” Said Hermione

“I’m sure he’ll be alright. He can’t be dead if the thing is still intact, he’s too tough for that. What’s the status on our fleet?”

“Three ships are missing sir, we haven’t spotted them yet. Two other’s are having difficulties remaining afloat as they’ve capsized but we’ve received confirmation that they’ll make it, They are working on it as we speak, the other seventeen ships in the vicinity are prepared for battle.” Reported the fleet operator.

“Good. Have them take formation and take evasive manoeuvres until we know what the hell was shooting at us. What’s the distance to the enemy fleet?”

“Thirty kilometres sir.”

“Damn,” said Neville a little impressed “they hit us with such force from that distance?”

“Captain Andrew says he’ll be arriving in twenty seconds.”

“Alright, we’ll begin our advance towards them when he arrives. Can we get a clear visual of the enemy’s strength?”

“Bringing it up now sir.”

A large screen at the front of the bridge flickered and it showed a massive fleet with battleships, frigates, a giant flagship and hundreds of smaller ships interspersed between them. One ship caught Neville’s attention.

“Zoom in on the one to the left of the flagship, the one to the left of it and at the back of the fleet.”

The image flickered again and a ship the size of a frigate came into view. The only difference with a regular frigate was that the bridge stood all the way to the back of the ship and the front was dominated by one massive barrel easily twenty meters in diameter and eighty meters long.

“That’s a big gun.” Said one of the crew members “Is that what hit us? No wonder it caused the shield to collapse.”

“That’s not it.” Said Hermione and Luna at the same time

“A regular cannon that uses gunpowder could never be used of that size. The barrel would simply explode from the force pressing outwards against it and the shell would never maintain such high velocity over such a distance.” Luna continued

“Then what is it?” asked Neville a little apprehensively

“A linear mass driver.” Answered Hermione.

“A what?”

“A device that hurls objects forwards at immense speeds through the use of magnetic fields. A very powerful weapon but something I didn’t believe they would be able to construct. There is no power source capable of producing such immense amounts of power.” Explained Hermione

“It is possible.” said Luna “We could build one for example. Our cores deliver more than enough power to power one.”

“Yes but the Americans can’t construct cores. Can they?” asked Hermione, a little afraid of the answer. If the Americans could build cores like Harry could they were in serious danger.

“Run a scan on their fleet for high magical activity.” Said Luna

“High energy readings coming from the ship. Not as powerful as the cores on the Ekliptica or the Potter but at least cruiser class.” The Madar operator reported.

“That can’t be.” exclaimed an unbelieving Hermione “It’s impossible, only Harry can...”

“Ginny.” Offered Luna as an explanation

This shut Hermione up pretty effectively.

“The ships are dispersing. They’re moving away from the mass driver ship. Heightened energy levels detected!” the officer started to grow frantic as he saw the readings “This is impossible! Not even the Ekliptica emits this much energy!”

“Activate booster and pull up sharply, all hands brace for impact!” yelled Neville.

The Potter pulled up sharply, just in time to avoid the projectile as it flew by them faster than the ship's sensors could keep track of it until it was well passed them.

"Did it hit anything?" asked Neville, concerned for Insania

"No sir, it flew over the island."

"Thank god." Breathed Neville

"How is this possible?" asked Luna as she looked at the energy readings now on her screens

"Dumbledore." hissed Hermione as she looked at the screen, Luna looked at her oddly "Don't forget he was the one that sabotaged the core construction of the Potter and we've seen Ginny use some of Harry's skills. Using Ginny he might've been able to construct a core and he is far more knowledgeable when it comes down to magical theory and its finer aspects."

"He can construct cores and make them more powerful?" asked Neville a little afraid.

"Not necessarily." said Luna as she typed furiously on her keyboard "I he was able to make them like we do that wouldn't be the only ship having one and it appears it can only give that much power in short bursts so it might get depleted a lot faster than ours. But it does appear he found a way to minimize the effects a core has on electrical systems."

"Ekliptica incoming."

"Alright." Said Neville, determination burning in his eyes "We'll take down that ship and show them that that power is ours and ours alone to use. All ships take formation behind the Ekliptica! Start the advance towards the enemy fleet. Contact Insania and tell them to send out our second fleet. They will support the main fleet and defend it in any way they can. Ask Captain Andrew and the underground

base to launch all TSFs. We will ascend and offer a good target for them to practice on.”

“Yes sir.”

“This is going to be quite the battle and this time it seems Harry won’t be backing us up. Let’s hope we can live up to this task and get through it alive.” Said Neville.

Everyone on the bridge nodded and the Potter pulled up sharply.

On the bridge of the MFAS Retribution fleet commander Abraham Skipper was having a field day. Finally the day had come he would get his revenge. They had taken down the giant thing they had been launching. He found it regrettable that it hadn’t exploded or been crushed by the impact but they could finish it later. It didn’t seem like it would be going anywhere anytime soon. They had already gotten a near shot at the flying one. It was responsible for the death of thousands of soldiers so destroying it was of high priority but now their flagship had appeared and that one took priority over everything for him. The ship responsible for the destruction of his fleet. It would be taken down first. They were getting close to the giant structure lying on its side but it was dead in the water, none of the guns were moving so it should be safe.

‘ Order all ships to take formation and clear a path for the Warhammer. Order it to shoot their flagship first and then take out the flying one. Let all the smaller ships go to the front of the line and start the operation. Where are the Sneak, Spy and Haunted Mage?’ said the commander.

“They are circling around sir. They are transmitting the enemy ship’s coordinates and are asking permission to attack.”

“Negative. They are a last resort, have them continue as they are.” the commander offered.

“Warhammer is ready to fire sir.”

“Sink that blasted ship. Shoot it to tiny bits!”

On board the bridge of the INIS Ekliptica.

“Sir, we’re detecting high energy reading from the mass driver ship and it’s aiming at us!” The Madar officer reported.

“Evasive actions! Don’t let that thing hit us.” yelled Captain Andrew.

The ship listed heavily as it veered sharply to port.

“We won’t make it in time sir!”

“All hands brace for impact!” yelled Andrew as he prepared for the worst.

“Energy is spiking!”

The ship’s massive cannon discharged and the deadly projectile it spewed forth made its way towards the Ekliptica. For Andrew time slowed down and he laughed bitterly in those few short moments before his life was ended.

‘I certainly haven’t proven myself if I let my ship sink the first time I command it in battle.’ He thought.

Luckily for him and his reputation his time had not come. Just before the projectile would’ve hit the Ekliptica something massive blocked the bridge’s view. There was a truly terrible sound. Like metal screeching and being torn to shreds combined with the sound of a crystal glass pinging but a thousand times louder.

The potter zoomed away, it staggered from the blow against the deflector shield and skimmed the water for a few seconds but managed to right itself again and fly off towards the skies. Everyone on the bridge gave a sigh of relief.

“Relay my thanks to Captain Neville for the rescue.” Said Andrew with a sigh of relief

“Yes sir. All TSFs are out of the bay sir. The underground base says it is still having trouble because of the turbulent waters but they should be clear in another minute. The secondary fleet is on its way, ETA twelve minutes.”

“Alright, continue our advance.” Ordered Andrew.

“Sir, shouldn’t we dive and attack the enemy fleet from under water?” the ship’s tactical officer asked.

“Negative. If we do that the rest of the fleet will become the target until we decide to show ourselves again. Ask the Potter to cover us until the second fleet arrives. Tell the TSFs to circle the entire fleet and search for submarines. We know they have them and it would surprise me if they won’t use them in this battle. When will we be in range of the enemy fleet?”

“The fleet is moving at top speed sir but it will take another fifteen minutes before our guns will be able to reach them.”

“Damn, that’s too long.” muttered Andrew “Well, it can’t be helped. We’ll have to endure long enough to get in range.”

On board the MFAS retribution.

“ Damn,” swore Commander Abraham Skipper “who would’ve thought they had something that could withstand the Warhammer.”

“Enemy is almost in range for long range bombardment sir.”

The commander rubbed his hands together.

“ Order all ships to open fire with APFeR (Armour Piercing Fragmentation Rounds) and alternate fire with high explosive shells.”

“Yes sir.”

A couple of minutes ticked by as both fleets cruised towards one another. The Warhammer fired two more shots. One missed completely and struck the ocean while the other shot was intercepted by the Potter.

“All ships are ready to fire sir.”

“On my mark, FIRE.”

A wall of flame erupted on the horizon as the entire American fleet opened fire.

Warning signals started going off on the ships as their sensors started tracking and calculating the enemies' projectiles.

“All hands prepare for impact, evasive actions!” yelled Andrew.

The entire Insania fleet broke formation as they tried their best to avoid as much of the incoming enemy fire as possible. The computers all went haywire when the incoming shells suddenly split up into thousands of smaller projectiles a quarter of a kilometre before impact. The Gatling cannons on the ships were useless when confronted with so many projectiles and sputtered out thousands of energy bolts uselessly. The ocean churned and shields flickered as the thousands of projectiles slammed into them. The sight was frightening as the entire fleet was showered by enemy fire.

“Damage report?” asked Neville as he looked down at the carnage from the Potter's bridge.

“The shields of the Sirius Black failed for a moment, damage is minimal. The Tropical suffered some damage to the command tower but they're still able to fight they say.”

“It seems they really intend to defeat us this time and they have the power to do it too.” commented Luna

“And not even all the players are on the field yet.” Added Hermione with a worried look

“So it seems but this battle hasn’t even started yet. We have yet to get in range and then the tables will turn.” Said Neville confidently

“The enemy’s mass driver is powering up again!”

“Prepare to intercept if necessary Mr. Courtney.’

“Yes sir.”

“Captain, the smaller ships are gathering in a line in front of the main fleet.” The Madar officer reported.

“What are they up to?” the tactical officer asked as he looked at the gathering ships through his binoculars.

The answer was shown to him when the small turrets on the front deck of the ships all opened fire at once. Bright lances of white-hot flame poured out. The flash was so bright it hurt the tactical officer’s eyes.

“What the hell?” muttered Neville as he rose from his chair to look at the white wall of flame “What’s the meaning of this?”

“Sir, we’ve lost visual of the enemy fleet and can’t keep track of them like this. Those flames our disrupting the Madar signals.” The Madar officer said

“Can we keep track of the mass driver like this?” asked Hermione concerned

“We’ve lost sight of the power levels.” said Luna as she typed away on her keyboard “I can estimate the time of firing from the start-up time down to the second.”

“We can see still see their firing direction from up here.” Said the tactical officer as he looked through his binoculars again.

“Get to work then people.” ordered Neville “Ask Andrew if he can send his TSFs to take out that wall of flame. We can’t afford being blind.’

“TSFs are already on their way Sir.”

“Alright, prepare to block the next shot.” Said Neville.

The fleet steamed forward under barrage from the Americans.

“Ten seconds until firing.” Said Luna.

“I’m beginning the run.” Said Courtney as he pointed the nose of the Potter down.

As the Potter descended the enemy fleet vanished from sight behind their barrier of flame and the tactical officer looked worried about it.

“How are the TSFs doing?” he asked.

“They’re about a quarter of the way sir.”

“Tell them to hurry, I want to see what they’re doing as soon as we can.”

“Four, three, two, one.....”

The Potter appeared in front of the bridge of the Ekliptica right on the mark. Everyone braced themselves for the impact and the rough ride that would follow. The Potter zoomed away again clearing the view of the Ekliptica’s bridge.

Nothing had happened.

A couple hundred meters to starboard of the Ekliptica and a good half kilometre back the INIS Hot Stuff seemed to disappear from existence. One moment the ship was there and the next only flying pieces of steel, glass and clouds of red vapour were in its place. Luckily there was no core explosion which surprised most but all the

energy stored in the cylinders had to escape somehow. The shockwave of the impact made the Ekliptica shudder slightly. It took another few moments before everything ignited in a giant ball of fire and nothing remained of the ship.

“Holy ...” the roar of the explosions drowned out Andrew’s words.

“What happened?” an enraged Neville yelled.

“They didn’t aim for the Ekliptica.” Whispered a shocked Luna.

“They realised it was useless if we could withstand it so they picked an easier target.” Said Hermione.

“Bastards.” Muttered Neville.

“It’s only the reasonable thing to do. This isn’t a game.” The voice of Andrew Waldfeld said over the comm. channel as his face appeared on the screen at the front of the bridge.

“That doesn’t make it right. Pick on someone your own size.” Muttered Neville angrily.

“It’s a fact we can’t let a second ship go down like that.” Said Andrew morosely “This ship will take the lead,” he said loudly addressing those on his bridge “Ekliptica, full speed ahead. We will draw their attention.”

“We will do back you up, if you start steaming ahead they’re sure to target you again. Whether they can take you out or not, letting you get into firing range is not an option. How are the TSFs doing?”

Bridge of the MFAS Retribution

“Sir, the Spy is reporting small submersibles heading our way.” The Communications officer yelled.

“Do we have their exact positions?” the commander asked.

“Yes sir.”

“All ships, prepare to launch countermeasures!”

“They’re about halfway sir.” The tactical officer answered Neville’s question.

“Tell them to hurry up and take out those small vessels.”

“Sir,” the Madar operator yelled “Something’s happening, the ships are changing positions.”

“What now?” Asked Neville a little worried.

They all waited in suspense to see what the Americans had cooked up now. It didn’t take long before they saw it.

Ten of the frigates lined up. Long rectangular tubes, four grouped together on a turret, all swivelled and pointed in the same direction, almost straight up but inclined a little towards the front of the ships. Hatches at the front opened with a pneumatic hiss. Moments later dozens of small blasts in quick succession erupted from forty of these turrets, like a cannon firing but not as loud. One hundred and sixty long rectangular objects shot out with fins extending from the side as soon as they left the launchers. They were a kind of like missiles but far less aerodynamic with a flat nose. Rocket engines activated and all one hundred and forty objects shot up took to the sky. They flew up high over the wall of flame until they reached about three quarters of their preset altitude. The rocket engines died out and they reached the apex of their vertical path. They began freefalling down to earth guided slightly by the fins until they crashed into the ocean in the area where the TSFs were. Each projectile had about a thousand kilograms of explosives in it and when they reached their preset depth one hundred and sixty thousand kilograms of explosives exploded at about the same time within a radius of fifty meters, which amounts to about twenty kilograms of explosives per square metre.

The Madar officer blinked dumbly at his screen.

“They’re gone.” He whispered.

“What!?” yelled Neville.

“The TSFs, they’ve disappeared.”

Everyone looked at the white foaming sea where the geyser from the explosions was just dying down. Steam covered the area. Water evaporated by the immense heat so much explosives caused.

“Damn, this just keeps getting better and better.” Said a grimacing Neville “Now we’ll have to wait even longer until we can take down those ships.”

A volley of shells rained down up Insania’s ships.

“Despite the fact that we can’t see them and they can’t see us they’re still managing to fire rather accurately, wouldn’t you say?” Hermione pointed out as she looked at Luna who was looking at one of their ships. It was spewing smoke from a fire just below the upper deck.

“Yes, you’re right. It’s weird, we can’t see them unless we’re high enough so you’d think it’s the same for them. And unlike us they don’t seem to have any aircraft to spot us and relay our positions.”

“We’re forgetting about the submarines they had last time.” Said Andrew who looked a little worried on the screen “It would surprise me if they didn’t use them this time. They were the only ships that even managed the damage the Ekliptica last time.”

“Is there any trace of them?” Neville asked.

The Madar operator shook his head.

“We’re not detecting anything either.” Said Andrew.

“Another shot from the cannon is coming up.” Said Luna.

The Ekliptica was now steadily gaining speed and leaving the rest of the fleet behind. With a top speed twice as high as a regular INIS cruiser it didn't take long before the Ekliptica was alone at the front. The bow wave with the engines running at full speed and the ship's front stabilizers at work made for quite an impressive sight. Had the enemy been able to see it a few of them would have swallowed hard. The stabilizers had made the ship rise out of the water a good two meters reducing drag considerably.

“On our way to intercept; let's just hope they aim at you this time.” Said Neville as everyone braced themselves for another run.

“You know, telling your comrade you're hoping the enemy points its most powerful gun at you really isn't all that nice.” Said Andrew with a frown.

“If it makes you feel any better, we're throwing ourselves straight in its path to stop it for you.” Said Neville with a smirk.

“That does make me feel a little bit better.” Said Andrew with a nod.

The Potter made its way towards the Ekliptica but apparently the Americans had thought up another strategy to counter the Potter's nearly impenetrable defence. A few moment's before the Warhammer opened fire all ships opened fire as well aiming at the Ekliptica and the spot where the Potter would be by the time the shells reached them. This was probably in the hope that the combined firepower of the Warhammer and the fleet would overpower the shield of the Potter.

If the Potter had been equipped with only one shield emitter this would've worked quite nicely but luck was against the Americans. The first Shield Emitter expanded its shield at exactly the right time to block the incoming shot from the Warhammer as it was programmed to do, the sensors not nearly fast enough to intercept the projectile while in auto-mode. The shells coming from above on the other hand were a lot slower and one of the aft Shield Emitters had plenty of time

to swivel around and expand a second shield above the Potter. When neither the Potter nor the Ekliptica disappeared from the subs' sonar after the shot they were sorely disappointed.

"Well, we managed to incite their wrath upon us at least." Remarked Andrew.

"So it seems." Said Neville as soon as the Potter was once again flying steady "So what do we do about those subs?"

"Sending out a few ships to search for them is out of the question." Said Luna immediately "Last time they managed to cripple the Ekliptica with Harry powering it almost directly. They'd be destroyed. We can't sacrifice a ship to find them."

"Any other ideas?" asked Andrew in a resigned voice.

"Just let them be for now." suggested the tactical offices in a dead voice as he stared down at the situation map.

"What?" everyone demanded as if he was crazy.

"It doesn't matter if they know our positions. Our shields can bear with their assault for now and we can deal with that massive cannon. How long until the support fleet arrives?"

"Four minutes."

"We'll just have to deal with it until then, we'll be in range shortly afterwards. The odds will be stacked in our favour then and the subs will emerge once they see they can't win. We'll take care of them then." The tactical officer said in a determined tone.

"You seem quite confident." Remarked Neville.

"We have to be. Losing is not an option."

Harry slowly regained consciousness. His head was pounding and his vision swam. He tried to move and a sharp stab of pain from his chest made him hiss. He ignored it though. He looked around and saw he was lying against the wall of the bridge. Outside the horizon was vertical which was weird, he thought. Images came back to him and he remembered what happened. He swore loudly. Nothing ever went as planned.

He stood up and looked around. Despite the alarms blaring and warning lights flashing the bridge still seemed intact. He had lost contact with Zeus' computer. He didn't know what had happened but whatever it was, the fact that nobody was here yet to help him or see if he was alright disturbed him. He sat down on the bulkhead and connected his mind with Zeus again. The system came online and the first thing that drew his attention was the situation outside as Zeus' Madar systems started up again.

"That can't be good." He muttered still a little groggily.

He opened a comm. channel with the Potter and was relieved to hear Hermione's voice.

"Harry?" she asked worried "Are you alright?"

"A little battered and bruised but I'm still breathing." he joked as he ran through a systems check.

"Harry, we don't have time, we're in a large scale battle with the Americans and frankly the situation isn't all that favourable for us." Said Hermione.

"I'll come over and deal with it." Said Harry with determination.

"You can't." interrupted Luna's cool and composed voice as she tapped into the comm. channel "We can't risk anything happen to Zeus at this point. Leaving it unmanned would be dangerous. You need to get Zeus into orbit first and come down later."

"Zeus can take care of itself, ensuring your safety comes first."

“We’ll handle it.” Snapped Luna “If Zeus suffers damage in the way it is now we could be sat back by months, we can’t risk that.”

“She’s right Harry.” Said a hesitant Hermione.

Harry sighed mentally. “I guess you’re right.”

“What’s Zeus’ status.” Asked Luna calmly.

Harry quickly filtered through the data the systems check was feeding him. “Damn, you guys certainly built an impressive piece of machinery. There’s no damage whatsoever.”

“Good.” Said Luna “Can you get it up and on its way to orbit again?”

“I don’t think so. The thrusters won’t do me any good right now. They won’t be able to handle righting it from such an angle.” Sighed Harry as he activated Zeus’ shields.

“You could use the experimental Gravitation Drive.” Suggested Hermione.

There was a pause before Harry asked: “Is it safe to use and will it be able to handle the stress?”

Another pause.

“The tests imply that it will do just fine. While our test models were not nearly the scale of Zeus’ I see no reason why it wouldn’t work.” Said Luna.

“Then I’ll try that. Maybe I can even snap of some shots with Zeus’ weapons.” Said Harry.

“You will do no such thing.” Said Luna sternly “You must not in any way draw unnecessary attention to Zeus if at all possible. Certainly not while the weapon that brought it down is still operational.”

“Somehow I think moving this thing will draw more than enough attention.” Said Harry a little irritated.

“Perhaps,” retorted Luna immediately “but if you move they’ll be startled, that’s for sure, but there’s a big difference between a moving target that appears to be attempting to flee and a target that fights back with a large amount of firepower. Andrew is their target for now and we’re dealing with it so let it be as it is for now.”

Harry was about to protest but Hermione cut in.

“I’m sorry Harry but I agree with Luna on this. We’re managing the situation as best as we can and we need Zeus up where it belongs.” She said a little sadly and there was another pause “Trust on us for now. You don’t have to save us every single time you know. Let us handle this fight and come down when Zeus is safely in a stable orbit.”

After a long pause and with a sigh Harry agreed.

“Alright, but if any of you dare to die while I’m dealing with Zeus I’ll bring down Hell itself to drag you out of it and give you my own personal punishment for betraying my trust.”

“Understood.” Both girls said at the same time.

“Harry out.” And with that he broke the channel and focused on what needed to be done.

He tapped into the part of Zeus’ systems that controlled the experimental Gravitation Drive. The theory behind the entire thing boggled Harry’s mind and he knew he could never understand its precise working but he did know it was an extension of the Potter’ s internal Gravitation Manipulation System. Instead of counterattacking the effects of Gravity when accelerating or doing short turns and dives the Drive actually uses gravity to move around. Much like the TSF but on a much larger scale and with a bit more kick to it. Luna also said it was another step towards her ultimate weapon. The TSF did use a similar drive but it didn’t operate in exactly the same way. A

TSF didn't need to be held up constantly as it floated just a little underwater. The only thing the Drive on a TSF does is propel it forward and then make it move sideways, up and down, or turn in a desired direction. The Drive Zeus possessed had to hold up the station against the immense force that was gravity while it could manipulate that same force to move in any desired direction at the same time. Luna had tried to explain its working to him. He had understood it up until the point where the part that counteracted gravity and kept the station up collided with the theory of movement at the same time and the flow of forces became very confusing. He did understand one thing though, it was an awesome piece of machinery that would revolutionize means of propulsion in the future. And while Zeus' Gravitation Drive was actually a backup since the thrusters were still the primary source of propulsion it would already prove its worth. Harry actually felt a thrill at the prospect that it wouldn't be all that long until Luna's ultimate weapon would be complete and he would finally be able to take it out for a spin. He could already imagine the thrill the machine would give with a Gravitation Drive as its primary propulsion. It wasn't how it was originally planned but the new system did seem a lot more adequate in Harry's opinion.

Focusing back on his task he disengaged the safety locks on the Drive system and started the boot sequence. He could instantly feel the thrum of power flowing from Zeus' four power cores to the Drive. Taking control of the Drive's operating system felt a bit...weird for Harry. The way you operate it feels more like manipulating your thoughts into commands that move the station. While complex to learn in the beginning it made for a much smoother moving of the entirety and you didn't need multiple people working together closely. The Drive reached its optimal power requirements and as the hum in Harry's body increased the water surrounding the station started moving in random patterns as the fields of Gravity the Drive manipulated distorted the normal working of the Earth's natural Gravity in the area immediately surrounding the station. There was a loud scraping of metal on stone as the station moved its first inch with Harry still struggling to get the Drive's operation completely under control. Slowly but surely the station started lifting itself out of the water, water running down its smooth exterior armour plating, docking bay doors and multitude of armaments in small rivers. Water churned

and currents formed against the distorted gravity as the station took up less space in the ocean. It took a minute or three to fully right it, mainly because Harry was still a little cautious of making fast movements with this new system and such a missive structure. As soon as it the bridge was aimed straight at the sky again the thrusters roared to life and jets of bright bleu flame made the ocean hiss and boil. The station shook and shuddered as the most powerful engines ever built propelled the station up.

Harry called up an image of one of the exterior cameras and saw his fleet fighting with the Americans.

‘Just hold on a bit longer. I’ll be there shortly, I promise.’

By the time the station was gaining speed towards the sky the second fleet had finally caught up and both Neville and Andrew were starting to feel more confident again.

“Alright,” said Andrew with a confident smirk “We have the second fleet to protect us now and all the available TSFs are guarding the fleet. The tides are starting to turn. In another minute we’ll be in firing range and then the game can finally begin.”

Neville’s eyes were burning with determination and the need to enact some revenge for the comrades they’d lost so far: “Attention to everyone in the combined fleet of the Independent Nation of Insania. We will begin our assault on T-minus forty seconds, be prepared and stay alive, we will show these pigs the reason why you don’t attack us on our own terrain.”

On all the ships cheering could be heard.

“Commencer operation.” Yelled Neville as he stood up from his chair and made a dramatic gesture.

On board the MFAS Retribution

“Sir,” the tactical officer said slightly worried “The enemy fleet will be in range shortly and we still haven’t taken out their flagship. What are we going to do?”

“Remain calm for starters.” Said Abraham Skipper in a strong tone “We didn’t manage to take it out so far but it seems they’re getting a little overconfident.”

The commander was looking through a pair of binoculars at the Potter now flying a good ten thousand meters up into the air.

“Their protection is a little too far and the Warhammer is almost ready. I don’t know what they’re planning but they won’t make it in time for this shot. All ships, prepare a synchronized volley together with the Warhammer. Make sure all Torpile Turrets are ready to fire. They dealt with those small submersibles quite adequately, maybe we’ll take out a ship or two with them as well.”

“Yes sir.”

“Warhammer is ready to fire in twenty seconds.”

“ Very good.” Muttered the commander as he put away his binoculars “We’ll show them just what we’re made of.”

“Sir,” his second in command yelled “the airborne one is beginning a dive.”

“It doesn’t matter.” Said the commander dismissively “They won’t make it in time, I assure you.”

“But sir, he’s not aiming for their flagship, they’re flying towards us!”

“ What!” the commander yelled surprised “All ships, abort synchronized firing of the main guns and aim at that ship, don’t let it get to us!”

“Yes sir!”

“Are they really going to sacrifice one of their flagships to get a hit on us?” Commander Skipper wondered aloud.

On board the INIS Potter

Luna started counting down: “Enemy ship is firing in ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five...”

And then numerous things started happening at once.

Two of the smaller ships equipped with Shield Emitters, which had been sailing in front of the Ekliptica's bow, turned toward each other so that their bows were pointed towards the same spot a little in front of the Ekliptica's bow and a 120-degree arc formed between them. By the time Luna reached zero the two emitters on each ship activated and formed a combined barrier. The power of four Shield Emitters working together to form one shield didn't even give the shell from the Warhammer a one in a million chance of getting through. Although the noise was even worse. The ships rocked back and forth from the impact but they managed to remain upright. Once again one hundred and sixty of the projectiles that took out the first wave of TSFs were launched. These Torpiles as they were called, a combination of a missile and a torpedo, once again flew over the wall and came crashing down on Insania's fleet but they were prepared for it this time. A couple dozen Shield Emitters went off at the same time enveloping almost every single ship in at least two separate shields. At the same time the second type of the smaller vessels saw its first actions as the two Triple Gatling Turrets on each ship started spewing their fire into the sky taking out most of the Torpiles before they ever even got close to a shield. And if this failure to even harm a single ship didn't throw the Americans of balance there was a giant iron bird of vengeance bearing towards them.

The Potter was now ell into its dive towards the Americans, or more specifically, the Warhammer. Everyone on board saw the guns on board of the Americans their ships going up to aim at them but they weren't fazed just yet. Just before the guns would've been locked onto them Neville gave the command with a smirk, which actually

looked more like a grimace. It was only natural when someone thought of the stunt they were about to pull.

“Activate the booster!”

Going from your top speed when in a dive run to twice that in a couple of mere seconds was later described by everyone on board in various ways. Suicidal, for example, insane, ludicrous, fun, quite the thrill, scary as in ‘I just wet my pants because I’m so frickin scared’ scary. It was even described as ‘a very satisfying occurrence’ by someone whom insisted to remain anonymous.

When the Americans saw the massive ship suddenly accelerate and fly above the reach of their guns most of them just pulled the trigger in the vain hope they might hit it by accident.

Hundreds of shells zoomed under, next and above the Potter, two even hit but the shields easily blocked the lucky shots. The fleet was coming closer at an alarming rate. The wall of flame loomed up ahead of them and the Potter didn’t slow down but flew right through it, the air displacement briefly creating a gap in the magically induced flames.

Many American sailors that survived the battle would claim they never saw anything scarier than the mammoth ship looming up out of the flames and passing their ship’s bridge or decks by mere metres in some cases. The Potter even rammed an antenna of one ship.

When Commander Abraham Skipper saw the Potter fly by his ship as fast as a fighter jet he knew the battle was as good as lost. Many of his men followed their natural instincts and dived for cover while the ship wouldn’t even hit them. Seeing so massive fly so close to you was a very intimidating experience.

As soon as the Potter had passed his ship the entire fleet saw their means of an easy victory vanish in a massive ball of flame and wreckage with a lot of secondary explosions following shortly afterwards and a fifth of their fleet disappearing in the blink of an eye.

It went like this:

“Turret number three, open fire!” Yelled Neville as they were passing the MFAS Retribution. The turret on the underside of the Potter opened fire straight ahead. The two beams rushed forward and slammed in the MFAS Warhammer’s bow. Because of the speed and the slight pulling up of the Potter as to not crash into the cursed ship the beams punched through the front of the ship like the metal was hot butter cut with a welding torch. Needless to say it was quite messy. The front of the ship exploded in a blinding ball of white-hot fire as even metal ignited. The ship’s single turret containing the linear cannon was blown up into the sky. All the ammunition on board for all secondary armaments simply exploded shortly afterward due to the massive heat. The ship had been designed and built in a rush so it wasn’t a swell armoured as others in the fleet. This also caused the wiping out of a fifth of the Americans’ fleet as the core it contained was not as protected as those on an INI ship. Luckily for them all the firing they had been doing meant that it was well past halfway depleted so when it exploded in a flash as bright as the sun shining upon your face full force when you’re just waking up the results were not as bad as when the Potter’s original core exploded but the shockwaves did shatter nearly every window pane on board the American fleet and the small tsunamis that ensued caused two ships to capsize.

On board the MFAs Retribution alarms were blaring and people were scrambling all ways without really achieving anything. Commander Skipper swore loudly as the ringing in his ears didn’t seem to subside and the piece of glass stuck in his left hand didn’t help his mood any.

“Cut of that Alarm!” he barked at a crew member who seemed to come to his senses as soon as the commander spoke to him “All of you calm down god damn it and get back to your posts, I want damage reports! Order the fleet to prepare for close range combat!”

He had just finished speaking when an explosion blew the front turret of the ship next to his to bits. Deadly red beams dissipated. The commander look towards the bow and saw the wall of flame had

been breached in the distance. Through it he could see the INIS Ekliptica still a good distance away but finally in firing range.

“All ships, evasive actions, fire at will!” yelled the commander “Tell them to get into attack formation Zeta. Order the fire boats to break formation and attack. Signal the Sky Marshal that the operation is a go. Send message to the subs to attack as they see fit.”

“Can we still win this?” asked his second in command, keeping his voice down a little as to not let any of the crew hear his question

“We can only pray for victory at this point.” The commander said in a grim tone.

“I guess you’re right.” Said the second in command with a mirthless chuckle as a ship to starboard had both its front turrets blown off and the one next to it its bridge.

“They’re not going to flee?” Asked Andrew a little worried as he saw the American ships turn sideways to use all their guns they still had available. Most of them fired at the Ekliptica since she was closest. The shields flickered from the onslaught of the two dozen remaining ships. The two smaller ships in at the bow managed to block another volley of the Torpiles while the Gatling turrets fired almost non stop. The Americans were getting more and more disorganized as the Ekliptica managed to sink at least one ship and damage seven more severely. From three other ships crewmembers were diving into the sea and getting onto lifeboats. It didn’t take long before the INIS fleet got in range. Two and a half dozen beams crossed the distance between the two fleets. Five MFAS ships were lost in that instant. The smaller fire ships zoomed past the Ekliptica and showered it with magical fire. The shields held but it seemed the magical fire spewed forth by these small vessels had a little more kick in it than anyone could imagine as the shield integrity quickly started dropping on that side of the ship. Gatling Turrets swivelled around as smaller eight and twelve inch guns opened fire from the Ekliptica’s sides. The Crewmembers operating them were thrilled as this was one of the first times they actually saw any action, most of the time the ships were too far away or dealt with already by the powerful main guns.

The fire boats quickly turned tail, fled away from the undefeatable behemoth, and rushed towards the fleet in hopes of finding some easier prey.

Back at the fleet all ships were sailing at top speed hoping to catch up with the Ekliptica as fast as they could, even if it was just to get a piece of the fight. The crew members of the ship sailing all the way to the right and a little behind the line the fleet was trying to maintain were very surprised when their ship suddenly lurched forward and explosions transformed their engine room into a pile of scrap with water rushing in so fast most crew members didn't even drown but were crushed against bulkheads by the water or between machinery as it flew around by the blast of ripped from its position by the force of the flooding.

This of course caused panic in the fleet and all ship forgot their mad rush for a moment as the all tried to get away from the cruiser as fast as they could. It didn't help a lot as in short sequence the three ships next to the first were all hit as well and faired similar fates.

"Sir," the captain of the Sirius Black yelled into his microphone "we're under attack, we believe it's the submarines!"

"Stay calm." Said the voice of Andrew "The Potter is on its way, the fleet is under your command now. Try and evade as much as you can but don't let up your fire, the TSFs have already received orders to hunt the enemy down, this shouldn't take long."

"Yes sir, we'll do our best."

"I expect nothing more."

"You heard Neville?" asked Andrew as he closed the channel with the Sirius Black.

"On our way, will you be alright?"

Andrew looked through the bridge windows, they were in the midst of the American fleet with ship trying to avoid him at all sides while firing

back desperately. Most shots didn't even hit him and three quarters of the enemy fleet couldn't even shoot at him since their comrades were in the way. The guns of the Ekliptica fired continuously. Ships burst into flames, turrets, engine rooms and ammunition storage bunkers exploded while on the side of the INIS fleet sporadic barrages missed and hit about evenly.

"It will take a bit longer like this but we'll manage, they're helpless at the moment." Said Andrew with a dangerous glint in his eyes, he cut the comm. channel. "My fellow citizens of Insania," Andrew spoke gloriously as he addressed all the crew members on board "I have but one request of you today: make them burn!"

The number three turret opened fire with its three cannons and a cruiser instantaneously blew up in the background.

"This is my revenge." Said Andrew, quiet enough so only he could hear it.

"This is the TSF squad commander, we've located the enemy. Destroy those subs!"

"Yes sir."

The three submarines were facing them, their propellers causing great disturbances in the water as they rotated at full speed. The torpedo doors opened and the commanders scoffed at them.

"You should run and dive as deep as you can go while you have the chance, none of those things will hit us with our manoeuvrability."

Not that the enemy cared apparently as eighteen torpedoes shot forth.

"Evasive actions! Don't get hit by those lumbering things!" yelled the squad commander as he turned sharply. Much sharper than a sub should be able to, thanks to their Gravity Manipulation Drives.

The pilots did as they were taught to do, split into five groups and each went in a different direction. The torpedoes split up as well and six of them went after a group each.

The commander laughed as he steered towards them, knowing for certain he could dodge to the side at the last moment, something that the torpedoes could not.

He was surprised when the torpedoes suddenly popped apart a good hundred meters before they were supposed to hit their target but they didn't explode with the awesome might of a regular one. Instead these torpedoes took more after the Torpiles. The smaller explosions made the tip burst open and two dozen smaller charges suddenly spread out covering a large area.

When you're travelling at close to eighty miles an hour a hundred metres is crossed in about three seconds. The commander never even had time to respond to the threat in time if he had even known what the torpedo would do. Six of his groups' TSFs exploded instantaneously while two others managed to make it out with heavy damage. One sunk shortly afterwards because his Drive failed and the interior was flooding.

Fifteen other TSFs underwent the same fate as the first. The rest stared dumbly through their cockpit windows for a moment and then at their Madar screens before they shook themselves back to reality.

"This is Lieutenant Kanner, all remaining TSF troops, rally behind me, they need to reload now! Charge and destroy!"

The three subs had hoped to take them all out with the first salvo but since that tactic had failed there was only one thing to do at the moment. Get away from the enemy as fast as you could.

The Haunted Mage, which was at the centre of their V-formation, made for an emergency dive while the Sneak turned hard to port and the Spy hard to starboard.

“Let the one make his dive, take out the other two first.” Ordered the lieutenant.

The TSFs split of into two groups and attacked the two subs.

Harry thought that outer space was a rather beautiful place. When he looked to his right he could see the earth slowly spinning, its vast blue oceans and green and white continents a very imposing sight. Everywhere else was the vast expanse of outer space which stretched out eternally. Stars twinkled much more brightly up here than down on earth and there were a thousands times more of them up here it seemed.

He wished he could enjoy the sight some more but he was needed elsewhere. Down on Earth the battle was still raging.

He was just about to walk towards on of the counters when an alarm of an emergence transmission drew his attention. He quickly made his way over to the commander’s chair and pressed a button.

“This is Commander Potter.” Harry said.

“Harry?” said the surprised voice of Draco Malfoy before it turned into relief “Thank the heavens, you’re alive.”

“Yes I’m alive, what’s the matter?” asked Harry a little irritated, he really wanted to go down and help.

A voice in his mind spoke up.

“Harry,” the ancient voice of Arakir spoke up “the island is under attack by an enemy from the sky. The others and myself are trying to hold them off but they are fast and many.”

Harry was startled by the sudden voice as he and Arakir usually talked face to face, sort off.

“I’ll be right there.” Said Harry.

“Harry?” asked Draco.

“Sorry.” Said Harry “Arakir just spoke to me saying there’s trouble down there.”

“They’re attacking us from the sky and we can’t fight back. The dragons...”

“I’ll be there as soon as I can.” Interrupted Harry as he cut the conversation short. Draco couldn’t even get in a word of protest.

Harry quickly made his way towards the transportation chamber. A room that would transport him back to Dragons’ Keep. Luna had warned him not to apparate as they didn’t know how certain kinds of magic would react in space. The voice of Arakir spoke up again.

“Harry, there isn’t much time, they are laying waste to the town and there is not much even you can do this high.”

“What do you want me to do then?” asked Harry a little harshly.

“I think it’s time you embraced another part of yourself.”

“Another part of myself?” asked Harry perplexed “What other side.”

“I cannot explain. Our way of seeing it will most likely only confuse you and there is no time to explain it now either.”

“But then how...”

“Do you trust me Harry?”

There was a long pause as he thought it over but he continued to make his way down to the chamber.

“It depends on what you want me to do.”

“Then it might be difficult.”

On board the Haunted Mage.

“Sir, I’m hearing the sound of a large implosion and the Spy has disappeared from sonar.”

“Damn.” Swore the Captain “Dive as deep as you dare, let’s hope those smaller ones can’t go that far down. How long until we’re reloaded?”

“Two minutes sir.”

“Damn it. At least we halved their underwater forces. I hope they’re faring better on the surface.”

“Another implosion sir, I’m almost certain it was the Sneak.”

Everyone on board quieted down and all seemed nervous and afraid. All that could be heard was the low humm off the engines and the periodic sounds of torpedoes being reloaded.

“ Torpedo tubes are loaded sir.” said the sailor ,whispering unconsciously as he entered the grim atmosphere on the bridge.

“Very well,” said the captain “Where is the enemy?”

“I have no idea sir, I lost contact after that last implosion.”

“Damn.” He swore and stayed silent for a moment “All engines stop, blow ballast tanks a hundred litres at a time, glide us up to 30 metres. Maybe we can remain unseen from them.”

“Aye sir.”

Harry had to admit, this was asking for a lot of trust. He was standing in one of the lowest parts of the station. An air lock to be more precise. The massive door before him was probably large enough to allow a small ship through.

“Somehow I really don’t feel comfortable about this.” He muttered.

“There is no turning back now Harry Potter. This is the best option, allow me into your mind.”

Harry sighed and let loose the barriers that closed off his mind to anyone outside. He could feel the old and powerful presence of Arakir entering his mind and merging with him. He could feel his arm move without him really wanting to. It creeped him out as he saw his hand move towards the large red button.

“Are you ready?”

“For this?” asked Harry incredulously “I don’t think anybody could ever be prepared for this.”

“Good enough.”

His hand pressed the button. Immediately the hiss of air being sucked into the vacuum of space filled the room. Gusts of air whipped past him but he stood firm. The door opened wider and the gusts intensified before he was lifted off his feet and dragged along. There was a moment where he marvelled at the beauty of space once more, this time without any kind of protection between him and the universe. No glass panes, no atmosphere, nothing at all. He floated there and he couldn’t describe the feeling. It was as if he was freer and more alive than ever before. His body twisted around and he saw the gargantuan station above him, looming up like a titan that ruled the sky. It seemed all the more impressive seeing it floating freely in space. He felt a sharp pull from the earth and he started freefalling down to Earth. His mind went numb but he could feel his body acting strangely. It felt as if something inside of him was trying to burst out. His body felt warm and tingly before a painful sensation rippled through it. He cried out in pain but in the vacuum of space nothing could be heard.

“This is Lieutenant Kanner, any sign of the enemy?” he asked worriedly as he scanned the ocean but he saw nothing but blackness this far down, only top up looked a little more greenish.

All members of the squad reported in that they had seen nothing as well.

“Where can that...” muttered Lieutenant Kanner before he was suddenly smacked against the front of the cockpit and a loud scraping noise almost made him deaf.

He pushed himself of the controls and looked around bewildered, he couldn't see anything in the blackness but when he looked closer and squinted his eyes a part of the ocean in front of him looked even darker than the rest. After a few moments the bulbous bow of the sub became visible.

“Dirty mother....” Kanner cursed as he made his TSF swerve to the side of the sub, turn ninety degrees so that he was facing it and opened fire.

“We're hit!” yelled a crewmember as bolts of energy sizzled through the compartment and jets of water shot through the holes, powerful enough to catapult a man into a bulkhead and crack his skull right open.

“Launch torpedoes. Emergency blow, get us up!” yelled the Captain.

The six torpedoes were launched but the sub was lost. The hull started tearing open from the numerous holes in the side and the sub imploded.

The implosion drowned out Kanner's swearing as he saw the six torpedoes take off into the distance, following a course he knew went to the fleet.

“After them!” he ordered “don't let them reach our ships.”

He himself sped up as fast as he could and managed to slowly catch up with the one closest to him. He opened fire with his energy guns but only managed to damage the propeller. This did cause the torpedo to sway a little un the beginning until it started spinning out of control and dived straight down into the depths.

The others had been ahead of the torpedoes and managed to shoot four down but the first torpedo got trough and was getting close to the fleet.

One of Kanner's men raced after it but instead of shooting it down he pulled up close next to it and rammed his TSF's nose into the propeller. All the blades sheared off and the torpedo was dead in the water before it too sunk down into the depths.

"Show-off." Muttered Kanner with a smile "Alright men, there's still a fight going on, let's go get 'em."

"Yes sir!"

"Damn those bastards." Muttered Neville as he looked at the screen at the front of the bridge. One side showed Insania where fires had started and occasional explosions in the village occurred. The other side showed the aerial battle.

"Fighter jets." Said Hermione as she looked at the screen.

"They've gotten pretty smart." Remarked Luna "They stay high enough so that our magic doesn't interfere with their systems and yet they use bombs that still work. But I have to wonder haw they managed this. I can't imagine the Americans actually having these."

"Not only that, but if fighter jets are all the way out here that most likely means a carrier is as well and I'm pretty sure they don't have one of those of their own."

"You mean they went to the muggle government for help?" asked Neville.

“Most likely but I doubt they know the real story or anything, it’s still impossible for a muggle to see Insania unless we allow them to.” Said Hermione.

“So they’re not muggles flying those planes?” asked Neville.

“It seems very unlikely that they are wizards or even squibs, That would mean an entire squadron of jet pilots would have to be magical.” Said Hermione.

“Let’s think about it later, right now we need to deal with them as fast as we can.” Said Luna with determination.

“It might be difficult.” Said Neville as he looked intently at the screen “This ship is a lumbering giant compared to those jets, if they don’t come near us we’ll never get close enough to actually shoot them down and then we still need to hit them. We’re not really that experienced with shooting down small and fast moving targets.”

“The dragons aren’t fairing much better.” Remarked Hermione sourly as she tried to contact Harry again but got no response. Draco had told her he had spoken with Harry but that Harry had suddenly cut the connection and since then they hadn’t been able to reach him. She was starting to get worried.

“What’s that?” asked one of the crewmembers as she pointed at a bright streak of fire high in the sky.

Everyone looked at it and it made Hermione think of a shuttle entering atmosphere. It was diving straight towards Insania.

“Is that another weapon?” asked Neville getting a little worried, just how many surprises did the Americans have up their sleeve.

“Could be,” said Luna “all I can say is that it’s highly magical and big.”

She looked at her screen.

“Can we intercept it or stop it in any way?” asked Neville.

“No sir.”

“The dragons don’t seem to think of it as a treat.” Remarked Hermione and indeed, the dragons were still chasing the fighter jets.

“It’s slowing down.”

He couldn’t describe the feeling. He was soaring through the sky, the wind rushing past him so fast he couldn’t even hear it. The world was coloured orange and red around him. It didn’t bother him, it couldn’t harm him. He was getting close, he could feel it. Arakir was talking to him in his mind in a way that he understood and felt natural but it was something a human mind could not completely comprehend and normally could probably never even fathom. The orange and red was subsiding. When the moment was right and Arakir gave him the nudge he returned to full awareness. His body felt cool and powerful, energized. He felt like he could take on the world. He unwrapped his wings from around his body and spread them wide. The scales covering his body glinted a steely blue in the bright sun. His emerald eyes gazing down at the world with the power of a sun. His three hundred foot wing span made him slow down rapidly. He slapped his wings a few times and hovered in the sky. Those who saw it couldn’t believe their eyes. The most amazing dragon they had ever seen was hovering high above the island. He flapped his wings again and shot forward, his spiked tail swishing behind. He picked up speed fast, reaching a speed higher than the jets in a matter of seconds. He flapped his wings again, he was getting close. The jet in front of him was trying to get away but it was futile. His neck recoiled, his maw opened and he snapped his head forward. A jet of bright blue flame scorched its way through the air and enveloped the fighter jet. The jet of flame lasted a few seconds and nothing emerged from it. The dragon turned sharply and flapped its wings, coming to an almost immediate halt. It let out a roar everyone could hear, even amidst the battle in the distance.

A lot of people shuddered involuntarily.

“It’s...” started Neville

“ Beautiful.” Said Hermione and Luna at the same time in a breathless tone.

A few members of the bridge looked at them oddly.

“It’s the same one as the dragon on the gate of the castle.” Pointed one of the crew members out.

This time it was him that a few people looked at oddly but when they looked back at the dragon hovering in the sky they saw he was right.

The fighter jets were panicking, some tried to get away but Harry caught up with them and took them out with breaths of dragon fire or smashing them to bits with his tail. In a final attempt to survive the fighter pilots ganged together and attacked. They opened fire with their Vulcan cannons and the few air-to-air missiles they carried since this had been a bombing run. The bullets bounced off the tough scales like they were raindrops falling on concrete. One of the fighters paid the price for coming close enough to his the Vulcan gun as a talon sliced his craft open from front to aft. Two AAMs slammed into Harry’s side. He roared and was thrown sideways. He fell down a little before rolling around in the air, pulling upwards sharply and to the side. Another jet of dragon fire took out another aircraft. The dragons had caught up with them and now it was five against twenty still but the number of fighter jets was dwindling down fast now. In the end only two managed to escape, one with a large gash in his side.

With twelve ships able to do combat and a couple of fire ships left, the Americans were in a pickle. Around them the entire fleet of the Independent Nation of Insania had gathered, ships prowling around them like sharks.

Commander Skipper was looking from what remained of his bridge at the fleet with apprehension, one wrong move and he was finished, he knew it for certain.

A large fire had started on the stern of his ship and while men and women were scurrying around to try and save the ship he stood with proud facing the enemy. The wind whipped past his face. With the front and roof of his bridge blown off he was a sight to behold.

The potter flew by overhead, low enough that the air displacement made him sway for a moment.

“To the sailors of the American fleet,” yelled an amplified voice “this is the captain of the INIS Ekliptica, Andrew Waldfeld, we demand that you surrender or we will open fire again. If you surrender now we will let your ships pass without harm.”

Apparently one of his captains couldn’t stand his defeat as he made his ship open fire on the Ekliptica. Before the shells even struck the shields, to no avail, eight beams slammed into the ship and it exploded almost instantly. Nothing remained of it. It surprised Skipper when fire ceased immediately instead of the enemy shooting everyone to bits after being provoked like that.

“This is your last warning, if you make any more hostile moves we will open fire!”

Commander Skipper looked at his second in command and nodded. The man had a large gash on the side of his temple and blood was trickling down his face. He looked non too pleased when he raised a white flag.

“You’ve made the right decision.”

Andrew took the sonorous of himself and sighed as he let his head droop.

“I’m getting too old for this.” He muttered as the adrenalin started leaving him. You can say whatever you want but seeing a ship open fire upon you while you were standing on the deck and then seeing four shells explode against an invisible wall not far enough to his liking was an experience had rather do without.

One of the bridge crewmembers stepped onto the roof.

“Sir, we’ve received word from the Potter. The enemy attacking Insania has been defeated, they are making their way over here but they’re warning us about not being too startled.”

Andrew looked at the man oddly and then looked back at the island. His eyes widened and he felt the urge to flee for a second. Sure, he had heard the roar earlier but seeing the dragon that had made the sound flying low over the ocean towards him with four others in tow was a little disconcerting.

The giant dragon was flying at the front, it rose a little higher and flapped its wings to slow down while the other four flew by overhead and scared the Americans some more. The dragon was looking at him and he felt uncomfortable as those emerald eyes stared at him. There was power behind them and a lot. The gaze reminded him of Harry. The dragon let himself float down slowly and landed on top of the bridge, it neatly folded its wings and the imposing air of the creature dissipated a little. Only a little though. The beast was huge, at least two hundred feet long. He and the crewmember quickly made room for it by going over to the side of the bridge. The dragon broke eye contact and looked over at the American flagship. Its maw opened and it roared. Andrew was nearly sure he had turned deaf as no sound reached his ears when it stopped but it returned a few moments later. The dragon reared on its hind legs and started shrinking. The draconic features disappeared, the wings disappeared into its back and then Harry Potter stood on the deck in its place gazing at what remained of the American fleet with a scary look.

His head snapped to the side and he looked at Andrew. Andrew recoiled as if struck before he could stop himself. The expression on Harry’s face that promised a slow and painful death disappeared in the blink of an eye and gave a cocky smirk.

“Hi there Andrew, how are you keeping up.”

“Damn it Harry.” Said Andrew with a chuckle as he started breathing again “You really scared me there for a moment.”

“Sorry about that.” Said Harry in a tone that said the exact opposite but his tone turned serious the next moment as he looked back at the enemy fleet “What’s the status over here?”

“Could be worse.” Said Andrew “We lost some people but we survived and won it seems. They’ve surrendered.”

“Very good.” Said Harry, he made no move but suddenly his voice carried to everyone gathered “This is Commander Potter of the Independent Nation of Insania. We accept your surrender, you are free to go. You have been defeated, let that be known quite clearly. If you ever challenge this nation again, I will personally destroy each and every single one of you.” He let the words hang in the air for a few moments “Now be gone from these waters and take that ship to the west with you or I will go and sink it myself.”

The Americans made no reply. They turned and made their exit as quickly as they could. As soon as they were far enough away Harry let himself fall down to the deck. Andrew looked at him concerned.

“It’s nothing,” said Harry “Have a dozen ships escort them until they make contact with the other one. Is everything ready?”

“Yes.” Said Andrew “I made sure of it already, lieutenant Kanner has asked to be given charge of the mission since he’s the highest ranking officer left in the squadron.”

Harry raised his eyebrows at that.

“They suffered heavy losses.” Said Andrew.

“I’m sorry to hear that.” Said Harry with true emotion “Very well, give him command then. How’s the other part doing?”

Andrew said nothing but looked at the horizon behind the fleet. A small speck could be seen.

“Very good, after this things will calm down over here.” Said Harry as the Potter came flying towards them and landed on the water. It came to a stop next to them. A gangway was extended ad Luna and Hermione rushed over to hug him and ask him around a million questions. Neville came over as well and the men congratulated each other on a good battle.

Later that night Harry, Hermione, Luna, Neville, Amy and Draco were all sitting on top of the bridge of the Potter looking up at the stars. Andrew was off patrolling on the other side of the island.

“I can’t believe you actually jumped out of an air-lock.” Said an exasperated Hermione.

“Me neither.” Said Harry with a chuckle “It still seems surreal to me whe I was sucked out of the station and was floating up there.”

“It must’ve been beautiful.” Said Luna in her normal dreamy tone.

“It was...indescribable.” Said Harry.

“You should’ve been dead instead of admiring the view.” Muttered Hermione.

“Hey,” said Harry in an act to defend himself “I’m not the only on to do crazy stuff you know. Him over there” he pointed at Draco “took a TSF and asked you to drop him from the ship while in flight.”

“And I knew that TSF could take it if done properly.” Said Hermione.

“Besides, there was nothing I could do on the bridge, I figured we would be safer that way.” Said Draco as he nodded at Amy.

“You may be right. But still, in my book it’s crazy.”

“I would like to see them someday.” said Amy out of the blue.

“See what?” asked Harry with a smile.

“The stars from up there.” Explained Amy as she gazed at the sky.

“Well, that’s not possible right now since our head scientist over there has forbidden us from doing any kind of work or even going on board tonight.” Said Harry as he looked at Luna.

“I believe we’ve all deserved some rest after today.”

“You’re right about that but just because we aren’t allowed to go doesn’t mean we can’t see the stars from a little closer.” Said Harry with a smirk.

“What are thinking about Harry because I don’t like that look of yours.” Said Neville.

Before anyone had been ready for it Harry changed into his Animagus form.

The dragon looked at them and winked before it lowered its neck to let them climb on.

Everyone was on their feet in a moment and eagerly stepping towards Harry as they laughed at his antics. Except Draco.

“There’s not enough gold in the world to get me to ride on Potter’s back.” He said with a sneer.

Harry snorted at him whipped his tail around. It passed over Draco’s head with a swish.

Draco stood up angrily but before he could see anything he was startled by another dragon landing next to him. Like Harry the dragon lowered its head to let him climb on.

“Oh fine.” Draco muttered and the others laughed at him.

They took to the skies and enjoyed soaring trough the air.

Lieutenant Kanner looked at the small screen. A probe was floating at the surface with a camera in it keeping an eye on the ship's progress.

The MV Century was cleaving a way through the waves while enemy fire pounded her shields but she held fast and steamed ahead.

Their mission had been to follow the Americans back to their base, with the Century in tow.

It had taken the Americans three days to get back to their base. They had sailed together with the carrier for two of those days. After that a small delegation from the carrier got on the other ships and they parted ways. Lieutenant Kanner had filed the information away. It was most likely that the party had been wizards. He was glad for the separation. Harry had informed him a little on their suspicions and killing innocent muggles who knew no better wouldn't have sat well with him. A chopper had picked someone up from the flagship twenty minutes earlier as well but that couldn't be helped. The Century was almost close enough. Kanner saw the front left shield fail and shells rained down up the deck and side of the ship. The unarmored ship didn't fare well and a large part of its superstructure went missing. Kanner cursed and prayed that it would hold out a little longer. The other people in the sub, the two other men from his squadron and the two sailors that had been steering the Century looked at the screen in anticipation. Any moment now. the front side shields all failed at once and the front part of the superstructure was blown off entirely in a single explosion.

It took another second or two but she reached her goal. The screen went white and then filled with static as the sub shuddered from the explosion. Above the sea two cores had just detonated simultaneously. The American base was no more.

"Send this to the homeland: Mission accomplished, enemy base destroyed."

Author notes: Here it is, another chapter, a bit longer than I had expected but I think nobody will complain about a chapter being longer than usual. Next chapter might be a while since I'll be busy in the coming months, even more than usual. On to the regular stuff:

Reviews or still very very welcome., the yahoo group is still open, the link is on my bio page. Hope you all enjoyed reading it. I won't promise anything about the next chapter, it depends on how much time I can spend on it and if it works out alright. 'Till next chapter.

Review responses:

6385352: If everything went according to plan there'd be no fun, right?

Matt101: I couldn't just let it lie in the ocean now could I, would be a shame of such a weapon.

Ireadwaytomuch: No, it wasn't but it did help inspire me to write this.

Teufel1987: They haven't been forgotten yet, they'll still play their part but when you're in the midst of a war you can't always remember everything. He's not interested in conquering anything, merely trying to achieve his goals. I don't know if he's too angsty. I don't know if I would hold up even half as well, just the other day I saw a documentary about WWII, how the soldiers coped with it afterwards and even during, it wasn't always that pretty to see.

TrowGundam: I know the feeling of being up at 6 AM and you can't help but try and read just that little bit more. It can be annoying but never really regret it afterwards :p.

Criticfan: I know, but this story was supposed to be entirely different but it grew into something much more.

Fan O' Fanfic: Very nice, I feel honoured.

Johnny Bravo J: not frequently enough I'm afraid.

Jason: How about a population with just that number of children sustaining itself while being spread so thin? Let me give you a hint, it's called FICTION. Need a dictionary?

Thanks to everyone else that has reviewed:

Nxkris, pradeepadapa, TJeanetteT, mysteryman2000

The beginning of the end

This chapter was written in memory of my grandparents, both have left the world now and can be together again.

I pray for them and hope that one day I can tell my grandkids stories like they once told me.

A warm breeze blew across the ocean. The small ship made its way steadily through the water towards the port. It was a beautiful day, the sun was shining, the water was crystal clear and the small port looked like a picture from a travel destination guide. White beaches on either side and small wooden fishing boats moored on the wooden piers. Only two larger bulk carriers lay moored at one of the sturdier piers. It was peaceful here and calm here. Harry sighed and wished he could just live in a place like this and have nothing to do with the turbulent times in his own world, the world the entire planet almost knew nothing about. He flexed his hand as he looked at it and wondered what it would've been like to live life as a muggle. But he knew that could never have happened, he wasn't meant for such a fate. And if he was honest with himself he thought it was better to be in the thick of things instead of being on the sidelines or ignorant. He cleared his head of those thoughts. Times were calm again for a little while. Insania was preparing for the final stretch. At least he hoped it was the last one. The Americans had been dealt with. Even if it hadn't been made official rumours spread whether you wanted them to or not. From here on Voldemort was their main priority. As soon as preparations were complete it would begin. Voldemort had been very quiet lately and it disconcerted Harry. Like him Voldemort was most likely massing his forces and hatching schemes. It had already taken too long but so many things had happened since he started this crazy plan. It was almost a year since he had started preparing for Insania.

"Has it really been only a year?" he asked himself as he looked at the clear blue sky.

Almost a year since Marge had taunted him one time too many, A year since the power within him had been awakened, he had felt so angry at the time, and powerful. A burning determination to reap destruction had burned within him but it had turned into something

else. Something far greater than he could ever have imagined. It felt like an eternity ago. There were so many things he had done, and things he still had to do. So much had changed. Hogwarts was gone forever, a new nation had arisen, the most powerful magical fleet in the world had been decimated, the Ministry was shown just how powerless they could be, he had a family now, sort of.

Family. The word called forth memories. And then something struck him. Remus. He had totally forgotten about the last Marauder. He smacked himself on the head. With all the chaos at the time he had completely forgotten.

"Is something wrong Harry?" asked Luna as she walked up to him.

"Just remembered something." mumbled Harry a little ashamed.

"Was it important?" she asked concerned.

He thought it over for a moment. "Maybe but that doesn't matter right now. First we need to finish up here."

Luna nodded and turned around to look over the railing. Her hair was swaying in the wind and those pale bleu orbs were looking intently at the ocean. Harry found he was more admiring Luna at that moment than the view. Luna noticed his gaze and looked at him before giving a genuine smile. He quickly looked away when he realized he had been staring. Both remained silent until it was time to dock. They stepped onto the pier. They were moored next to one of the large freighters and wasted no time getting on board. Once on deck they sought out a crewmember.

"We're here to see Mister Guillaume." Said Harry, letting the pleasantries slide. He knew it was futile here anyway.

The man nodded and led the way to the bridge. They entered without a word. The ship's bridge wasn't what you expected. There was nothing here to actually operate a ship. The bridge had been transformed into a loft. Exotic goods were stacked on shelves all around and a black and white striped carpet adorned the entire floor. Yellow curtains held the sun out and a small chandelier offered some

lighting at the centre. The humm of a fan at the back was the only sound in the room except for the ocean outside.

"Welcome Mr. Potter. It's good to see you alive and well." Said a man from the far side of the room with a French accent. Luna and Harry looked at him and both nodded. He was in his late forties but didn't show it. His hair was black and styled fashionably. He was wearing a blue business suit but the tie hung loosely around his neck. His small beard gave him the image of someone who knew how to do business.

"It's good to see me alive and well too." said Harry.

"Tss, you should really learn to relax sometimes Mr. Potter." Said the man as he reached for a box and a small and offered it to Harry.

"Cigar?"

"I'll pass. You know I don't smoke." said Harry as he relaxed slightly. You never knew in what kind of mood the man was.

"How about the little lady?" he asked as he offered the box to Luna. It sounded a little too lecherous for Harry.

"She doesn't smoke either." Said Harry a little more harshly with a sideways glance at Luna, she seemed more subdued suddenly.

The man sighed and put the box back down. "To business then?"

"If you please, we have a tight schedule."

"So tight that you are five days late?" asked Guillaume in a way that didn't sit well with Harry.

"We had a little problem." Said Harry neutrally.

"So I've heard." Said Guillaume with a snicker "You do realise that this delay will cost a little extra. Storage costs you know."

"I know, I have taken it into account."

"Very well. Let's see it."

Harry tossed a heavy bag onto the table at the centre of the room and Guillaume looked at it. He gave a sharp whistle and one of the men entered the room, this one carried an assault rifle.

"See if the amount fits the bill." Said Guillaume in a strict tone. The man nodded, picked up the bag and left without a word.

"Why don't we sit down and eat while my men take care of business. I'm sure you are quite hungry, sailing on the ocean always gives me quite an appetite." Offer Guillaume as he sat down at the head of the table in an ornate chair.

"We'd like that." Said Harry as he took a chair at the opposite end and Luna sat down next to him.

"Your delay probably had nothing to do with something big that happened to the Americans a couple of weeks ago?" asked Guillaume as he pressed a button under the table and a local entered with a bottle of wine and three glasses.

"Nothing quite as severe as that." Said Harry, keeping his tone light hearted "But these are busy times for us."

"I must admit Mr. Potter, I'm quite envious of you." He took the offered glass and sipped it. He nodded and the servant poured two glasses that he offered to Harry and Luna. Both accepted with a nod. "You live such an interesting life."

"Some may call it that yes. But in truth I find you're not doing all that bad either."

"Bah," said Guillaume as he took a large swig "There's nothing interesting happening here. It's always the same, day in day out."

"There are many people that would trade anything to switch places with you." Said Harry as he took a sip and admired the taste.

"Perhaps. They say you should be grateful for what you have. But not everyone took it willingly."

Harry raised his eyebrows at that remark and agreed but he found it peculiar. In his case he didn't really choose for it. He was destined to end it, he just chose another path to walk to the same destination. Apparently Guillaume saw his confusion.

"You are aware of my status Mr. Potter." He said in a grave voice.

"I know you're a squib yes, if that's what you mean." Said Harry a little uncomfortably.

"To be honest Mr. Potter, how many squibs have you known that had a good job in the Wizarding community."

"Not that many." Admitted Harry.

"I was born in a magical family and knew nothing of the muggle world. I knew no trades, I had no skills. What path can you walk then?"

"Can I be honest with you Guillaume?" asked Harry frankly.

Guillaume looked intently at him and after a few moments he nodded.

"I don't judge people that easily, most of my enemies have done me some great wrongs. You're not my enemy and now you've shed some light onto your past. I can't really say I approve of what you're doing here. You make a lot of money dealing with nastier men than me." Guillaume looked a little irritated for a moment but didn't speak up. "On the other hand," continued Harry "I am grateful towards you. Without your...cooperation we would never have gotten this far. At least you are sincere and true to your word. I respect that."

Guillaume remained silent. He spoke up after a while, "And you're honest as well Mr. Potter, even in the face of danger. I could starve your nation and yet you gave me your honest opinion. I respect that as well."

Harry felt some relief at those words.

"Perhaps some day a new opportunity will arise for you Guillaume, you're a good tradesman. Such people are valuable."

Guillaume gave a pleased smile and the servant came in with their meals.

After a pleasant silence in which they enjoyed their meals Guillaume suddenly spoke up again.

"You must forgive me for asking this question Harry," he started "but who is this lovely lady accompanying you this time. I was expecting your, how do shall I put it, more sinister colleague."

Harry gave a barking laugh. "I know Severus is not really a people person but you should really watch what you say about him."

"I'm sorry but he is quite intimidating and demanding."

"I forgive you," said Harry with a dismissive wave "he's quite strict when it comes to the quality of his ingredients."

"I can understand that. It surprises me he is not here today."

"He had important business to attend to."

"I see, but you have yet to answer my other question." Asked Guillaume with a raised eyebrow.

Harry put down his utensils and looked sideways at Luna who was staring at her plate without really touching it. Her eyes swivelled sideways for a second and she gave a small nod.

"This is Luna Lovegood, another of my trusted colleagues and a good friend." Said Harry.

"A pleasure to meet you." Said Guillaume with a warm smile and a gesture.

Luna looked at him and nodded once. "Thank you."

"So how is she related to you Harry? Is she another colleague?" he paused as he saw Harry try to formulate an answer "Or perhaps a love interest?" he asked in a teasing manner.

Luna's cheeks turned slightly red but she tried hard to suppress it and turned looked down at the table, her hair obscuring her face but she couldn't deny that she ached for an answer from Harry.

"I'm afraid that's a little too personal a question Guillaume." Said Harry at last and Luna didn't know if she was disappointed or angry.

"I understand." Said Guillaume.

The rest of the meal passed in relative silence and only unimportant matters were discussed as they waited for the ship to be loaded.

When the small vessel set sail again its cargo holds were filled to the brim. Vital supplies for their growing nation. The breeze had turned into a strong wind and the waves were getting higher. Not that they proved a problem for the boat. Harry stood unafraid on the prow of the vessel looking out over the ocean. As he saw the vast forces of nature at work with nothing but ocean as far as the eye could see in front of him he felt a little insignificant. Luna approached him but kept her distance, standing a few paces behind him. He noticed her presence but didn't comment.

"What are you thinking about?" she asked

"Just how insignificant we are." Answered Harry a little listlessly as he kept staring at the ocean.

"That sounds a little pessimistic. What's the matter?" she asked as she approached the rail and stood next to him.

"It's not meant to sound like that but look at it but look at it." He said as he gazed at the ocean "The ocean is so vast and this is only a small part of the world we see. People always say how we will destroy the world if we don't do this or don't do that. How the world will be destroyed if we don't defeat Voldemort but that's not true.

Even if we were to wipe each other out or a great catastrophe were to happen that meant the end of the world as we know it Earth would still be here. It wouldn't stop turning because we vanished."

"I suppose you're right when you look at it like that." Said Luna a little sadly "But the world isn't the Earth, it's our world, the world we live in. It would matter a lot if that vanished."

"I suppose you're right."

They both fell into contemplative silence.

"Say Harry..." she started. He looked sideways at her. She hesitated. "When Guillaume asked you what I was to you...what did you really want to answer?"

But Harry didn't answer and remained quiet, his eyes hooded. The silence stretched on until she couldn't bear it anymore. "Please Harry, answer me."

"Luna, please don't do this, not now." Harry said at last in a dead tone "I can't take this right now and I don't want to hurt you. You know you and I share something special but I also share something with Hermione."

A tear rolled down her cheek. She couldn't help it. He looked at her and felt ashamed for making her cry but he couldn't deal with this right now. He didn't want to deal with this right now.

"Forgive me Luna but I can't answer you right now. There's so much going on and I'm confused and maybe even...afraid."

"I understand." She said but didn't look like it.

"I'm sorry Luna." Was all he could say.

That night he was lying awake in his bunk. Still clothed and above the sheets. He had tried but sleep eluded him. It wasn't the rocking of the ship that kept him awake, he found that being on the sea felt quite comfortable for him. He liked being on the sea, to feel the sway of the

waves and feel the freedom it offered even if you were confined to a ship. It wasn't like his cabin on the Ekliptica where the ship hardly swayed at all unless the seas were really rough. He didn't know why he took pleasure in such simple things but he liked knowing he had a side like that. Not everything had to be almighty and great Harry Potter stuff. His troubles right now weren't either. Memories shifted in his mind. Memories of his time with Hermione and of his friendship with Luna, the times he had spent with both. And then there were the memories of Ginny. He didn't know what to feel about her anymore. 'She's been gone for so long' he thought. He still didn't believe she had betrayed him but on the other hand he didn't know if she loved him in the first place. At the time it had all happened so fast but it had seemed...right. It had felt right as well, it had felt good to be loved like that but when he thought back about the time something nagged at his mind.

Flashback

His plans were going well he had to admit, he's never though he'd get this far in the first place. Despite his concerns it seemed that using his fame paid off. These days people who followed him were everywhere. It appeared that the youth that had grown up with bedtime stories of Harry Potter was willing to follow him blindly if need be. If only they knew what he had actually planned. His lessons with Dumbledore were going well too. He had finally bested the man yesterday evening. He cursed himself for it. He had let himself get carried away and now the old man would be more cautious around him. Someone his age shouldn't be able to do it, defeat Albus Dumbledore in a simple duel. He would have to hold himself back from now on. Everything was going well. Except for one little annoyance. Ginny. Even as he glanced backward he could make her out peeking around the corner at him. She was everywhere he was it seemed. Unlike last year whenever he tried to talk to her she seemed to avoid him and yet she was always around. She was stalking him and he didn't like it. It felt like she was spying on him and he couldn't have that, not when so much was at stake.

"Nothing can leak out, tonight I'll confront her. I'll deal with her if I have to." He thought darkly. He would have to be very careful of course, an absence in Hogwarts is quickly noticed. He made his way

to the room of requirements where Hermione was working on perfecting the way to make electronics work on magic. He had to admit he liked his friend for her genius mind and regretted it a little that he had to lie to her but she would never agree with what he had planned. Soon she would see the truth of things. He knew she was too smart not to figure it out eventually. But he had safeguards in place. She wouldn't tell a soul, she wouldn't be able to. Still, he would miss her he guessed. Her mind would've been a useful tool. Although she never would've helped develop the weapons the others were working on. Luna had been a blessing sent from heaven in his eyes, while she was odd and eccentric she was far smarter than people gave her credit for. At least he would have her to take over where Hermione left off. He had to admit to himself he was starting to like Luna. Despite her constant dreamy air once she got serious she completely changed. If things kept going like they should he would be free soon. Free to enact his revenge. His body tingled as his magic responded to the thought. It was a strange but very pleasant feeling. He looked at his hand and flexed it, feeling the energy course through his veins. It sent shivers down his spine.

"The power of revenge is strong indeed." He muttered as he continued walking, aware of the ever-present shadow of Ginny Weasley following him.

When he entered the Room of Requirement it was busy as usual. People were sparring and duelling on the other side of the room. Everywhere others were reading books or jotting down notes. Harry had to admit he had never expected that students could be so devoted to a cause he had given them but they all knew Voldemort was back now. Those that had noticed him entering greeted him and a few even saluted which still surprised him a little but it pleased him as well. Dean was sitting in a corner with some students learning them common naval terms and ranks. He walked through a door on one side of the room and entered a much quieter area. This was Hermione's area where she worked. On all the walls in this room large sheets of paper hung, filled with schematics, drawings, formulas and quickly scribbled notes. A computer sitting on a desk in the corner hummed as it ran through several simulations. In the centre of the room was a large table with a strangely glowing device with a shaft protruding from one end. It was connected by a crystal tube to a

black metal box inscribed with runes on all its surfaces. The crystal tube glowed as a pure white substance flowed through it. Harry could feel the power it held from across the room.

The glowing device sprang to life and the shaft protruding from the side started spinning. Hermione, whom had been looking at the device intently stood up straight and ran her wand over it, then the tube and lastly the black box before nodding in satisfaction. She hadn't even noticed him entering. A notepad appeared out of her pocket on which she scribbled a few notes before pocketing it again. She tapped the device with her wand and it started spinning faster. Again she repeated the process of going over the three components with her wand and writing down her observations.

When she was about to repeat the process again he cleared his throat. She started.

"Oh Harry, I didn't hear you enter." She said as she shut the device down.

"So I saw." He said with a smile as he walked over to the table and looked at the equipment "Still working on the engine prototype?"

"It's almost done." She said with a little pride in her tone "We've managed to raise its efficiency to ninety seven point eight per cent when it's run at full capacity but it does drop drastically when pushed further."

"That sounds very good." He said as he eyed the device.

"Oh it is. I've compared the output of energy of the engine versus charmed objects and it can produce at least three to four times the amount of energy." She said excitably.

"Impressive." Said Harry as he looked closer at the device "And the drainage on the core?"

"A small core like this one could power this engine for well over a hundred years. And we know that the power a core has increases

exponentially when it increases in size, even a very big engine won't be a problem."

"Perfect, this will open a great number of possibilities." Said Harry "If you complete your theories you might even get an Order of Merlin for this."

Hermione blushed at the notion but nodded happily.

"Say Hermione, I have a favour to ask." He said and the happy mood in the room disappeared.

"What is it?" Hermione asked a little worriedly when she heard the seriousness of Harry's tone.

"I need you to ask Ginny something for me. I need to speak with her but she seems to avoid me."

"Okay." Said Hermione a little unsure "What is it?"

"Ask her if she could meet me in the common room at midnight."

Hermione nodded.

"Thanks Hermione. Keep up the good work, I need to go." Harry said and quickly left the room. He didn't want to give Hermione time to ask questions, he might have to wipe her memory if things went as he feared tonight.

In the main room it was still noisy and busy. He walked across the room to another door and knocked. It was time to see how Luna was doing but entering her turf unprepared was never a good idea.

It was getting late, the sun had gone down some time ago and yet Dumbledore didn't seem in a hurry to end their session. Like always when they were done with Harry's training they would sit down and have a cup of tea, discussing their duel at the end and how Harry could improve himself. It was more sedate than usual today. Harry suspected it was because he had lost today and won yesterday. As he sipped his tea Dumbledore was keeping a close eye on him. Harry

hoped the old man hadn't noticed he had not gone all out today. He was starting to get nervous as well. He had to be in the common room on time for Ginny. He just hoped she showed up or it would be a long night and he was tired.

"Is something the matter Harry?" asked Dumbledore, breaking the oppressive silence.

"Not really sir, I merely got some things on my mind, that's all." Said Harry with an insecure smile.

"Anything I should know about." Asked Dumbledore with a raised eyebrow.

"Not really sir, just...I have to speak to someone in the common room soon." Harry said a little nervously. He truly didn't want to tell the man anything more. If he told him it was Ginny and he had to make her disappear he was doomed.

Dumbledore gave a chuckle and Harry looked at him a little confused. "Ah, I see Harry." He said with a smile "And might this person be a girl?" There was a twinkle in his eyes Harry didn't like.

"Yes sir." Harry mumbled as he stared fixedly at his teacup.

"I understand Harry. It's nice to be young like that. You can go, it's getting rather late anyway." Said Dumbledore with a grandfatherly smile.

"Thank you sir." Said Harry as he put down his teacup and stood up "Do I need to come over tomorrow?"

"Alas my boy, there are other matters that require my attention tomorrow. I'll let you know when we can continue."

"Alright sir, goodnight." Said Harry politely and left the office. Just before he closed the door he heard Dumbledore wishing him goodnight as well.

Once the door was closed he let his anger seep through and his eyes blazed. "Why do I feel like he knows something I don't?" he wondered as he made his way to Gryffindor tower.

It was close to midnight now. He was lying on his bed staring at his watch and let his arm drop to his side. He listened intently and heard the sounds of his sleeping roommates. He risked sticking his head through the curtains of his bed. They all seemed to be asleep. He quietly snuck out of the dorm and down the stairs. Just before he entered the common room he stepped and whipped out his wand. He didn't want any surprises. He listened for a moment but heard nothing. He peeked around the corner but the common room was empty. The fire in the hearth was still burning strong and bathed the room in its warm orange glow. He breathed a sigh of relief and entered the room proper. Ginny wasn't here yet which didn't sooth his nerves. He had half-hoped she'd be here already. The sooner this was dealt with the better. He walked around on of the couches in front of the hearth and was about to sit down in it when he noticed someone curled up in it. He jumped away and turned around, aiming his wand at the person. It was Ginny. She was sleeping soundly, her chest rising and falling rhythmically. He guessed she had been waiting for him for quite some time. Hermione had done her work. He knelt down beside the couch and nudged her. She didn't wake. His kept his other hand ready to clamp over her mouth should she start to scream. He nudged her again. She shrugged it off and turned her back to him, annoyed at the intrusion. He sighed and took hold of her shoulder, shaking her gently while calling her name. She turned around and faced him but remained asleep. Her lips moved and she murmured something but too quiet for Harry to understand. He shook and called her again. She started murmuring again.

"Yes Harry, I..."

But just then her eyes snapped open. When she noticed him she turned as pale as a ghost. She shot upright and a blushed furiously soon after when she saw him looking at her confused. An uneasy silence dominated the room as neither knew what to say.

"I..." they both started at the same time and stopped again.

"Why don't you go first." Offered Ginny with a nervous smile. To Harry she seemed a little pale. He noticed her hands were shaking too. She looked frail to him and suddenly his brass course of action seemed like something ludicrous, even to himself. He had planned to question her and see what she was up, deal with it if he didn't like it. But when he saw her now all those notions left at once.

"I was just wondering..." he started. He felt unsure now. "I've noticed you following me lately and I was wondering what for."

She blushed the famous Weasley red and Harry realized it had probably nothing to do with spying. All this scheming he was doing was starting to make him paranoid. She refused to look him in the eye. He waited for an answer. A few times he thought she would start speaking but she remained silent in the end. She started fidgeting.

He tried a different approach. "Ginny, look at me." He said and she did "I just want to know why, it...unnerves me a little."

"I'm sorry Harry, It's just..." she said quietly but didn't continue. He looked at her and raised his eyebrows questioningly. She let her shoulders droop and looked defeated. She took her schoolbag from beside the couch and rummaged through it. She took out a letter and presented it to him with both hands, her eyes downcast. He looked at her quizzically. "I've been following you because I wanted to give you this." She mumbled so quietly Harry had to strain to hear her. He looked at the letter apprehensively and took it from her. She let her hands drop and remained silent as if waiting for something. He looked at the letter and turned it over but there was nothing written on it. He opened it and started reading. It took only a few moments for him to realize what this was about.

It was a love letter.

He stopped reading. He looked up at her but she hadn't moved a muscle.

"Ginny..." he started in a very nervous tone, unsure of what to say "...I don't know..."

But she interrupted him. She looked up with a watery smile, tears brimming at the corners of her eyes. "It's okay Harry. I was following only to give you this. It's alright." Without further comment she stood up and started to walk away, clearly convinced he was about to turn her down.

Harry himself was in a daze. He didn't know how to respond. He'd never been in such a situation after all. With all this planning for revenge and taking care of things that needed to be done his mind hadn't really been on girls. But now that he was presented with the opportunity the idea seemed oddly appealing to him. He had to admit he didn't know Ginny all that well but she was pretty. He had to admit that and the times he had spoken with her she was a pleasant person.

Just before she got out of reach he snatched her hand. He didn't know why he did it but he did know one thing: he felt lonely sometimes. The anger that had been driving him these past months had taken a tool. He had less fun these days. He still kept up the pretence of being an average schoolboy. He played Quidditch and lounged around the common room with his friends but in his eyes it had all changed. He didn't really enjoy those times anymore. He longed for some warmth and comfort. Here he was, presented with an opportunity. And he decided to take it.

She stopped and looked back at him, something shimmering in her eyes. He was still sitting on the floor. Had been since he had tried waking her but he wasn't looking at her. His head hung low. He looked like a defeated man.

"Please don't go." He said "I haven't given my answer yet."

Her eyes widened and he rose slowly. When he stood upright she had to look up at him and when she saw his eyes it took her breath away. They seemed to be glowing in the light of the crackling fire. Emotions swirled in them.

When he looked down at her, her brown eyes wide with anticipation. Her pale skin a little flushed and her red hair glowing in the glow of the fire she felt irresistible to him.

She mustered her courage and asked: "What's your answer then?"

He never answered. Instead he bent down and captured her lips.

END FLASHBACK

When he reflected on it now he didn't really know why he had accepted her like that. He had felt compelled to. He even doubted she ever loved him in the first place. The more he thought about it the more he was convinced Dumbledore had had her under his control. She had a crush on him, that much was for sure but that hadn't been as obvious anymore during fifth year. He supposed that had been a turning point in his plans. Up until then he had planned to show the world what he could do with his new power but after that the anger had slowly ebbed out of him little by little. He had become more calculating. He supposed if that night had never happened they never would have made it as far as they had. He had started looking at the broader picture, seeking out people like Guillaume and Sarah Brown. But still, him accepting Ginny like that bugged him for some reason. At the time he had never really had romantic feelings toward her and he certainly hadn't been interested in having them with anyone. Revenge had come first. He thought about his many duels with Dumbledore and all the spells he had been hit with. Who knew what the old cod had hit him with during those times. There had been dozens of spells Dumbledore had used that even now he didn't know the meaning of or even ones that weren't spoken aloud.

"That old meddling fossil." Muttered Harry angrily "Who knows all the things he's meddled in."

But if Dumbledore truly was completely responsible for getting him and Ginny together he had set up his own downfall. Ginny had been more support in the weeks after than he had dared to hope. He had told her his plans and she had supported him, letting him lean on her when he needed it. It still puzzled him why Dumbledore never suspected anything if he had controlled her. But maybe he hadn't expected anything so soon or of this scale. He might've have gotten them together for other purposes. He didn't know and he swiped at the air angrily, trying to push the memories and thoughts away. And at that moment he felt lonely again, lying in his bunk with no one to

talk to. The crew of the ship was busy now that the sea had gotten rougher and Harry didn't think he could talk to them about such things anyway. He hardly knew these men. Luna had a bunk on another part of the ship. It was a five day journey from where they would meet up with the ship that would transport them back to Insania. It was a precaution to make sure they weren't detected. Luna had explained to him that the transportation drive left behind a magical signature that could be spotted from miles away. Even this ship was in every sense non-magical save for the cargo holds which were expanded to hold everything they needed but apparently the rune magic's signature was almost none-existent and never lasted for more than a few hours after passing somewhere. Hence the journey.

The door of the small room creaked and a person entered. Harry figured it was one of the crew and he remained silent. The curtain of his bunk was drawn and he remained quiet. Moonlight was filtering through the small porthole and he saw someone's shadow on the curtain. It was a short person. He was lying on the top bunk.

"Harry?" asked the unmistakable voice of Luna tentatively.

"I'm here." He said and drew back the curtain. He was slightly taken aback when he saw her. Her hair tangled, her eyes wide and the sunlight shining on her dirty blond hair. He shook his head. All this thinking about Ginny was playing tricks on his mind.

"Is something the matter?" he asked.

She looked ready to say no but instead fumbled with her nightshirt. "I can't sleep." She said softly after a moment.

"Neither can I." admitted Harry.

"Is something bothering you." She asked a little hopeful.

"Just thinking." He said evasively "You?"

"Same."

They looked at each other, wondering what was bothering the other but didn't ask. There was something in the air between them that kept them silent.

"Harry?" she asked softly, he nodded "Can I...stay here for a while. I don't feel like being alone right now."

He nodded. "I don't really feel like being alone right now either." He admitted.

She gave a grateful smile. Harry let himself fall back down to the mattress again. He shot back up after a moment when Luna started climbing into his bunk.

"Luna, what are you..." he whispered fiercely.

Her face fell. "I'm sorry." She stammered "I just thought that..."

When he saw her expression he regretted his reaction and took hold of her arm, helping her up. "It's alright, I was surprised. That's all."

She crawled over him and lay down between him and the wall. The bunks weren't very large and they were almost pressed against each other but neither really minded. She shivered. It wasn't all that warm in the cabin anymore like during the day. He manoeuvred the sheets from under them and draped them over her. She gave him a grateful smile. They lay there in silence.

He realized he was thirsty and excused himself for a moment, extricating himself from the bed. He went to the small pantry and drank a glass of water. When he returned Luna was lying on her side looking at him with her luminescent blue eyes. He did feel tired now so took off his clothes and mulled on his pyjama bottoms. He felt conspicuous when he crawled into bed but he really needed someone near him right now. He drew the blankets over them both this time and Luna was no time in cuddling up to him. He stretched his arm out and she put her head on it. He drew her a little closer. He had to admit he missed this kind of thing since he and Hermione didn't sleep together anymore. They still shared his living quarters, neither had wanted that to change actually and Amy had seemed

glad for it. Luna sighed contently and he let himself relax. When his eyes started to droop Luna spoke up.

"Where do you think we'll be in ten years?" she whispered out of the blue. Her breath tickled him.

He was a little surprised at the question. "I don't know." He answered truthfully, his much deeper voice sleepy "To be honest I don't think a lot about what could be in one or even ten years."

Luna mumbled some words of understanding. "Where would you like to be in ten years then?"

"Hopefully far away from things like this war. Somewhere quiet and peaceful and without a care in the world." He said and imagined such a place. The question had piqued his interest. "Where do you see yourself in ten years."

"I honestly don't know." Said Luna. To Harry she sounded kind of lost "I can't really imagine myself being anywhere else than where we are now. I'm afraid to think about it. I can't imagine things still being the same then. We have our troubles but to me it's nice to have so many people we cared about and care for us in return around. I can't see all of us, Hermione, Draco, Neville, even Severus being happy like we are now."

"I don't think we'll all drift apart just like that." assured Harry.

"But I'm afraid Harry, it all feels like a dream sometimes, a dream that could shatter at any moment." She said and had to stifle a yawn.

He squeezed her closer to him, giving some comfort. "It's all real Luna and it won't just simply vanish." He assured her.

"I certainly hope so." She said wistfully and closed her eyes, falling asleep soon after. When Harry heard and felt hear rhythmic breathing he let his face fall. He had to keep a brave face for them but he was afraid too. Soon the time would come, the time to face Voldemort and bring him down.

"I cannot fail them." He whispered fiercely and looked down at the beautiful girl sleeping. He realised you truly had to trust someone if you let yourself be so vulnerable around them. He too drifted off to sleep soon and despite his worries he didn't dream of Voldemort or anything related to the war that night.

The Minister of Magic of America and Great-Brittan sat together with Albus Dumbledore at a table high up in one of the rooms in the tower of Azkaban. Outside the weather was dreary. A storm was brewing and it didn't help the mood in the room. Each was reflecting on the past. Events the last few months had shown them a truth none of them had ever wanted to face. They were powerless. Every time Harry Potter had bested them and they hated it. A year ago none of them could have ever imagined sitting here on this dreary island, their forces in tatters, their people scared and afraid and angry at them. Albus faired none the better. The Order of the Phoenix was divided. He was certain that given the chance more than half would join Harry at this point but they knew he would never welcome them, no matter what. They were too close to himself. The others thought they should give up on Harry and go completely after Voldemort now. He was starting to agree with them. If the opportunity would've still been there he would most likely side with Harry himself but he had done too many wrongs to the boy. He was beyond forgiveness and he knew it. The voices in his head were very much opposed to the idea too. Especially Godric. Since Harry had so utterly bested him and even destroyed the great artefact that was the Sword of Gryffindor the founder of the bravest house was slowly becoming more vengeful. All he talked about was revenge on Harry Potter and it was starting to grate on Albus' nerves. The other two were in it as well but they still wanted to help him deal with Voldemort as well. Salazar had betrayed them. But that was not their priority. They had given themselves, their very souls, to protecting Hogwarts and they wanted it back, no matter what the cost was. He sighed, going against Harry was impossible right now. He had proven that to them. His island was an impenetrable fortress and Potter Mansion was a suicide mission to try and take right now. Albus looked sideways at Jonathan. The man was almost broken right now. His navy had disappeared from the face of the Earth, along with its base. Only a few remaining ships patrolled the island. He had promised that in the coming months new ships would join them but it would take years to rebuild the American

fleet. The last time they had still had their base and had pulled all kind of ships from the queue to be scrapped and repaired them as best as they could, outfitting them with the new weapons they had thought up to counter Harry's war machines. He had helped them in the hopes of defeating Insania's fleet. It would've shown Harry he was not as powerful as he had thought. Boy, had he proven them wrong. The Warhammer had been an impressive feat. Ginny Weasley's powers that she had gained from Harry were impressive indeed. With his tinkering they had created a weapon that was beyond anything else. They had even knocked whatever Insania had been launching out of the sky. He had to wonder about the things Jonathan's men, the few survivors, had told him. Such a colossal structure high above them. He knew it couldn't be anything else than a devastating weapon. "Harry has certainly shown wizards how powerless they really are clinging to their ways and what potential the muggles truly possess." He thought grimly. He shuddered at the thought of Voldemort having had Harry's upbringing and then becoming a Dark Lord intent on murdering all the purebloods. They would never have stood a chance. He had to wonder if Harry was close to another girl, would she also be able to do what Ginny could now? The thought scared him a little. Harry seemed to be in control over his powers. As much as he hated to admit it he had been wrong about the boy. The power hadn't corrupted him. But other people weren't as strong. He decided he would focus his attention on Voldemort from now on. But if he did that, there was something else, someone else, that he would have to decide what to do with. Ginny was sitting in his chambers in the fortress, still under his control. This was perhaps the greatest injustice he had done to the boy. He had been responsible getting the two together and then he had separated them. Taking the girl with her had been another way to make Harry listen to him. Another big mistake, they had lost the ministry over it. He looked at his gnarled old hands and realized there was a lot of blood on these. Cornelius Fudge wasn't doing all that well either. Public opinion of him was at an all-time low but he refused to stand down. He only had a handful of Aurors left and they were doing what they could to maintain public order. The Ministry was in shambles, the people they were supposed to govern were being dragged into a war and they realised they were merely powerless onlookers. This was Harry and Voldemort's war now. The man had become strangely quiet lately, more contemplative. He was starting to see the truth, Dumbledore thought. He was curious

to see how Fudge would cope with it. The competition Between Jonathan and Cornelius seemed to have abated too. The two talked a lot behind closed doors. He wasn't allowed in on their conversations anymore and he was curious if they were trying to plan something against Harry. The influence he used to have over them had disappeared as well. Too many things had gone wrong. And he had been at the root of a lot of those things. He would never be able to repent for his sins. All he could now was to try and find the wisest course of action and hope for the best.

Harry, Luna, Hermione and Draco were walking briskly through the hall. At the end was a set of wide double doors which promptly opened when they neared. The inside was a circular room pulsing softly with white light occasionally. Runes floated lazily inches from the wall and ceiling. In the centre was a circle a little whiter than the rest of the floor and the four of them gathered in it, the doors closing behind them. Luna waved her wand and pointed it at the ceiling. After whispering a spell the world turned white. When they could see again it seemed as if nothing had happened. They were still standing in the same room but none of them commented on it. The doors opened again but instead of the castle walls the hall was now made of bulkheads. The stepped outside and walked through the long and wide corridor, turning right about halfway and into an elevator. Luna hit the bottom for the top floor and after a short ride the doors opened to reveal Zeus' command centre. There were dozens of people now, all looking rather busy, nervous and anxious. The platform had been up in space for a week and a half now and everything seemed to function as it should. Hermione had been running tests on the station almost continually, making sure that nothing disastrous was sneaking up on them. Today was no different but they were not testing things like life support systems or simulating possible catastrophes. Today they were going to test the terrible weapon this station had been built around. The four of them took their positions on the pedestal at the centre of the bridge. They still had to find a commander to put in charge of the station once Hermione gave word that the station was completely safe to use.

Hermione gave the order to start. "Commence separation procedure."

The station's outer ring, to which the four colonies were to be attached in the future, was never meant to be part of the structure when going into actual combat. It was well armed on its own and it had the largest of the thrusters mounted on it complete with its own systems and smaller power plants. While it wasn't necessary to separate both structures before firing, it wasn't necessary at all in fact, but the station without its outer ring and later the colonies attached was far more agile and easier to aim. An alarm went off, signalling the people on board of the imminent separation. Doors hissed closed and air-tight shutters were lowered. The station went in complete lockdown in case something were to happen. An operator gave the signal that all was clear. Hermione nodded. A rumble raced through the station. The locks holding both pieces together were disengaged and segments connected to the outer ring retracted slightly, giving the station a little more manoeuvring space. The station's thrusters sprang to life, making it shudder slightly as slowly it drifted upward and away from the outer ring. Once clear the reverse thrusters fired, bringing the station to a halt.

Hermione gave some quick orders and the world outside turned on its side. The station's main gun now aimed at empty space. Harry could see Both Luna and Hermione were a bit nervous. The X1 MIEB was something of tremendous power, the equivalent of four Hiroshima bombs. Draco was merely here out of curiosity.

Now came the time of truth. Severus had been onboard the station for four days, brewing the catalyst required to make the weapon work. It was a very volatile concoction. He hadn't even dared bringing it here through the portal room. And nobody had tried apparating from Insania to all the way up here. Luna was still worried if magic reacted different in outer space in some cases. Getting splinched in outer space was a death sentence. And at the moment they didn't have shuttles to ferry them to and from. Sarah Brown was starting on the basis of some crafts together with Hermione but that was a long time into the future. She wasn't a space engineer after all. There were escape pods on board, looking much like the Apollo capsule. One of the consoles started emitting a beeping sound and Luna walked over to it, accepting the incoming call. The serious face of Severus appeared on the screen.

"I'm done inserting the potion. The weapon is loaded." He said and he seemed tired.

"Thanks for your work Severus." Said Luna. "Do you want to come up here?"

"I'd rather lie down and rest for a while. Brewing that stuff is rather stressful."

Luna nodded in understanding. Harry didn't really now what the potion was or how it was made but Hermione had told him it was a combination of some of the most volatile and magical components. It was a fluid that could absorb a massive amount of magic but in doing so it become unstable, causing a reaction that made it into one of the most powerful explosives, probably the most powerful.

"Release safety locks, start loading energy cylinders. Start up firing mechanism." Said Hermione as she sat down at one of the workstations and called up data on power usage.

The four cores that powered Zeus hummed as power was leeches from them into the energy cylinders. Unlike those on the fleet these cylinders were huge, as tall as a bus was long and as wide as a subway tunnel. For the X1 alone, sixteen of these massive energy storage devices were required, four per core.

It took a minute or two for these cylinders to be filled and when they were they all waited for the inevitable command.

"Fire."

The pall of magic in the air was unmistakable as all at once the energy stored in the cylinder was released, straight into MADs and then into crystals which focused all the energy in fine brilliantly turquoise beams. The beams hit the substance, suspended in a vacuum chamber by more of Luna's gravitation manipulation devices. The energy was transferred into the substance in a matter of seconds. The substance then became as hot as the core of the sun. Therefore that it needed to be suspended and not touching anything. Then the fields holding it in place collapsed. For a thousand of a second

nothing was holding the substance in place before the fields that were the firing mechanism took over. They pulled the substance into the barrel and then accelerated it to near the speed of light by the time it exited the barrel. The now blueish-white substance exited the barrel and shone like a sun. Behind it was trail that looked remarkably like lightning, just as Luna had predicted it would look like. No one on the bridge could see that of course as the barrel was on the underside of the ship. But almost all the numerous amount of monitors on the bridge showed the image of the bright streak of energy leaving the barrel. The supercharged solution was meant to explode when striking something solid and in outer space it could've gone on forever were it not for the instability. It exploded a few moments later. In that short amount of time it had travelled about half the distance from Earth to Mars so the explosion looked rather small in comparison to the massive barrel dominating the screens but when Hermione pointed out how far that explosion actually was Harry's eyebrows rose and Draco let out a low whistle.

"Finished firing at twenty-five per cent, commencing barrel cool down." The officer in charge of the gun crew reported.

"Twenty-five per cent?" Harry asked perplexed as he looked at Hermione in astonishment.

"We didn't want to risk firing it at full power the first time." Said Hermione simply.

"That explosion was only a fourth of its normal fire power." He asked incredulously as he pointed at the bright spot now slowly fading on one of the monitors.

"Don't be so surprised Harry." Said Hermione, her voice cold, devoid of emotion. He had never heard her talk like that before. She sounded like an alien to him. "You knew we were building something unstoppable. A weapon that could defeat anyone. A weapon of mass destruction."

It hit him like a bludger. Was this what Dumbledore had been warning him for? He felt nauseous. Now he knew why Hermione hoped they

would never have to use it. They could wipe everything of the face of the Earth with this thing! If this thing ever got into the wrong hands...

He shook his head to clear it of those thoughts and looked at her sternly. "I want this thing under tight security. From this point on it will require at least four people of the Iron Council to be here and input a personal password before it's able to fire. The potion is to be guarded closely as well and none of it is allowed on Insania or even on Earth for that matter."

She nodded in understanding but seemed rather miffed at him for talking to her like that.

"There's one thing I'd like to know." He said after calming down a little "When firing at full capacity, what changes? Is it the amount of potion? Because I was pretty sure I saw that the cylinders were filled to capacity on the screen."

"It's done using the MADs." Luna said "The cylinders need to be at full capacity, otherwise the flow of energy is not strong enough for it to be infused in the potion in time. It would blow up in the barrel. The amount of potion is also a constant otherwise we would constantly have to reconfigure the flow of energy and gravity fields. We've run hundreds of tests down in the labs on miniscule doses of it. Using the MADs to regulate the power is the best way although when not used at full power it means a rather significant amount of potion is actually wasted. But it's the safest way."

"Well," said Hermione, back to her usual self "now that the first actual test is over we can start working on improving it. I'd really like it if we could keep the solution stable a little longer. I'm off to look at the data we recorded and see if there's anything that we need to watch out for." And with that she left the bridge.

"Luna?" Harry asked a little softer so only her and Draco could hear it "If we shot this thing at Earth, what would happen?"

"Don't be so alarmed by what you've seen here. We're shooting in space. The vacuum doesn't make it lose half its power before reaching its target. Earth's atmosphere will. I must admit I'm a little

surprised as well. I've never thought it would be this powerful when testing it in the labs. But as we all know it's very likely we won't ever use it on Earth. Not as long as we have Insania."

"Not as long as we have Insania." Harry repeated silently "I hope that damned island exists until the end of time."

Nr. 12 Grimmauld Place was as he remembered it, dark and dreary. Spider webs were everywhere and the house was eerily silent. He entered the kitchen but it was empty. He didn't know to be relieved or disappointed. Remus was gone. There were some papers on the table. Harry picked one up and looked at the date. The last one dated a few days after the fall of the ministry. Harry didn't know what to think about this. He hadn't really expected Remus to still be here after all this time. He cursed himself for forgetting. But at the time everything had been such a mess. They had blown up the ministry and rescued Amy. He had been concerned with the retribution his enemy would surely cook up. He looked around but found no note or anything else. Remus had left just like that it seemed.

"Perhaps I should write him a letter." Harry muttered as he looked around the dreary house one last time before leaving. It reminded him of his godfather and how he had been cooped up here. The memory of him falling through the veil came back like it had happened yesterday.

"One of the many reasons I am what I am today." Thought Harry grimly as he apparated away.

The Daily Prophet

Community cast into uncertainty.

By Rita Skeeter

It is a grim world we live in today. Following the decimation of the American fleet it has become clear that Insania, the nation controlled by Harry Potter, is now the most powerful magical nation in the world. While the war has been confined to a tedious battle between the British and American Ministry of Magic versus Harry Potter other

nations in the world are voicing their concern about their own countries.

Strange things have been happening all over Europe in the past few weeks. Families have gone missing and drastic changes in policies are occurring everywhere. While nothing can be proven many people believe that Insania is trying to expand its power even further by overthrowing other governments. Harry Potter and his band of followers still claim to be fighting for the purpose of defeating Who-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named but nothing has been heard of him for months. No Death Eater activity has been reported anywhere. It would almost seem as if Who-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named has already been defeated, that Potter is merely using him as an excuse to keep the war going. While there have been no reports of any fighting from his side either we at the Daily Prophet believe it is merely the silence before the storm. An invasion might be imminent. France and Germany in particular have been reporting of strange happenings in their countries. The number of vampire attacks in France has increased dramatically as of late and in Germany werewolf attacks have ceased to exist. In the Netherlands an entire business was decimated when their cattle suddenly disappeared overnight. Netherlands' authorities have issued a statement saying that they believe it was the work of giants but there haven't been any in their country for over four hundred years. Meanwhile our very own Minister of Magic has been quiet, refusing every request for an interview thus far. The people are scared and are asking for guidance and protection in these dark days but so far the only one that claims to offer them just that is the nation of Insania...

Wormtail was visibly shaking in fear as he read his master the article in the paper, already expecting the torture that would follow it. He nearly wet himself when instead his master laughed that mad cackle, which sounded more like a hiss sometimes, of his. He stroked his pet, the giant snake Nagini, lovingly. It slithered across his lap, around his throne and then reared its body so that it was looking its master in the eye, as if it was making ready to strike. Lord Voldemort merely gazed into its eyes.

"Isn't it wonderful Nagini." He said in a low tone as a bony finger slowly slid across the scales "The world has been lulled into believing

I am gone and Potter is the villain. People are such sheep, they will believe anything if that's what they want to believe."

"But Master..." whimpered Wormtail.

"Silence!" boomed Lord Voldemort, his voice echoing of the stone walls. "Do you dare to question your master?"

Wormtail immediately cowered back, he got on his knees and lowered his nose to the floor, showing his subsmissiveness. "Of course not master. I was merely..."

"Do not tempt me Wormtail, even if this is what I had planned I am growing impatient. I might just find a use for you to stave of my boredom for a while." Said Voldemort with a cruel smirk "I must say there haven't been many uses for you as of late."

Wormtail shuddered. "If you have a use for me master, I will gladly fulfil it."

"Soon Wormtail, very soon. My preparations are almost complete. Our ranks have swelled once more. It is almost time to shatter the people's illusions of my defeat. All will know the power of Lord Voldemort once more."

There was silence for a while.

"Are you not curious as to what I have planned?" asked Voldemort after a while.

"Of course master. What is your plan?"

"It will start in Diagon Alley..."

Author notes: Hello hello, been a long time once more. First of all the regular: Reviews or still very very welcome. My yahoo group is still open of course except for those ##\$% spammers. The link is on my bio page. Maybe a bit of a slow chapter but things are bound to get interesting soon. The final showdown between Harry and Voldemort is nearing. I must say I'm quite eager to finally write the final chapter

of this story but that's probably another few chapters away, I'm not really sure how fast things will go from here but there is one thing that bothers me. The ending has been clear to me for a very long time but in the end I think a lot of people will be going ZOMGWTF so this story will most likely have two endings, you can choose whichever one you like best and erase the fact that the other one even exists from your memory. I've posted a poll on the group about the ending and the results thus far disturb me a bit so that's why. If you feel like it let me know how you think this story is going to end, I'm rather curious to be honest how readers are imagining it. Hope you all enjoyed reading, 'till next chapter.

Review responses:

phantom guardian of shadow: Two words...and they made my day.

Pradeepadapa: If only I could do nothing else but to put the stuff inside my head on paper. No wait, forget I said that, did that once and it turned into a mini-series that scared even my friends who are used to my eccentricities. But I'll try to get the next one up sooner :p.

Teufel1987: Actually, that was just something I thought off, wasn't based on anything. Just got an image of a ship ramming itself into a port through barrages of enemy fire and blowing up. Seemed like a lot of fun. Yeah, AoE 1 & 2 were pretty fun. Recently played Black and White 2 again, fun for a while. Actually it does look a bit like the watchtower, but it's not based on it. I looked it up when you mentioned it. Zeus is just blockier in the centre and its outer ring can separate from the main body. I really need to finish that drawing I have lying around somewhere but something always feels wrong about it.

jdboss1: You got a good point, war means killing your enemy before they kill you but it's not that simple and it's more fun to write like this, adds some more complications. But the death toll will most likely rise in the coming chapters...exponentially.

Nxkris: Actually, he looks more like Dragoon from Beyblade (Damn there's truly nothing on at six AM) thought he looked cool with the blue metallic scales.

TJeanetteT: I sometimes can't believe how fast weeks go by without even noticing how long it's been since I updated. I'm getting old I guess :p.

mr occult: Actually, there will be a sequel of sorts but it won't be on I'm afraid and it probably won't be finished for a long time. Writing this story has filled my head with ideas and I'm turning them into a novel of my own. Although progress is slow but if I can get it done it'll be worth my time in my opinion.

Amazed Reader: Nobody is perfect, I don't blame you for it either.

Therio: Now this I can appreciate. You didn't like it, fine, but at least you showed respect for someone's work. Thank you.

Necratoid: Meh, it's strange what insomnia does to you sometimes, makes you get all kind of weird ideas...like flying horses, or magic, or God...

dragonmage666: To be honest I didn't want to include everyone from the books or all the other countries, there are enough factions for my taste already. I could have made it all more complicated, for me, and more interesting for the rest of you but I shudder to think of how long this story could've become if I took that road. Although I do like those kinds of stories. Reread the Kings and Tyrants trilogy from John Marco, kept me up a couple of nights too :p.

Lord Sia: And that's what I love about readers, to hell the laws of physics and all that rot, let's just have fun reading.

Thanks to the others that have reviewed:

Matt101, iccc, Darth Demon2, Lord of No Fate.

When the phoenix crows

'There is nothing else we can do at the moment Arthur, please understand this.'

'I can't Albus, I truly can't. My son is missing and I can't help it but I blame you partially Albus. You talked to him about a mission. From what you told me he did what you asked of him and now he's gone.'

Albus sighed. Trying to explain that they would not go after Harry Potter to the Order of the Phoenix was proving difficult.

'How many more of my children will I lose thanks to you Albus?' asked Arthur Weasley as he tried to remain calm 'Ginny hasn't been the same and now you're taking her away again!'

'It is necessary Arthur. Thrust me, please.' Albus asked pleadingly.

'How can I Albus? Molly will be devastated. Ever since Ron went missing she's been almost frantic to keep everyone at home as much as she can. She just sits there staring at that godforsaken clock for hours, waiting for that hand to switch back to 'home' while knowing it most likely won't happen. Knowing he isn't dead is the only thing that keeps her going.'

'It is for her own safety Arthur. Whatever the Prophet says he's still out there. I've allowed it so far but if he got his hands on her we could all be doomed.'

Arthur Weasley was seething. He wanted to reject this man and run away with his family but the worst thing was, he knew Dumbledore was right. So far the fact that Ginny was home had been kept secret, only the Order and the family knew. But now Bill had gone missing too. If Voldemort was behind it and he learned someone whom had been so close with Harry was at his home he wouldn't hesitate to come and get her.

The rest of the order was quiet as they stared at the two men with grim faces.

'So you're adamant we let Harry have his way with the world for now and focus our entire effort on stopping Voldemort,' summarized Arthur.

'That is correct.'

'Why this sudden change of heart Albus? You were absolutely convinced Harry had to be brought down and back to us but now you're simply going to let him do as he pleases? What has all our effort been for I wonder.' Said Arthur, not knowing if this was a nightmare or reality. He had loved the boy once, that was a fact. And he knew Harry had looked at his family as his own. What could have changed all that. He had asking himself that same question for months now and still he had no answer. He looked at Albus, a man he had respected through most of his life. Someone he had always turned to for guidance but not even Dumbledore could give him an answer. The Albus Dumbledore he had thought he knew was no more.

'I'm sorry Arthur. In fact, I must apologize to all of you.' Albus said as he addressed the members 'I'm afraid I made some mistakes and we have all paid for it in our own way. I cannot express my gratitude for you all still being here. I was wrong, it's as simple as that. I thought Harry wasn't up to the task life has burdened him with but he has proven me wrong.' All looked at him as if he had gone insane, except for Moody, who looked like his usual grizzled self 'Don't misunderstand me. I am not saying what Harry is doing is the best course of action or the right one but right now he is the only one capable of dealing with Voldemort. He was always meant to be the one to take him down, we all knew that in a way. When this is all over we will be back to dealing with Harry himself. I don't know what he has planned once this is all over but I'm sure that when Voldemort is dealt with and the world back at peace he'll be willing to talk things over peacefully.'

'I hope you're right.' Sighed Arthur.

'Don't worry Arthur. The proof that Harry is not the monster many think he has become has been with you for a while.' Said Albus with a

smirk. Arthur looked at him perplexed. 'Ron's not dead is he? Even after he tried to kill Harry, Harry didn't kill him.'

'I still wonder about that day Albus.' Said a suspicious Arthur 'Why would you give Ron that sword when you didn't want to kill Harry.'

'I'm afraid there were a few things I hadn't thought off.' Said Albus evasively but he knew the answer didn't satisfy Arthur.

Moody stepped over and placed a hand on Arthur's shoulder. 'It's all water under the bridge now.' he said 'People make mistakes. While I don't think that's an excuse and it doesn't mean I won't keep in mind what happened we need to be united in this. The world is already fractured enough as it is.'

Arthur nodded, knowing Alastor was right.

The meeting adjourned and everyone left except for Albus and Moody.

When Moody was sure everyone was gone he spoke up. 'So tell me Albus, what is going on here.' When Dumbledore looked up at his old friend he seemed weary and old.

'I should've guessed I couldn't hide it from you.' Said Albus with a mirthless chuckle.

'Are you kidding me Albus, you look like crap.'

It wasn't a lie. Compared to a couple of months ago the former Hogwarts headmaster looked a couple of centuries older. His hair was thinner and his body more frail. His eyes had dimmed as well and the normal vitality he still showed seemed lacking.

'Their power has left me Alastor. My recent turnabout has made them unwilling to help me any further.'

Moody looked shocked at this. He was one of the few that new of the founders now inhabiting Albus' mind.

'They left you?' Moody asked incredulously.

'Oh heavens no. They are still very present, voicing their disapproval of my actions but they deny me their knowledge and power now. Their goal was to reinstate Hogwarts, to make it rise again from the abyss Harry has cast it in. As long as I do not actively try to take him down they won't help me anymore. They are filled with hatred for him and what he has done.'

'You're in withdrawal?'

'Very much so.' Said Dumbledore with a pained expression 'It is excruciating, suddenly having to rely solely on my own magic again.'

'This is grave news Albus. Despite what happened so far we need you to be strong. We can't do this without you.'

'Don't underestimate them Alastor. They've chosen their path, they'll walk it whichever way they can. Even if something were to happen to me they'd carry on.'

'Perhaps.' Said Moody with a weary sigh 'So what do we do now?'

'I don't know Alastor. Our efforts had been focused on Harry and keeping an eye on the Ministry I'm afraid. We're out of touch with Voldemort and the Death Eaters. We don't have a spy there anymore either. We'll have to worm our way into his ranks once more before we can undertake any action.'

'Won't be easy...' Moody started saying when the door to the room burst open. Hestia Jones rushed in looking frantic.

Both wizards had pulled their wands the moment the door had opened but Hestia disregarded the wands pointed her way.

'Albus, we must hurry, summon all the members back right now!'

'Calm down Hestia, what's going on to have you so frantic?' asked Dumbledore calmly as he put his wand away.

'Diagon Alley, it's under attack by Death Eaters and trolls and whatnot. I didn't get it all, the guy that told me was in a real panic. He thinks even Voldemort himself is there.'

In the blink of an eye Dumbledore was up on his feet and out the door.

Harry woke up with a start. His eyes alert and dangerous. Outside the sun was just coming up but he knew that in England the sun was already past noon and shining down on the land. He shuddered as he felt the glee still coursing through his veins. His nemesis was feeling very gleeful indeed. His scar throbbed madly but he didn't care. He was very glad he had opened the link back up right now but he dreaded the hours to come.

He grabbed his cell phone from the bedside table and dialled a code. 'I'll get you, you bastard.' Harry thought grimly as he waited for the signal that the code had been accepted.

When the beep came hundreds if not thousands of speakers all over Insania, Potter Mansion and on the ships sprang to life, carrying his voice over the entire island, in every room and corner.

'This Is Harry Potter speaking. Voldemort is attacking Diagon Alley. Insania is now on level one alert, all teams gather in the great hall of the keep immediately. Forces at Potter mansion, be ready to go as soon as we arrive. I repeat, Voldemort is attacking Diagon Alley. All teams gather up and get ready. Level one clearance for all weapons is in effect as of now.'

He closed the channel, jumped out of bed and got dressed. He summoned his sword in its scabbard and attached it to his belt. He quickly pulled his wand out of its hiding place and tucked it into a holster attached to his left forearm. After a moment of thought he summoned the serpentine staff that once belonged to Salazar Slytherin as well. There would be no guns for him today. With his powers now back full force he would show Voldemort just what kinds of magic he could wield these days.

When he arrived in the great hall the two hundred men still stationed on Insania were already gathered, their faces grim. All were dressed

for combat. Some had assault rifles swung over their shoulders, others carried nothing but their wands, preferring it that way. This wasn't a storming of a building or defending a base, this was close combat with wizards in a shopping district. Everyone used what they felt comfortable with. Two men were even quickly practicing how to use the MAGs. Harry hoped they would be careful when shooting them in Diagon Alley but when he thought about the devastation two of these weapons could bring upon the enemy he didn't mind using them. Severus was there as well. His dark eyes glittery. Harry wasn't really surprised to see him there but he had wondered if the man would come. He too seemed to prefer using his wand but the gun Harry had given him was strapped around his waist in a holster. Neville was there as well, an assault rifle held in his hands. He looked a little frightening to Harry with his dark expression. Neville looked as if he was out for blood.

He looked at all the assembled men and woman and nodded in satisfaction. The entire room had noticed his entrance and all were looking at him expectantly.

'We have no time to waste.' Harry said, addressing all. Hedwig appeared above him and immediately her tail started growing to an impossible length, snaking its way between people who all took a hold of it. 'I'll keep the pep talk for when we are complete.'

That was all he said. No more was needed. He too grabbed hold of Hedwig's tail. He gave her the cue. Just as they were all about to vanish Harry saw Hermione and Luna rush into the hall. Luna was carrying something small. They were yelling but he couldn't hear them as black flames surrounded him and filled the hall. He disregarded it for now. Today he would face Voldemort with magic and the sword, nothing else. He would show the enemy why they should fear him. They didn't have much time anyway. The last thing he had seen was Voldemort ordering his Death Eaters to attack while standing in front of Gringotts. He just hoped they wouldn't arrive too late.

They appeared on the lawn of Potter Mansion. Over here everyone was already on high alert. Thousands of soldiers were ready to face any threat. But of course leading such a huge force to Diagon Alley

wasn't an option. They would be getting in each other's way and casualties would be tremendous on their own side if they went with too many. Instead these men and woman would remain behind, ready for an attack on the base. It wasn't impossible that the attack on Diagon Alley was merely a diversion. Draco was waiting for their arrival, along with another hundred people. He carried his sword as well and an assault rifle. He was holding his wand tightly in his other hand.

'We're ready.' Was all Draco said. Harry nodded and all three hundred shot into action like they had practiced. As soon as Harry had announced the attack Draco had made the arrangements. Dozens of tables stood close to them. On them were hundreds of items, seemingly random junk. Tin cans, shoes, mugs and other paraphernalia. The three hundred people divided into teams, each team taking an item. They were Portkeys to certain locations in Diagon Alley. Most of them went to roofs on top of buildings and the back of certain stores. Others deserted alleys or other good spots that they had thought unlikely to be overrun instantly. Everyone took out their cell phones and after pressing a button on the side they transformed into headset that could be attached to your ear. That way they could keep in contact while being dispersed all over the shopping district. Harry would only be in contact with Draco, who would be in contact with the group leaders who would in turn be in contact with their men, thus keeping the channels from being too overcrowded.

When all were ready Harry looked at them and prayed all of them would return safely.

'Today we face a great threat.' Harry started, his voice clear and ringing over the grounds 'Today we once again face the enemy we ultimately must defeat. I will not waste many words, time is of the essence. But I will tell you this: show them no mercy. These are the people that kill families without regards. They target the innocent because of a false belief. They are not humans. They are a cancer that needs to be cut down ruthlessly. Be prepared for that. We have all trained for this scenario. You all know what to do. Watch out for each other and most important of all, live through this to fight another day. Show them our determination!'

The men roared their approval and when Hedwig grabbed hold of him they knew their cue to leave had come. As one they activated their Portkeys.

Harry arrived on a roof of one of the shops. Close to Flourish and Blotts, where other men had arrived as well, cautiously peeking through the front window of the shop. The Alley was in chaos. Apparently it had been quite busy when Voldemort had attacked. Frightened people were still running everywhere, screaming fright while other decided to stay and fight. The battle hadn't reached this far up the street yet. Toward Gringotts the sound of people yelling spells and battle rang. There was a cackle over the noise which made the hairs of Harry's neck stand on end. There was a whoosh of air as the front of one of the stores down the street exploded outward, sending people sprawling and debris flying everywhere. The Death Eaters with their white masks and black cloaks were everywhere, sending spells flying in all directions. Bodies littered the street. Men, woman and children alike. Some trampled, others with their eyes wide open staring vacantly ahead. There were Aurors as well, battling against the enemy but they weren't fairing all that well against the opposing forces. Draco was giving him reports from the other squads. It was worse in other places. Near Gringotts Voldemort himself stood, commanding his forces and wreaking havoc on everything and anyone that dared to stray too close. His men were waiting for his signal to begin the attack. They had the element of surprise. If they started firing as soon as they arrived it would cause chaos even amongst themselves and certainly amongst any allied forces, although he wasn't sure what the Aurors would do once they knew Insania had come into the fight.

Draco quickly told him what they were facing. At the moment it was just Death Eaters it seemed and Voldemort. He had already told the squads what to do and they were ready to go. Just when Harry was about to give the go ahead he heard Draco yell 'Don't'.

Harry didn't know what was happening but he had a feeling. He immediately apparated to a roof not far from Gringotts. He was just in time to see one of his men on a roof on the opposite side of Voldemort open fire with his assault rifle. The man had the weapon

on the alternate destruction setting. The twenty red spheres burst forth and headed straight towards Voldemort. The wizard merely turned around with a smirk and brandished his wand above his head while crying something Harry didn't understand. The wave of destructive magic clashed against an invisible wall, exploding violently and obscuring the Dark Lord from view. Not a moment later an arc of crackling light shot out of the smoke straight towards the man. It connected with the roof. The ledge that the man had used for cover exploded violently. Shards of stone were sent flying in every direction as the upper part of the building started crumbling. The man's body was sent flying backwards over the roof, blood spraying everywhere from numerous cuts. He had a large hole in his torso from which innards spilled out into the air. The body disappeared from view as it sailed over the roof and then descended behind it.

And then it happened.

More terrifying than any sound Harry had ever heard, louder than lightning striking right next to you, the black phoenix Harry had made, flying over the square Voldemort stood on, crowed its awful sound.

The sound of a member of Insania passing away.

Everything became deathly quiet after that. Everyone looked horror stricken from the truly terrifying cry. Nobody dared move or utter a sound, not even the Dark Lord as his red eyes regarded the massive creature flying straight above him. The silence was shattered by the masonry from the building crashing down to the ground and the distant dull thud of a body smacking against stone. Windows started clattering in their frames. There was the feeling of powerful magic in the air. A low rumble started, sounding as if it came down from the depths of the Earth itself. And then every single piece of glass in a five kilometre radius shattered at the same time. Windows simply burst apart. They exploded so hard that not even shards remained. All that remained was a fine grey dust. The noise was overwhelming. But above it all a voice could be heard screaming, sounding more furious than a volcano when it erupted.

'VOLDEMORT!' Harry yelled in a mad rage as he leaped from the roof towards his nemesis. His sword above his head, held with both

hands and ready to bring it down on his enemy. None of Voldemort's followers even had time to react. They just gazed at the most frightening man they had ever seen leaping off a roof towards their master. His green eyes murderous and swirling with magic. Their heads were still ringing from the explosion of windows. But the Dark Lord was ready for him. He pointed his wand straight at Harry. Or rather, the sword bearing down on him. The tip of the wand glowed as brightly as the sun. Harry's sword clashed with it and stopped dead.

He didn't know what was happening. He was floating in mid-air, his sword against the light feeling as if he was still flying towards the dark lord but he was standing still. And then he felt the force against him, pushing him back. He gritted his teeth.

'I will not be beaten, you monster.'

He didn't know how he did it but he started pushing back, using his magic or his willpower maybe. The wand tip glowed even brighter. The air around them was crackling with energy.

'Great words from a small boy Potter.' Hissed Voldemort, the smirk never leaving him. He looked like he had it all under control and Harry had to admit, they were in a stalemate right now. All around them everyone was still staring at them open mouthed, unsure of what to do. Their stupor was broken when the forces of Insania opened fire. The fact that Draco had yelled 'Give them hell' through the channels only registered in his mind after the fact. He was solely focused on Voldemort, everything else was secondary right now.

A dozen Death Eaters were swiped away on the first barrage.

Harry used the distraction to jump back and lunge again. Voldemort put his wand in his path and Harry didn't bother keeping the pressure. He let himself be pushed back, fall down to the ground under Voldemort's wand and sliced at him. The Dark Lord dodged nimbly and sent a curse at Harry. The pavement was ripped apart where Harry's feet had been before he leapt in the air and swung his wand at Voldemort again. Voldemort used his wand to push Harry's sword away, making it fly harmlessly over his head. Harry went with the

swing, jumping away and taking off again. He went at Voldemort time and time again but each time the older wizard managed to deflect his blows or simply avoid them. While the battle raged around them they continued fighting. The Dark Lord had a smirk on his face as Harry got nowhere near, not even scratching him. On the other hand, with Voldemort's wand occupied with deflecting his sword and Harry being fast enough to not let him shoot a lot of spells he was unharmed as well.

But Harry knew he was at the disadvantage right now. He had to keep moving while Voldemort merely stood there. He couldn't keep this up endlessly but he didn't need to. Voldemort was lulled into the believe that he could handle Harry like this. A MAG shell exploded not far from them, sending two Death Eaters flying. It was all the distraction Harry needed. With a thought the swords split in their two smaller forms. He rushed forward again, seeing the brief flash of surprise from Voldemort. He slashed with the longer one first and Voldemort intercepted it with his wand. Harry lashed out with the second one, waiting for the blood to fly but once again the Dark Lord countered, this time with a glowing red sword of pure magic.

Another MAG shell exploded close by.

'Tssk tssk Potter, these toys of yours annoy me.' Said Voldemort and he pushed Harry back. Harry jumped backwards and landed a few feet from the Dark Lord.

'Are you annoyed that these toys are decimating your forces?' asked Harry with a cocky smirk and Voldemort laughed at him.

'Decimating my forces?' hissed Voldemort with a definite edge to his voice 'The fun hasn't even started yet.'

This was apparently the clue for hundreds of creatures to emerge from out of all the dark corners of the street. A troll crashed through storefront, waving a club around and not minding the masonry falling down around it one bit. Vampires fell out of the sky. Apparently the fact that they couldn't stand the sun was a bit of an overstatement. Harry saw two Dementors emerge from a dark Alley.

Harry yelled madly as he ran towards Voldemort once again. But this time the Dark Lord didn't remain standing where he was and they begun a deadly dance.

High above them the phoenix' terrible cry echoed once again.

The moment Harry had charged Voldemort and Draco got out of his stupor he gave the order to the forces.

'Give 'em hell.' He yelled into the headpiece and looked at the display the two were putting on. He had to admit, Harry sure knew how to start a battle. The troops opened fire, showering the Death Eaters with death and destruction. More than a dozen fell on the first barrage but they recovered soon after, throwing up shields, taking cover and firing back. But Draco knew they had the advantage. They had caught them by surprise and had the advantage of the higher ground and cover. Up until now the Death Eaters had merely been standing on the street throwing curses left and right. The Aurors seemed to be faring a little better too, their courage bolstered by the arrival of forces with the same enemy. While Harry and Voldemort battled with each other the fight for Diagon Alley had begun in earnest.

A few of the men asked if they should aid their commander but Draco told them firmly to keep out of the fight. It probably wouldn't do them any good and the Dark Lord's retaliation was swift and brutal. Draco used his assault rifle to fire on a group of Death Eaters that had taken refuge behind a large piece of debris. Draco managed to hit one in the face. The Death Eater's head had exploded in a gory spray. One of his comrades promptly started retching while the other was throwing everything he could at Draco's position, frantic with fright. Normally it didn't get as gruesome as people exploding all over you, even for a Death Eater. Usually you just tortured someone with Cruciatus for a while or cast Imperius on them, telling them to rape their families or something equally painful to them and then cast Avada Kedavra on them. A lot less messy.

The front of the house was starting to give out from the onslaught. Draco had to stop his barrage and retreat to a safer position. Reports from his men were coming in constantly, most saying that they had everything under control.

Until the creatures showed up. They came out of nowhere. One moment Draco was shooting down at the street, the next a vampire was standing behind him, looming over his shoulder. Its fangs were bared. There was an eerie red glow to the woman's eyes as she swooped down to bite him. Draco tried to turn around to shoot her but she was faster. Just when he fangs would have sunk into his neck a wooden stake burst through her chest, spraying blood all across Draco. The woman's eye widened as she looked down at the stake and staggered back. Behind her one of the men stood with his wand aimed at her. He looked out of breath. He opened his mouth to say something but before any words could come out the vampire woman ripped the stake out of her body and half a second later she had rammed it through the man's body, a cruel smirk on her lips. She had moved so fast and graceful. To Draco it had looked like she had taken a single step to cross the distance which had been several metres.

'You missed my heart by a couple of inches.' She whispered seductively before flinging his body across the roof. He crashed on the roof and let out a cry of pain as the stake was pushed even further.

Draco was horrified at her casualness but now he had his chance.

'Die, you monster!' he yelled and opened fire. The red bolts struck her but other than making her skin smoke slightly where he had hit her she was unaffected.

She let out a throaty laugh. 'You wizards are so amusing.' She said and her voice was music to Draco's ears. She stalked towards him, a lot slower this time, swaying her hips. Draco felt his mouth go dry.

'This isn't the time to think such things.' he scolded himself as he sought desperately for a way out. He drew his wand, aiming at her. But that speed that vampires possessed really made itself known. The wand clattered onto the roof and Draco howled in pain. The hold she had on his arm was like a vice. She was holding it so tightly he couldn't even move his hand anymore.

'And your blood tastes so refreshing.' She whispered, her mouth next to his ear. She bared her teeth once more, lowering her mouth.

'I'm going to die.'

The thought echoed in his mind, and he couldn't do anything to stop it.

Fate was with him on this day though. An explosion rocked the building beneath him and the roof started crumbling.

He and the vampire fell down. She was startled enough to not clamp down on his neck and he took advantage of it. As soon as they started falling down he grabbed hold of her with his free arm, spinning them around. They passed the upper floor of the building, Draco drew his sword. They neared the ground, he placed the tip above her heart. They crashed.

The sword pierced her body and the tip collided with the stone floor beneath.

Draco was breathing heavily, his body ached all over. The vampire's body had taken the worst out of the impact but the two story drop still hurt like hell. He had trouble breathing. Briefly he wondered about the guy on top of the roof, if he was still alive but high above it all the phoenix crowed again.

Harry and Voldemort were still going at it. They clashed time and time again.

Everything was moving so fast it all seemed a blur to Harry, he was acting on instinct more than anything. He hadn't gone into drone-mode. Something told him not to.

'What's the matter Potter?' Asked Voldemort 'I had expected more of you already. Are you holding back? Or are you starting to realize I am and always will be your superior.'

'Never.' Screamed Harry.

He jumped up, crossed his swords and brought them down but the Dark Lord countered by crossing his own weapons. Harry's foot lashed out kicking him on the chest sending Voldemort stumbling while he himself created some distance. The both stopped and glared at each other.

'Tssk Tssk Harry Potter.' Seethed Lord Voldemort 'Using such muggle methods to fight. Is it because you cannot win when it comes to magic alone?'

Harry's eyes narrowed. 'Challenge accepted Tom.'

He spread his arms, the two swords once again becoming one. In his left hand appeared Slytherin's staff.

'I must warn you, I have not been sitting idle.' Said Harry

'Neither have I Harry Potter.' Hissed Lord Voldemort, eyeing the staff with envy 'If only you knew that staff's true capabilities.'

'If only you knew what we are truly capable of, you would surrender right now.' Harry countered.

Voldemort laughed mockingly, the sound sending chills down Harry's spine.

'What are you laughing about Tom? Look around you, your forces aren't fairing all that well.' Just as Harry said it the Phoenix crowed again.

'It would seem that yours are starting to suffer some losses too.' Voldemort said with glee.

'It doesn't matter, they were prepared for it and they will win.'

Voldemort gave another mocking laugh. To Harry's right, in a side alley a building's wall burst apart, outward into the alley and out of the gaping hole a giant emerged. It didn't seem bothered by the debris raining down on it as it looked around wildly, spotting a group of his men fighting a couple of Death Eaters. It roared frighteningly before

storming towards them. The men were so startled they didn't even have the chance to respond. The giant pounced on them, crushing one upon impact and knocking the others back. The Death Eaters took their chance and started casting spells at the defenceless men.

The phoenix crowed four more times in quick succession, the sound starting to hurt Harry's ears.

From up on the roofs people fired on it but the assault rifles weren't strong enough to take it down, a giant's skin being highly magic resistant. The giant looked around at the attackers, seeing he couldn't reach them, he ran full tilt at one of the buildings. The thunderous 'boom' the giant created when it connected with the wall overshadowed the cries of surprise from the men on the roof. The entire building shuddered and cracks appeared in the masonry. 'Boom' 'Boom'. The giant hit the wall again and again until the wall collapsed, taking the men on the roof with it. They landed on the pavement, most probably dead instantly from the three story fall. Just to make sure the giant squashed them with his feet a couple of times before going to the next building.

'As you see Harry Potter, the tide seems to be turning.' Mocked Voldemort.

A moment later another thunderous boom rocked the ground. Harry looked back at the giant. Except that there was no giant anymore. Instead the entire street was now coated in blood and gore and pieces of giant. A little further away from the giant an unconscious Draco Malfoy laid, A MAG still in his hands, he's been thrown backwards against the wall by the backfire.

'You haven't won yet.' Harry said threateningly as he focused back on Voldemort, his eyes ablaze with magic.

'But I will shortly.' Hissed Voldemort as the pure magic blade in his hand disappeared.

'We shall see.' Said Harry. He positioned the staff right in front of him, letting it strike the ground audibly. He crossed his sword in front of it, forming a cross.

In a strange voice, completely unlike his own, he started an incantation. It was spoken slowly but the words seemed almost too heavy to pronounce.

'Lach viran teren vio, ach viro atir, SOREN!' he shouted the last part.

To the Dark Lord his hearing suddenly seemed muted, the sounds of battle now faint and distant. In front of him Harry stood with a serene expression on his face. Something about the flow of time wasn't right as well. Everyone moved very slowly, spells taking almost thrice as long to reach their targets. He shrugged it off, this was most likely a trick. He waved his wand, about to cast a curse.

But before the first syllable left his mouth he stopped. Beneath him the ground trembled. A rumble that seemed to come from the depths of the earth itself. He looked at Harry again, still with that same expression on his face. Cracks appeared in the ground, a faint red-yellowish light spilling out of them. He tried to step away from them but found that his body was frozen in place. The ground beneath him lifted slightly, like something was pushing up, trying to break free. The next thing he knew was pain and a blinding light burning his eyes.

A pillar of light erupted from the ground, shooting towards the sky. Gales swept through the alley, powerful enough to sweep people off their feet. In the midst of it all stood Harry, calm and unmovable, a visible aura of power surrounding him. Above all the noise was the ear-piercing shriek of Voldemort as he endured pain like he had never experienced before.

The scream carried on and became louder and more terrible with each passing moment until it reached its crescendo. The pillar of flame burst apart, the magic leaping all over the place as it was released from its confines. It scorched buildings and crashed into the road, gouging deep rents in the pavement.

Harry moved, he stuck his sword in the ground and made a wide sweep with the staff. Immediately all the magic running rampant stopped, reversed course and started disappearing into the staff. Harry's body glowed with the magic running through it. His sword

pulsed, the earth around it glowing too as Harry sent the magic he had called up back to where it came from.

Harry looked up, surprised but not letting it show.

Voldemort still stood upright, his face contorted with rage, his breathing ragged. His skin was smoking in some places and his robes had for the most part been evaporated, burning bits and pieces still clinging to him. He had his arms spread out, glaring at Harry with those frightening red eyes. His wand was still in his hand, unharmed.

Voldemort slumped down, unable to hold himself upright any longer but he never broke eye contact.

'Very impressive,' hissed the Dark Lord, anger lacing them 'But as you can see not good enough.'

The wand stabbed forward, purple energy tinged with red shot forth. Harry stepped sideways and sent a curse back at Voldemort. The Dark Lord seemed to recover from the pain as he too dodged and they started duelling.

Severus and Neville were busy in Knockturn Alley fighting off the swarms of dark creatures that tried to overwhelm them. They had lost some members but they were holding out for now. While Neville took charge and directed the men while firing of a steady stream of gunfire at the enemy Severus was using every curse he knew to mow down the creatures bearing down upon them from above.

'Avada Kedavra.' He yelled, aiming at a vampire that had managed to sneak up on them. The creature fell down on the soldier it would've attacked, dead with lifeless but still malicious eyes staring blindly ahead.

Apparently this wasn't the only vampire that had gotten close as a shadow crossed him. Severus looked up only to be smacked down on the ground by the assailant.

With it's teeth bared it snarled at him but Severus kept his wits about him. His wand was useless, the creature holding his arm in a vice-like

grip. He drew the weapon Harry had given him, planting the muzzle against the creature's chest.

It looked down, puzzled at the small firearm.

Three quick pulls of the trigger sent forth a fountain of blood as the bolts of deadly energy pierced the creature's chest. It howled in agony before a cutting hex severed the vampire's head. Severus pushed the body of him. Blood had spurted from the neck and now he was covered in it. Severus growled in disgust.

'Thanks Neville.' Severus said as he got up swiftly and started throwing all kinds of spells around again.

'Not a problem.' Muttered Neville, putting his wand away again and picking up the rifle again. He started firing at the incoming creatures. 'Any news from Draco?'

'Nothing since that giant exploded, other teams are too busy to check up on him.' Severus said as a chimera exploded from one of his spells.

'Damn, where do these things keep coming from.' Neville yelled angrily, quickly replacing the ammo clip after showering a dark side alley with destructive fire.

'No idea but we need to get this under control soon, we can't keep this up.' Severus said, gritting his teeth as he tried to take down a particularly fast creature crawling along the walls of a building.

They could all hear the sound of the battle Voldemort and Harry were having, their voices carrying even over the din of the battle raging around them. The ground trembled beneath them as the two duelled. The magic they emitted was strong enough to be felt even over a hundred yards away. Severus wasn't worried, as long as he could feel that Energy it meant that Harry was still going. He took the pistol Harry had given him out again and looked at the pulsing end of it. Harry's magic at work. He opened fire with both his wand and the pistol at the wall-skitter creature. It was hit by the pistol first, making it cry out in pain. A terrible hiss that made Severus shiver; before his

hex hit the creature in the chest, making it's blood boil instantly. It fell down and out of sight behind a vendor's stall.

As they continued to slaughter the Dark Lord's forces another feeling made their skin tingle.

Severus and Neville looked up startled at the new sensation of something powerful coming into play.

'What the hell is that?' asked Neville

'I don't know but look at the creatures.' Said Severus.

All of them had stopped trying to get at them and were standing still, looking in the direction of where the sensation was coming from. As one they shot into action, jumping, running or crawling over buildings towards whatever this new thing was.

'That's odd.' Commented Neville 'But it gives us a break, let's try and find out...'

The rest of his sentence was drawn out as another giant rumbled it's way through a building, emerging thirty yards down the alley from them.

'Why didn't you just shout: 'What could possibly go wrong right now'' Severus asked with a raised eyebrow, eyeing the newcomer with some trepidation.

'Got any of those MAG shells left?' Neville demanded of the men around them.

Two of them shot into action, taking one of the cubes out of a pocket while the other quickly took out some ammo clips for the massive weapon.

Near the Leaky Cauldron Albus Dumbledore stood with his wand aimed at the skies, his order members around him. All had their wands out, waiting for the inevitable tide swarming down upon them.

'Are you sure this is a good idea Albus?' asked a sceptical Moody.

'We all know how to deal with dark creatures Alastor. Most of us fought the first war.' Said Dumbledore.

'I thought we weren't going to interfere in Potter's business anymore.' Said Arthur Weasley with a disdainful sniff.

'This is not one of Harry's battles alone Arthur, this is for the Wizarding community, losing Diagon Alley again would be a terrible blow for moral.'

Several people muttered agreement but they grew quiet as they saw the creatures approach them, stalking towards them. Some vampires were purposefully striding towards them across the cobblestones, as if daring them to start casting spells. Other creatures were nervously crawling along the walls or skittering across the roofs, surrounding them.

'I think we've drawn their attention now Albus.' Muttered Moody with a stomp of his leg, his wand at the ready.

'Slay them all. To hell with those rallying under He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named.' Grumbled someone at the back.

Dumbledore nodded grimly.

The alley was lit up by the light of a dozens of spells as they all opened fire. Creatures jumped at them from above while others simply tried to rush them. But these men and women, most from the first war against Voldemort and some from even earlier disputes fell into a well organised formation, each knowing their spots to cover. One being after another fell down. Soon the street was littered with corpses of dark creatures of all sorts, their blood mingling as it ran in torrents over the street's cobblestones.

The farther the duel progressed the more vicious it became. One of Harry's two swords was sticking up from the ground a good distance away from the actual fight. It's larger brother was wielded by Harry,

his wand in his other hand. The two were duelling very closely. Harry kicking, slashing and throwing curse after curse at the Dark Lord.

Voldemort in return kept dodging all his attacks despite the battered state of his body. He was throwing a curse every time he got the chance. But like Harry most missed because of the opponents rapid movements or got deflected. Buildings around them were in ruins from all the destructive spells that had been thrown about. Others were burning infernos. Great holes marked the once pristine street. The only thing still unharmed was Gringotts. The ancient marble stone repelling all the magic with its powerful wards.

'Efflectum,' Harry bellowed, a multicoloured streak bursting from the tip of his wand. It missed the Dark Lord's left arm by scant inches. It continued and cut a hole straight through a building.

'Rumpus corpus,' the dark lord incanted in return after dodging another swipe and a roundhouse kick from Harry.

The fight continued. After a while Harry was getting the distinct impression Voldemort was holding back for some reason. He knew his enemy had missed at least two chances to hit him with absolute certainty. The time between Voldemort's spells had also increased.

'Are his injuries finally catching up to him or am I tiring him out?' Harry wondered 'That can't be it. I'm starting to feel the strain but while his spellcasting has slowed down I haven't managed to hit him with a single kick or touched him once with my sword for a while now.'

It was true. Neither had landed another scratch on the other in the last few minutes. It was starting to get disconcerting.

'Even if we are at a stalemate what is this growing feeling of dread I'm getting?'

There was something about the Dark Lord that was starting to bother him. He didn't know what but something felt...off. And the feeling was only growing stronger by the second. Harry was starting to think Voldemort was not really focusing on the fight all that much.

'Harry!' yelled Neville as he and Severus along with the rest of their group emerged from Knockturn Alley.

Harry couldn't afford to let his concentration on his enemy slip so he didn't acknowledge them. But that didn't deter them. They quickly formed a line. Every time they could get a clear shot at Voldemort they took it and soon fourteen people were casting spells at the Dark Lord. Voldemort in return was having a tough time dodging and blocking all this. It grew increasingly worse until one of the men managed to land a glancing blow on the Dark Lord's arm. Blood spurted from the limb as it suddenly twisted in an unnatural angle, the bone breaking through the skin with an audible crack.

'Enough!' hissed Voldemort.

The air shimmered. All loose debris lying around him and Harry was catapulted away. Harry himself was pushed backward a good dozen yards but he managed to keep upright while the others were knocked on their behinds and several yards back.

'I was hoping for a little more time but your little gaggle of misguided fools has ruined it.' Voldemort hissed coldly with a look of utter disdain towards Severus and Neville 'But it doesn't matter, this should suffice.'

'What are you talking about Tom, were there some more surprises incoming? Maybe some more pathetic creatures willing to join your rampage?' Harry asked coldly.

The Dark Lord laughed cold and bitter, making a shiver run up and down everyone's spine.

'Oh my dear boy, haven't you learned yet?' taunted Voldemort 'If you want something done right you have to do it yourself.'

Something in the back of Harry's mind flared to life, giving him an urge to flee for his life but he stood his ground. There was something in the air which made his mouth taste the most foulest thing he had ever tasted. The air reeked of pure evil.

Black lines appeared in the Dark Lord's body, forming intricate patterns. An aura of darkness surrounded him. The ground as his feet froze instantly and cracked shortly after. Everyone beside the Dark Lord started shivering without knowing why.

A strong wind appeared out of nowhere. It whipped past the men and formed a vortex around Voldemort. Black spots were carried by it, disappearing into the Dark Lord when they got close enough. Harry had to plant his sword firmly into the ground to keep himself from being picked up and carried along. The others sought refuge near a wall that had remained standing yelling things Harry couldn't hear.

Harry's skin was starting to tingle unpleasantly. Something about that wind made that happen.

And as abruptly as it had come the wind was gone.

The world was deathly quiet, only broken by the sound of Voldemort taking a deep satisfied breath.

'It is done Harry Potter, your end is near,' he hissed, his glowing red eyes dimming. They became darker and swirled with something from another world.

'What have you done?' Harry hissed as he pulled his sword from the ground. He remained on high alert, scanning the surroundings for any threats.

'When I visited your island you showed me an error I had made. And I am grateful for it. I would've made far worse mistakes had it not happened,' said Voldemort with a pleased smirk. He lazily waved his hand through the air. It looked like he was trying to caress it but wherever the hand passed a dark shadow lingered shortly.

'I have learned from that mistake and now I will show you the profits of my studies into the demon realm.'

Harry's eyes widened slightly. He didn't know exactly what Voldemort had managed but it couldn't be anything good as it had anything to do with that creature that had tore down his wards with such ease.

'See for yourself what the power of a true Dark Lord is Harry Potter,' Voldemort cackled madly, raising his hands towards the sky. A harsh grating sound emerged from his throat. The sky darkened. Magic swirled around the Dark Lord. There was the smell of ozone and rotting flesh spreading through the square. Tendrils of the darkest black erupted from the ground, shooting up into the heavens.

Black disks appeared above Diagon Alley, growing larger and larger until two lorries could easily drive through them side-by-side.

A terrifying howl pierced everyone's minds. Images of unseen terror appeared before their eyes. The ends of worlds, starvation, hunger, war, torture, genocide... all on a scale they could never have imagined.

'Can you see it Harry Potter? Can you feel it? Can you sense their presence!' the Dark Lord yelled above the noise in obvious glee 'These are the creatures from your nightmares, the bringers of death and decay, the World Enders. And they are mine to control!'

'You crazy son of a... ' another roar drowned out Harry's voice. Harry roared back, his eyes ablaze. His sword glowed a cold blue, the tip of his wand bright red.

'Are you still planning to fight after what you just felt?' mocked Voldemort 'How can you still have any hope.'

'I don't have hope,' said Harry. There was nothing on earth that could describe the coldness in his voice.

'But I have determination to spare. You will never quench my desire to destroy you. I will kill you even if it's the last thing I do!'

'You will never come even close. To me you are just a defiant child,' said Voldemort, his voice devoid of emotion, his face unreadable.

A limb emerged from one of the portals. Black as the night, spiked with wicked claws for nails. Skin not unlike that of a crocodile. A head emerged next. Pincers with wicked teeth made up its mouth, three

pairs of nostrils scattered over its long snout. It looked like something that should not exist in this universe, a creature from another reality where nightmares roamed free. It had no eyes, only two black pits with a tiny yellow light at the centre which seemed millions of miles away. A set of razor sharp horns lined the top of the creatures' head. It had dull black hair at the back of its head which ran down the back of its neck and further down its body. The hair looked like rusted metal spikes. Out came the rest of its body. Its other three arms and slim torso rippling with muscles. A wicked looking tail swished back and forth as it exited the portal. A strong set of hind legs with hooves completed the creature's body.

It fell down from the sky. It twisted itself around and crashed into the ground. Its body weighed enough to topple some of the more unstable buildings. Two arms lifted up, pushing the vile thing on its feet effortlessly. It looked around as if curious. It spotted Harry, a ragged exhaled breath escaping its mouth. The beast looked at its master. Voldemort did not move an inch or made a single sound. The creature rounded on Harry again, rising to its full fifty feet height. Its breath rattled loudly. The beast stomped one of its hooves loudly, cracking the street. But it did not attack.

Harry did not feel at ease, at all. He eyed the creature with trepidation. While such a massive creature looked slow he wasn't betting on it. He kept an eye on Voldemort as well, in case he tried something while Harry was occupied with this vile creation. However had cooked this creature up must've been sniffing a lot of sulphuric acid.

Harry reached out with his mind. Out of the corner of his eye he could see Neville and the others huddled against the wall. He had to make sure Voldemort and this concoction of evil stayed focused on him. None of them stood a chance against the enemy right now. He felt the connection with the dragons still on Insania.

'Guys, I don't know what you're doing but you'd better get over here fast,' he told them. Meganos was about to ask a question but he ignored her mental voice. He couldn't afford being distracted for too long. He didn't know how long he could hold out against this beast but better to have backup on the way than none at all.

The creature still remained standing in front of him, not doing anything. A sideways glance at the Dark Lord told him Voldemort was not doing anything either besides standing there.

'Should I attack?' Harry wondered but thought against it 'That's most likely what he's hoping for.'

The creature shifted a little and Harry tensed up, ready to react against any attack. But the only thing the creature did was raise its head and look at the other portals in the sky. Harry took the risk and looked up too. These days he did not fear a lot of things. Even Voldemort did not strike fear into him, more anger. But the sight above him made him shiver all over in fear.

Two more creatures like the first were emerging from the portals. They dropped down, crashing unceremoniously into the ground before picking themselves up.

Harry swallowed. He was now surrounded by three of these ghastly beings. They stared at him with their endlessly deep eyes as if judging him.

Movement at the corner of his vision drew his attention. The Dark Lord had moved his arm, holding his hand out in front of him. He snapped his bony fingers.

'Ruuuuun!' Harry yelled at Neville, Severus and their men.

For once the thought of sticking around to help didn't cross their mind.

One creature made a grab for Harry. He dodged, somersaulting over it and cutting off three of the beast's fingers. It did not howl or react to the injury in any way.

'That went a little too easy.' Harry thought, looking back. The other two started to move. Black slime oozed out of the creature's wound, pooling on the cobblestones.

Things became a blur after that. Harry was too busy dodging, hacking and slashing to even think about anything. Black liquid splashed all

over the place. Severed limbs smashed against buildings or dropped to the ground. The last of the tree fell down to the ground, unable to support itself without legs or arms.

Harry lunged for Voldemort, his sword held in front of him. He aimed at the Dark Lord's throat. He stopped dead just scant centimetres short of Voldemort's neck. He couldn't get any closer. Something powerful was keeping him locked in place. A power he had never experienced before. It was strong and ancient. He fell back and retched.

It was also the most horrible thing he had ever experienced.

'Nice attempt Harry Potter. Cut down the source and the gate of hell will close itself.' Voldemort said, his tone flat, his eyes dead and emotionless.

'I'm not done yet.' Muttered Harry. He wiped his mouth and rose again, sword held in front of him with both hands. His wand had disappeared.

'Oh but you are,' disputed Voldemort. Harry absently noticed he didn't hiss some words anymore. 'Against this demonic power you are a mere fly on the wall. You cannot even touch me anymore. How tragic that the roles have been reversed now after so many years. Being even close to me makes you feel ill doesn't it.'

And to his horror Harry had to silently admit it.

'And,' continued Voldemort 'This was only the beginning.'

A shadow loomed over Harry from behind. He rolled sideways. A massive tail slammed into the cobblestones. Harry crouched on one knee and looked behind him. He didn't know how but now there was a single massive creature. Its torso was thrice the size but it had twelve arms and four massive legs. The deformed head with its six eyes looked at him with those eyes that promised eternal hell if you ever became lost in them. Harry looked back at Voldemort, his eyes burning with determination. The air became charged. Small sparks

jumped from one pebble to the next. The white marble of Gringotts seemed to darken.

'Only the beginning Harry,' whispered Voldemort.

The sky turned completely black. But as Harry looked up he found that there was no word to describe its colour. It was darker than black, vaster than the deepest reaches of space. It was pure Evil. The sky was a gateway to a place all would call hell if they ever saw it.

Light didn't come from the sky anymore. It was so dark the earth shined in it. The creature roared its approval. Its breath rattled loudly now. It snorted and stamped its hooves. Harry sensed it was out for blood. His. Lights on the street sprang to life but they did not lighten the darkness. The earth around them only shone a little brighter. High up in the darkness lights flickered. Harry looked up curiously, hoping that the sun or the moon or even the clouds would break through. Anything would do.

Later he wished he had never thought that. Once low enough he saw that there were no lights. Only light from below being reflected on scaly armour. Harry stood up straight, he slowly turned completely around, looking at the thousands of creatures falling from the sky. A sense of dread almost overtook him but he stood firm. He would not falter. He could not falter. A faint thud was heard in the distance. The another, and another, and another. The gap between each thud became lesser and less until it was a continuous sound like thunder.

...thudududu...

'I will not be defeated,' whispered Harry. He could not hear himself over the noise but he didn't care. He just had to say it, for himself.

...dududududu...

'I will not be defeated,' he said a little louder, still unable to hear himself.

...dudududududududu...

'Only the beginning,' mouthed Voldemort once more.

...dududududududududududu...

'I am Harry fu' THUD 'ing Potter you will not defeat me!' Harry roared.

...thud...

The world was silent once more.

'We shall see,' said Voldemort.

'Yes we shall,' said Harry deadly serious, his voice echoing down the quiet streets. His voice sounded like a bell, clear and strong. Not a doubt lingered in it.

The creature behind him surged forward. Harry swivelled around, his sword glowing cold steel blue.

He met the beast head on, splitting its skull in half and avoiding a dozen arms followed by a tail. He landed behind the creature, pushed off and launched himself at the monstrosity again.

At the edges of the square small forms moved in the shadows.

High above it all the Phoenix began crowing once more.

'Neville, we can't keep this up, we must get out of here,' Yelled Severus over the noise of automatic spell fire impacting all around him. Guns fired continuously unless they were reloading. The two MAGs they had fired every other second, blasting dozens of the creatures apart with each hit. The gun Harry had given him was starting to singe his skin. He was using it continuously. The crystal in it glowed bright.

'No!' said Neville with determination 'We stay and we fight. Harry won't leave either. I will stand by him in whatever way I can. Even if I need to mown down every single creature by myself, I will not falter from this spot until they are all dead and gone.'

'This is foolish Longbottom. We are running out of ammo, we are getting tired. They are wearing us down whether we want to admit it or not,' snapped Severus.

A creature leaped over their heads. Severus whipped himself around and shot three holes in the creature with the gun. Neville screamed in pain as its tail hit him in the face. The creature screeched and sailed further over the group and disappeared into the darkness.

Severus dropped down to one knee and turned Neville around so he could look at his face. A gash ran from his jaw, over his right eye, over his temple into his hairline. Blood was flowing freely out of it.

'Believe in him Severus, we must,' pleaded Neville.

'Stupid child,' grumbled Severus. He stood up and continued to fight.

Near the Leaky Cauldron the Order of the Phoenix was still standing. Bodies were piling up everywhere but the fight was still going strong.

A blueish-white shield surrounded the members. Creatures were reluctant to get near it. Those crazy enough or too filled with bloodlust found that their limbs didn't want to cooperate well. Some slowed down to a crawl only to be mowed down. Those strong and stupid enough to get through burst up in flames instantly.

'Damn, first those following mongrels and now these demons,' grumbled Moody 'We can't keep this up Albus, you can't keep this up.'

'We must, all of us. I will not abandon Harry here, nor those who follow him,' Dumbledore panted, struggling to keep up the shield as another creature managed to run through it only to be engulfed in flames and die a horrendous death. Its wails were almost too much to bear for some. They brought anguish and despair.

'There is no end to them Albus and who says more aren't coming,' said Moody.

'We must believe in Harry Alastor, if we don't who knows how many will be lost. These creatures won't stop if we do,' said Dumbledore, his voice full of determination.

'You're right probably,' admitted Moody 'Doesn't make me feel any better though.'

Albus gave him a bitter smile and nodded at the man in appreciation of all the years Moody had stood by his side.

'Alright men, give them what you got, hell is too good for these things,' shouted Moody with renewed vigour.

The blade flashed through the air. Behind him the massive creature split in two, cut open from head to toe. Its carcass landed with a loud crash on the ground, more blood pooled on the streets. But even as he tried to make a move towards Voldemort another swarm of the creatures tried to overtake him. He swung his sword around deftly, cutting each and everyone of them up. Bodies dropped all around him, chopped in half, missing limbs or heads.

But it didn't matter. A single breath later Shadows were already weaving the body of the large one back together and even more small critters took their brethren's place. Harry didn't care.

'Come at me you bastards, I'll kill all of you no matter how many times it takes,' he roared. He leaped forward, his sword a blur.

'Your efforts are futile Harry Potter,' said Voldemort 'Give up now.'

'Never!' yelled Harry, taking down half a dozen critters in a single swipe. He twisted his blade around, grasped it backwards and stuck it firmly in the ground. His wand appeared in his hands. He aimed it at the sky.

"Veit ec at ec hecc vindga meiði a netr allar nío, geiri vndapr oc gefinn Oðni, sialfr sialfom mer, a þeim meiði, er mangi veit, hvers hann af rótom renn.'" Incanted Harry, almost singing the spell. Everything close to him froze. The critters hung suspended in the air

as they leaped for him. The large one's foot hover a meter above the ground in mid-step as it made it's way towards Harry.

A crack sounded, so loud some thought the world had cracked in half. The world hadn't but the black sky above them had. The sky rumbled and shuddered as it was split down the middle, both halves shifting away from each other slightly like the sky was a black continent hit by an earthquake. A intensely bright line of light spilled through, showing the overcast sky behind the darkness. The sky cracked again but in a different tone. A bolt of lightning rushed down between the two halves. It was alive like a serpent, twisting and seeking its target while descending. It struck Harry's wand. Harry's eyes shot open in surprise. They weren't green anymore. His eyes were completely blue, a vivid electric which rippled like a lake. The lightning strike travelled down his body to his sword. The blade glowed even brighter. The lightning continued it's way, striking the ground. Sever things happened at the same time. The sky sealed itself with a thunderous boom. Everything around Harry shot back into motion only to be thrown back by a wave of electricity radiating from the spot the blade connected with the ground. Anything it touched was pushed back save the ground and Harry. After being pushed a couple of feet the wave simply overtook them. Nothing came out behind the wave. Everything it touched long enough that that was living tissue was destroyed, evaporated. Nothing remained.

'Well done Harry Potter,' said Voldemort 'But still futile in the end. You can never destroy them all like this.'

'My purpose wasn't to destroy Voldemort, but to give me just enough time for this,' Harry said.

He pulled his sword from the ground, his wand disappeared. He grasped the hilt with both hands. Magic gathered in the sword.

Harry let himself fall into Drone-mode. Everything moved in slow motion now. Hundreds of creatures were already getting close to attack him again. The bigger one was hauling itself up with it's arm and remaining leg. Black liquid on the ground began boiling and evaporated, forming clouds that swarmed to the wound of the large beast. Already its missing leg was being regenerated.

Harry smiled a wicked smile. He brandished his sword at the creatures and unleashed the magic gathered in it.

Everything went black.

Flashback

Beep beep beep...

The monitor next to the bed beeped steadily, telling Luna Harry had a steady pulse.

'How much longer is this going to take Luna? I have things to do you know,' muttered Harry as he gazed up into the bright light of the scanner running over his head.

'Better than laying on a table naked while I scan you?' Luna asked dreamily 'Not possible.'

Harry flushed in embarrassment.

'Are these scans really necessary?' asked Harry a little pleadingly 'I feel fine, really. It's not because I can't use my magic that I'm getting sick you know.'

'I know Harry,' said Luna 'But this new state of mind you use, it has me worried. I've seen the things you can do while in it and I don't like it. It puts way too much stress on the body.'

'I have no other option but to use it at the moment do I?' Harry defended himself.

'Perhaps not but you still need to be careful,' mused Luna 'You're very powerful Harry and magic still flows through you, even if it is subconscious. That's the only thing that allows you to use your body to such an extent. A muggle would shatter his own bones if they moved or changed direction as fast as you can.'

'I do admit to feeling a little sore after I use it but that's all,' said Harry a little sheepishly.

'Be glad that's all you feel,' said Luna a little sharply 'I've analysed your movements and recorded a force of over thirty G's on your left leg at one point.'

'Isn't that like...a lot,' asked Harry a little unsure.

'A regular person can endure 9 downward G's but not for long before passing out. Why do you think I developed the Gravity Manipulation Drive?'

'For your ultimate Gu...' said Harry.

'Don't call it that!' snapped Luna.

'Sorry,' muttered Harry.

'This place isn't secure enough to my likings to discuss such things here but yes, it is a vital part of the design. Both for the pilot and the propulsion. If I used conventional propulsion with the same capabilities and didn't protect you it would kill you,' said Luna very seriously.

'I know Luna, I'm just a bit tired,' said Harry.

'Hmm, sounds like another side effect,' muttered Luna 'Ok Harry, the system is linked to your brains. I'm monitoring everything. You can go ahead.'

'Right, going now,' said Harry. He let himself drop into Drone-mode and felt the change ripple through his mind.

He looked around a little. The world had slowed down to a crawl. The monitor next to him still beeped at the same speed though. It showed a heartbeat close to three-hundred and fifty. There was something odd about the fluorescent lighting but he couldn't put his finger on it. He turned his gaze to Luna. Her mouth moved slowly but he couldn't understand what she was saying as several signals went off at the

same time. Her eyes looked wide and surprised. He shrugged and started counting like she had told him to.

'one, two, three, four, five...' he counted mentally. He stopped when he reached sixty and dropped out of Drone-mode.

As soon as his mind turned back to normal she erupted in anger.

'Are you completely daft Harry Potter!' shrieked Luna 'You stupid insane...IDIOT!'

He was so startled to hear Luna yell like that he fell off the bed and hid behind it.

She stormed out from behind the monitors, coming round the bed and stood before him, fully upright and looking quite intimidating.

'Do you have any idea what that trick does to you?' she asked furious.

'Not really?' said Harry a little quietly. She looked at him with a cold expression. But she couldn't remain mad at him. Not while knowing what he was sacrificing for them. She let out an explosive breath and her shoulders sagged. She plopped herself on the bed and looked at him with sad eyes and a weird expression. He didn't recognize it anyway.

'It makes your body go into hyper-drive. Your heartbeat speeds up by five to six times to compensate for it and that's when you're lying down. I don't even want to know what it is when you're fighting with your all. The amount you actually use of your brain spikes too, up to fifty-two per cent. Your Neural connections suddenly work at three times the speed. Your brain activity literally skyrockets. I registered eight times the normal activity.'

'And what does all that mean precisely?' asked Harry tentatively.

'It means you're almost setting yourself on fire. Luckily your body seems to adapt to it a little as well. You started sweating almost instantly,' remarked Luna.

Indeed, he was sweating profusely.

'I would be careful if I was you. I don't know what would happen if your magic lowered for a moment or you used too much consciously at one point while using this,' said Luna.

'I will,' he said, meaning it.

'I bet you're very thirsty and tired after you use it and in urgent need of a shower,' said Luna a little more sympathetic.

'I guess I was,' said Harry as he stood up and sat down on the bed next to her.

'You knew some of this didn't you,' she said, it wasn't a question.

'I didn't know the specifics. I knew that whatever it did I felt like the king of the world when using it. All unnecessary thought was removed when I used it. I could think lightning fast and move like superman. Later I realized the human body wasn't meant for it but it can't be helped. I got nothing else at the moment. My magic is gone and there are still battles that need to be fought,' said Harry bitterly.

She let herself fall sideways, bumping her shoulder against his upper arm, her head falling against his shoulder.

'That's not all you have Harry. You're a good person, too good for us to be honest. I don't know how you can be like this but you sacrifice yourself for others all the time, without wanting anything in return. You can rely on us too you know. We're here to help you while you get your magic back. We can fight your battles for you,' whispered Luna, her voice thick with emotion.

He gently put his arm around her and pulled her close.

'No you can't. This may sound like I'm better than everyone but I don't think you could stay alive against Voldemort or Dumbledore. Well, maybe against Dumbledore, he's not one to kill. But the Americans and Fudge don't care about that. If they roll out the big guns it's my

task to take them on and defeat them. That's what I was born to do. That's what the prophecy stands for.'

'Oh Harry, don't talk like that. That's not what the prophecy stands for entirely. You're so much more than the hero that always needs to save the day, a weapon to be used against even bigger weapons.'

'Maybe not and I did choose to walk down this path so prophecy be damned I'd do it anyway. But I don't know Luna, sometimes I do feel like a weapon. And a very deadly weapon at that.' He shuddered slightly.

Luna closed her eyes and sighed.

'You're too good to be true. You know that?'

'I don't to be honest,' said Harry with a grave expression. She didn't see.

'It doesn't matter. You just are. And no matter how you see yourself or the world sees you, you'll always be just Harry to me.'

His eyes fluttered open. The sky was still darker than the night. Lord Voldemort hovered over him, staring down with a look of contempt. Harry blinked at the spots dancing in front of his eyes. He had a tremendous headache and his body didn't want to cooperate.

'Is this how the great Harry Potter should end?' the Dark Lord said almost musingly 'Is this truly your breaking point?'

The world was still, creatures and more of the larger beasts stood around the two like a guard.

'Go to hell Voldemort,' spat Harry. His body was slowly regaining some mobility, he managed to turn around and support himself on his elbows.

'There's still some fight left in you,' said Voldemort 'Good.'

Voldemort looked around and shook his head.

'This is not the time and place Harry Potter,' said Voldemort, blood red eyes boring into an emerald green glare 'I will not be satisfied with such a defeat. Our end must be an ultimate fight, not holding back at all.'

'Why?' Harry demanded 'Just kill me here and be done with it. I would do the same to you.'

'Perhaps and perhaps not,' said the Dark Lord without emotion 'But I will not at this time. I loathe your very being Harry Potter, I hate the fact that I breathe the same air you do. Your island is a rotten spot on the Earth that needs to be cut out and destroyed. Razed to the ground and evaporated. But I will admit this: you have earned my respect. You are the only challenge still left in this world for me. If I ever wish to rule it all I must make that very clear to the world. If they see me defeat the strongest of the strongest they will recognize me. My power will be absolute. None will dare to challenge me ever again.'

'If you kill me here right now who will know the epic battle hasn't been fought already?' demanded Harry.

'Do you long for death that much Harry Potter?' asked Voldemort a little surprised.

'Not at all,' snapped Harry 'I just want this to be over. I don't intend to fight you for much longer. This has to be settled.'

'Agreed,' said Voldemort with a nod 'Therefore I suggest a duel between the two of us and our followers.'

'I don't have followers,' snorted Harry 'I have friends and people who believe in doing the right thing.'

'Call it as you want,' said Voldemort dismissively 'Our two forces will meet and we will fight each other head on. Then the world will see that I am truly the strongest.'

'Don't count your demons until we're all dead Voldemort,' said Harry with a grim smile as he finally managed to stand up. He wobbled on his feet. He felt like he had a hangover.

'Good, we have an agreement then,' said Voldemort, letting the dig slide for the time being 'I would much rather face you alone Harry Potter, I know you will be distracted if your friends are on the battlefield too. I want your full attention. If you do not give your all the victory will not be a true one.'

A grim determination showed in Harry's eyes. 'I won't be distracted. They can take care of themselves.'

'Oh really?' said Voldemort with a confident smirk.

Something stirred in the crowd of demons around them. A body was tossed into the circle and Harry looked at it in surprise. It was Draco Malfoy.

'Is he...?' asked Harry, his voice cracking.

'He is quite dead yes,' said Voldemort, his hiss returning for a moment and it sounded very pleased 'My creatures found him and separated his soul from his body I'm afraid. They would've dragged the corpse back to their world if I'd allowed it.'

Harry looked at the Dark Lord, wondering what he was planning.

'However, he is not lost yet,' said Voldemort with a sadistic grin. Harry couldn't hide his surprise. Voldemort stuck one of his bony hands into the sleeve of his robe, which he had apparently repaired while Harry was unconscious. He pulled out a small sphere, the same black as the sky. It hovered and inch above his palm.

'This is Draco Malfoy's soul,' said Voldemort and a snaky tongue licked his lips as he gazed at the object 'If you manage to defeat me it will be returned to his body. See it as another reason to give it your all.'

'You're a bastard and I will kill you,' said Harry, his voice cold and hard.

'I can't ask for more than your intentions Harry,' said Voldemort. A flick of his hand and the small orb disappeared.

In an unexpected gesture the Dark Lord stuck out his hand towards Harry. Harry nearly dived away, expecting an attack but then he realised Voldemort only wanted to shake his hand.

Tentatively Harry reached out and grasped the Dark Lord's hand. He shuddered at the feel of the skin but tried to hide his disgust, best not to provoke an attack right now.

'I will send word for the time and place,' said Voldemort, releasing Harry's hand. He turned around, his cloak billowing out behind him. He walked away and the creatures started disappearing. They dissolved into mist which rapidly disappeared into the void above.

'Take care Harry Potter, this will be our final moment where both of us walk away alive,' said Voldemort. A strong gust whipped across the square. The mist of the creatures whirled around Voldemort and when it cleared he was gone. In a flash the sky was overcast again. The sudden light stung Harry's eyes.

He looked around. There was not a single corpse in sight, neither enemy nor ally. Only the body of Draco Malfoy lay at his feet. He was about to reach for his headset to try and reach whoever was still alive. A sudden whoosh of onrushing air knocked him flat on his arse. He got up and looked around. Diagon Alley was in flames. But not regular flame. Black flames licked at everything, sending thick and black oily smoke up into the air. The air quickly made him gasp for breath. He tried to do a bubblehead charm but the moment he tried a pain shot up his hand as he tried to cast the spell.

'Guess I'm not recovered yet,' he laughed bitterly 'Trust that bastard Voldemort to do something like this.'

He passed out again.

Author notes: Hello all. Long time, no read. First of all the regular: Reviews or still very very welcome. I must say I'm a bit disappointed in the amount on chapter 25. Oh well, there goes my average of 15 for each chapter. My yahoo group is still open of course except for those %\$& spammers. The link is on my bio page. Next up is another slow chapter I think, don't really know how it will turn out yet. After that it's the battle between Harry and Voldemort and then at last, the end. Hope you all enjoyed reading, 'till next chapter.

Review responses:

Nxkris: hmm, when I read this I couldn't help but think Orb from gundam seed. You'll be pleased is all I will say.

Lord Sia: I absolutely love the idea, except the tomatoes :p. But I don't have the time for it I'm sorry to say. I have loads of stories, series and a movie I'm working on so no go for now. But if you want to give it a try, be my guest, I'll even beta-read it.

Teufel1987: I will admit about Remus, I'd forgotten him a little but not Ginny, she still has a role to play. The import was necessary, they're an island nation at war. Crops need time to grow and animals to grow. Starting from scratch at the beginning would've been impossible. The island and almost everything in this story is impossible but I like to keep some realism in it. And no allies, sorry but Harry isn't interested in forming factions or spreading the war because they ally themselves with other nations. That's not his goal. And I have played it, graphics were very nice indeed.

Beth5572: thank you.

TJeanetteT: You're very right :). I'm afraid death comes a little too sudden at times and if no one died there wouldn't be an end to a war.

ViagrA eXpreSS: I can understand what you're saying. It must be annoying but this is how I do it, others have used it in the past and I modelled myself after them a bit. I like this method actually. It gives you some insight you otherwise wouldn't get. A story does need to tell itself but it still has to leave space open for interpretation too. If a reader has a point of view I like to tell him if he was right or not in my

opinion and this way other readers can enjoy it too. I have a yahoo group to discuss my stories but nothing ever happens there so I do it here.

Gredorrge: Sorry to have made you pull a brain muscle.

jdboss1: Sorry but if you want to see some of that I can suggest another site. Otherwise, keep up your hoped and you never know :p I don't think they'll ever realise it completely.

Vilkath: Maybe but some of the things he does are not really white nor gray. In the beginning this story was supposed to be pure darkness. Turned out a little differently than planned but I'm content with the result so far. Needs a bit of remodelling in the beginning.

Thanks to everyone else who has reviewed:

Spedclass, Salamander Hanzo, tedlay.

Flames of the present

'We're doing all we can Dumbledore,' said Severus with an unfriendly frown.

'So are we Severus,' said Dumbledore, his voice pleading 'We're all here to try and stop this catastrophe from spreading.'

'Good, it's nice to hear we're not going to cause each other trouble,' said Severus a little harshly.

Dumbledore felt relieved that his point was getting across. 'Exactly, so could you please put your weapons and wands away?' He smiled jovially 'We're not enemies here.'

Severus couldn't help but growl at the audacity of the old man. 'Sorry Dumbledore but I think you can understand that we don't trust you. You did put us into a lot of trouble.' growled Severus.

Albus sighed, the cheeriness fading. His mistakes weren't forgiven easily these days. His voice turned old and weary. 'I made mistakes Severus. The times have changed. The balance of power has shifted dramatically these past few months. I have no intention of undermining that balance any more than I already have. Either on purpose or by accident.'

Severus regarded him with an upraised eyebrow. 'It's quite a thing to hear such things come out of your mouth Dumbledore; Confessions and even hints towards an apology? Has senility finally gotten a hold of you?'

Dumbledore looked truly hurt by Severus' words. 'Living is learning Severus, so is making mistakes. Even I can still learn when I was wrong.'

'Wise words Dumbledore,' said Severus with a neutral expression. 'Very well,' He gave in the Order might be useful in fighting the fires.

He waved his hand and the men turned away their guns. Dumbledore breathed a sigh of relief.

Severus sneered at the man. 'They could be doing something better than aiming at you people anyway.' His sneer turned somewhat evil. 'Although I must wonder Dumbledore, do you regret what you did because you decided you were wrong or because you lost?'

Dumbledore couldn't but feel the stab in his mind as Severus hit a soft spot. 'Alas, that's a question I can't answer honestly because I don't know the answer myself.'

'At least you're being honest,' said Severus. He let some of the hostility go. 'That's a good start.'

'You know me a little too well. You would see through my words in a heartbeat,' said Dumbledore, although it seemed to unnerve him a little.

Severus couldn't keep the sneer from returning. 'I've seen a bit too much of your 'Truths for the greater good' to still fall for them.' He turned away from his former master.

'Severus,' said Dumbledore, halting him 'I have a favour to ask.'

Severus turned his head slightly, looking at Dumbledore with contempt from the corner of his eye. 'You're not really in a position to be asking many favours Dumbledore.' He stopped and half turned towards Dumbledore. 'But ask and I might oblige you.'

Dumbledore didn't hesitate. 'I need to speak with Harry.'

Severus snorted, turning away again and resuming his walk. He waved away Dumbledore's request. 'Impossible. Not a single Insanian would allow you near him while your heart still beats.'

'Severus,' came Dumbledore's voice, void of all previous politeness. He allowed some of his former authority to resurface. 'I really must speak with him.'

'And I already declined your request,' said Severus with a growl, his back turned towards Dumbledore. Severus dismissively told him: 'Now if you'll excuse me, there is work to be done.'

On one side of the square the Order of the Phoenix regarded the two while the members of Insania stood on the other side, guarding the tent that held Harry and the body of Draco Malfoy. All around them buildings were engulfed in black chaotic flames. The sky was blocked out by thick smoke, oily and putrid. Not even stone was spared from the all consuming fire, buildings slowly being consumed by it. The world around them was chaos. Only the air around them was breathable thanks to some quick charms.

Dumbledore straightened up, his eyes narrowed. 'Then I will demand it of you.' His wand was in his hand in a flash. In the blink of an eye Severus was standing three meters to the left, gun held in his hand, aimed at Dumbledore. Around them everyone aimed their wands and weapons at the opposition once more; Twenty versus two hundred.

Severus' posture turned dark and threatening. 'As long as this gun still works you will never make a demand of me. Not anymore.' The crystal in the gun pulsed in response.

Dumbledore remained resolute. 'I hate to do this Severus. I made a decision to not stand in the way all of you had chosen but recent developments give me no choice.' A voice turned slightly hostile. 'I will ask you once more: let me speak to Harry. I do not wish for a fight between our forces. The only one that will gain anything from it is Voldemort.'

Severus' patent sneer returned full force. 'Arrogant old fool, you really think we're afraid to defend Harry even if we need to defeat you?'

Dumbledore appeared to grow taller and more imposing, his look harsh and unyielding. 'You are the fool if you think you stand a chance against me. No matter what you have achieved even Harry couldn't defeat me.' Magic was gathering. The tension was palpable.

Something dropped out of the smoke above them. It hit the pavement hard enough to make the ground rumble. Arakir spread his wings and

roared menacingly at Dumbledore. Everyone took a step back and looked frightened at the dragon. Severus looked up at the animal suddenly dropping out of the sky and landing next to him in fright before composing himself. It was an imposing sight, the large scaly body right next to him, the wing hovering above his head. But he felt glad and relieved.

Severus' sneer turned gleeful as he saw Dumbledore's surprised look. 'As you see Dumbledore, even if Harry is not with us we are not powerless against you. We have allies enough whereas you are quite short on them.'

Dumbledore didn't like to admit it, not even silently, but the odds were stacked against him and his Order. Even if they could not take him down, his members weren't guaranteed to survive. The founders in his head raised their voices, demanding of him to kill the dragon. It had betrayed them. It had to die.

Their combined voices started a deafening chorus inside his mind. 'Kill it Albus, it is an enemy, we will even lend you our power once more.'

The temptation was hard to resist. To have their power behind him once again would be heaven but he knew in the end it wouldn't do him any good. Harry was the only hope and working against him would only work against him as well in the end. Three more shapes fell down from the sky. Garanor, Meganos and Sitara joined Arakir and surrounded Dumbledore.

The founders yelled even louder. He almost went insane with all the noise inside his mind.

'Enough!' yelled Dumbledore, his voice loud enough to wake the dead. A flash of magic erupted from him.

All was quiet except for the crackling of flames. Dumbledore breathed a sigh of relief. He looked around him.

'The Guardians,' he whispered in wonder. He was in awe at seeing them up close, 'All four of them together; Mythical animals meant to

protect Hogwarts for eternity.' He noticed their emerald green eyes. He couldn't keep a hint of bitterness from creeping into his voice. 'But alas, you serve a new master now.'

Arakir bristled and lowered his head so that his eyes were level with Dumbledore's. Arakir squinted and peered into Dumbledore's eyes. The former headmaster felt shiver running down his spine as he looked into those familiar brilliant green eyes. The founders were being strangely quiet.

'Are you judging me?' asked Dumbledore.

Arakir moved his head closer to Dumbledore and sniffed loudly. Arakir moved back a little and regarded his kin one at a time. Everyone looked at the four expectantly, curious to see what would happen next.

Garanor, Meganos and Sitara seemed nervous as they shook their heads and moved their wings in agitation while Arakir looked resolute. He took a step back and to the side, standing beside Severus with him between Arakir and the former headmaster, giving Dumbledore a clear path to the tent entrance. The former headmaster looked puzzled. Arakir gestured with his head towards the tent and Dumbledore started walking. Severus protested but Meganos unfolded her wing and held him back like Arakir.

'Consider yourself lucky today Dumbledore,' yelled Severus from behind the wall of wings 'We'll see what's left of you after you two are done talking.'

Dumbledore stopped and looked to the side where Severus stood behind his protective barrier. He sounded a little pained. 'Severus, would it truly be too much to ask to call me Albus once more? We were on the same side for a long time.'

Severus growled at him. 'We never stood on the same side Dumbledore; nobody was ever on your side. We were all just pawns in your eyes.'

'Maybe at one time yes,' said Dumbledore and before Severus could reply he was walking towards the tent, fighting against a literal internal debate. Behind him the dragons took to the sky once more, disappearing into the smoke.

He passed the men guarding the tent. He had to admit he felt uncomfortable seeing so many unfriendly gazes when at one point these people would've looked at him with awe and respect at times like these. Closest to the tent flap stood Neville. He had a large bandage over the right side of his face and looked quite intimidating with his rifle held in front of him. The look in his eyes was hard and cold. Dumbledore gave an unsure friendly smile but Neville's expression was hard and cold. When Dumbledore was only a couple meters away from the boy Neville stepped forward.

Neville's tone was menacing: 'I don't know what just happened but one wrong move Dumbledore and there will be hell to pay.'

Dumbledore didn't react except for a slight nod. He felt saddened but by the boy's words. There had been a time Neville couldn't even look him straight in the eye without feeling unnerved and averting his gaze quickly. Times sure had changed. Upon entering the tent he noticed two things: one, there were two people lying in beds. And two, there was another person already there.

Tom McGuire was standing between the beds; a clipboard in his hand while he used his other to cast some spells on Draco.

Dumbledore coughed lightly, drawing Tom's attention. 'Excuse me,' he said 'I'd like to have a private word with Harry.'

Tom looked sideways and met Dumbledore's piercing blue eyes with his own. 'That's quite impossible at the moment,' said Tom, his voice cool and businesslike 'Harry is still unconscious.'

Dumbledore remained quiet for a moment, regarding the man as he continued his spell work. 'And who might you be?' asked Dumbledore in a casual tone.

'My name is Tom McGuire,' he said simply.

'Are you the field doctor?' asked Dumbledore curiously. 'I had expected other company at Harry and Mr. Malfoy's side to be honest.'

'Yes, so would I but the decision's been made otherwise. That's why I am here, as one of the few well trusted that are capable of giving treatment.'

Dumbledore's eyes lit up with interest. He didn't come across a new face of Harry's officers every day. 'You're a part of Harry's trusted circle?'

'Don't even think about it,' warned Tom with a cold sideways glance. 'If I even feel a twinge of you trying to enter my mind I will have to retaliate.'

Dumbledore bit his tongue. He would've tried had Tom not warned him. He decided not to, even if he was good at it and subtle enough so that the other man wouldn't notice, he had a golden opportunity here.

'I haven't really gotten the chance to really speak with anyone on Insania so I am curious, is life truly so good there that it's worth this entire war?'

'The life on Insania,' Tom found the question a little curious, what was it to Dumbledore anyway? 'Not really, life is actually pretty harsh there. We don't have a surplus of anything except weapons and ammunition. We are under constant threat of being attacked and the entire nation is dedicated to the war effort.'

Dumbledore became frustrated by the answer. 'Then what in Merlin's name is so great about it?' he asked, exasperation evident in his tone. 'What is there on that little island that grants that boy such loyalty?'

Tom answered without missing a beat. 'The power to change the world for the better,'

'What positive changes can this war bring except maybe defeating Voldemort? The Wizarding community in Great Britain is in chaos, the

Ministry has no control of the situation. At this rate there won't be a Wizarding community on the Isles anymore.'

'When this is all over we can simply start one here,' said Tom, 'A true community, one where we don't have to be careful to be seen by muggles and do whatever we want. The community in our country was stagnant Dumbledore. Our population should've expanded tremendously a thousand times over but instead, because of poor governing and older families going on and on about blood purity and the isolation from the muggles we were not getting anywhere. We all lived far and wide apart. You should see it on the island Dumbledore, how people are when they don't have to care whether their neighbour is allowed to see them do magic or not. Wizards and witches are walking around in robes everywhere while there are others who are dressed like muggles standing amongst each other just chatting amicably. Despite the war they feel free and at ease. Some muggles even live among us and they don't feel excluded at all.'

Dumbledore was surprised by the sudden speech. The man didn't really look like the type for them.

'A reverse world is it?' asked Dumbledore. Some mirth bubbled up in him but it felt out of place 'While the Wizarding world was always trying to remain as it was Insania is the reverse, striving for change?'

Tom's answer was simple with a strong belief in it. 'Indeed.'

'That may indeed be something that is worth fighting for,' admitted Dumbledore.

Harry stirred behind Tom, letting out a groan.

Tom turned around and looked down at Harry as his eyes opened.

'Back in the land of the living?' asked Tom without emotion.

Harry's voice was hoarse, 'Good day to you too.'

'You've inhaled a lot of smoke, don't strain your voice,' said Tom and cast a sideways glance at Dumbledore. 'You have a visitor.'

Harry followed Tom's gaze. A fire erupted in his eyes. Yellow and purple sparks erupted from Tom's wand as magic filled the air.

Dumbledore felt a little panicked at Harry's reaction. He had expected a negative reaction but not this strongly. 'Now Harry, there's no reason to...' tried Dumbledore in a reassuring and calming voice but even he could not keep a hint of trepidation hidden. He was rudely interrupted by Harry whom let the magic erupt around him. The tent was blown into the air.

'Such amazing power,' thought Dumbledore as he looked at the boy standing before him, the air itself reacting to the strong concentration of magic. Dumbledore tried to keep his hair from blowing into his eyes with his hand but the wind was whipping past him more strongly than anyone else.

Harry stared him down and asked coldly: 'How dare you show your deceiving face to me again Dumbledore?'

Dumbledore spoke in a pleading voice: 'Please Harry, just listen to me. I only want to...'

'Silence!' ordered Harry. And strangely enough, Dumbledore humbly complied. Harry was slightly surprised.

'What's the matter old man? Has the bitter taste of defeat taught you modesty?' asked Harry scathingly.

'Something like that,' said Dumbledore calmly with a sad undertone. 'It has more shown me that the times have changed.'

'I almost can't believe my ears!' said Harry in mock surprise. 'Is the great Albus Dumbledore, Supreme Manipulator Extraordinaire, the Prophet of the Greater Good, admitting that he might have been wrong?'

'Harry, are you trying to embarrass me?' asked Dumbledore sadly.

'Of course I am!' yelled Harry, taking one quick step in Dumbledore's direction. The ground shuddered from it. 'There is only one reason for you to be here...to be so submissive towards me.'

Everyone waited in suspense as Harry stepped closer and Dumbledore fell backwards on the ground, like the magic surrounding Harry was making him do so. Harry's eyes burned with magic.

Harry stood stock-still, looking down at Dumbledore as the man sat on the ground, shielding his eyes from the blinding white light specked with emerald green looking down at him. 'You need something of me,' said Harry simply.

'I do,' admitted Dumbledore 'But do not misunderstand me. I am not here to demand anything.'

'As if you could!' thundered Harry. Dumbledore felt his pulse skyrocket for a moment.

'I am here to offer you something and in return ask for your cooperation,' said Dumbledore, his voice strained from the effort of resisting the magic trying to overwhelm him.

'There is only one thing I would ever accept from you Dumbledore,' said Harry coldly. 'Something precious you stole from me.'

'Ginny,' whispered Dumbledore in defeat.

Harry didn't say anything but merely stared the old man down.

'I'm sorry Harry but I cannot grant you that desire.'

'Do not tell me what you can or cannot do old fool,' yelled Harry, lunging for Dumbledore's throat. He clamped his hand down on the older man's neck and lifted him off the ground, holding him in front of him as his eyes bored into Dumbledore's.

'I'm truly sorry Harry,' wheezed Dumbledore though his constricted windpipe 'But I'm sure you can understand why, if the situations were reversed I'm sure you would have done the same thing.'

'Now I would yes, some months earlier I wouldn't have even thought of it,' growled Harry. Dumbledore felt Harry squeeze harder.

'Please Harry, I beg you, hear me out,' said Dumbledore, struggling to get the words out. They were almost inaudible.

Harry stopped squeezing harder and stared coldly into the other man's eyes. He let his grip slacken slightly. 'You're such a pathetic creature Dumbledore,' growled Harry 'Do you even know what you live for these days?'

'Only to make this world see a brighter day,' gasped Dumbledore, forcing whatever air he could through his bruised windpipe.

Harry gave a grunt of discontentment as he saw the look in Dumbledore's eyes: 'I hate to admit it but I believe you. You're not evil in your heart.'

He threw Dumbledore aside disgustedly. 'I will listen to what you have to say but remember one thing: one day I will make you pay for what you've done.'

Dumbledore landed with a thump, the breath being knocked out of him. McGonagall rushed to his side, helping him up.

'Are you alright Albus?' she asked concerned.

'I'm fine Minerva,' said Dumbledore with a wince. McGonagall gave Harry a venomous look. Harry only returned a cold impatient look.

'Let it go Minerva, I can handle this. None of us are without blame after all,' said Dumbledore, giving her a meaningful look.

She harrumphed angrily and let go of him, going back to stand with her fellow Order members.

'Sentimentalities are over, out with it,' barked Harry 'Say what you have to say or leave.'

Dumbledore straightened himself and looked at Harry levelly: 'I'm offering you knowledge Harry.'

Harry looked at Dumbledore quizzically.

'Tom Riddle has acquired powers far beyond our most horrible nightmares. Powers that exceed yours or mine by far, in our current state he is undefeatable,' said Dumbledore gravely.

Harry did not show any emotion but gave a strong response: 'You may believe that but I will not. He hasn't defeated us yet. He came close today but it was not meant to be it seems.'

Dumbledore looked eager to know what had happened. 'Tell me Harry, what happened here today? Something tells me this was not a match with a clear winner or even a stalemate.'

'Oh there was a winner alright,' said Harry, his voice bitter 'and it wasn't me. But dear old Voldemort wasn't satisfied with it.'

Dumbledore looked curious and spurred Harry on.

'He wants a decisive outcome, one battle that will show the world who is the one and only victor,' said Harry.

'He challenged you,' said Dumbledore. Harry nodded.

'Harry, there is no way you can beat Voldemort and his endless army of demons, Death Eaters and allies if you face him head on,' said Dumbledore.

Harry's posture changed to threatening in an instant: 'Don't underestimate us Dumbledore, not even once have you seen the true power of our nation at work. We have always been on the defence or performing blitz attacks. This time we will go all out and not even all the creatures of hell itself will be able to defeat us.'

'If you truly believe that you've grown very arrogant,' said Dumbledore harshly. Harry's head snapped in his direction. Dumbledore

considered biting his tongue next time he was about to say something like that.

'I don't need nor want your knowledge Dumbledore, we will do it on our own,' said Harry resolutely and turned away from him.

'Perhaps you don't. I even believe you have a chance of winning Harry. A slim one but it is there,' said Dumbledore to Harry's back 'However, consider this: How much lives will be lost going as you are now compared to being fully prepared to face this new threat.'

That made Harry pause. He really didn't want to accept Dumbledore's help. He despised the idea of it but as he looked at his men gathered on the square, at their strong expressions of determination. At Neville, who trusted him without doubt, at Severus who had joined him, throwing away everything in the process, because he believed it was the right thing to do, and then at Draco, his body lying on the hospital bed without a soul in it. He shuddered at the thought of seeing more like him afterwards. How many would there be? Hundreds? Thousands? He couldn't stand having to think about it. But would accepting be worth it?

'Harry?' asked Dumbledore gently.

He resigned himself. Of course it would be worth it. Even if it only meant one less life lost it would be entirely worth it.

'Fine, I'll accept your offer,' said Harry 'Hand it over and leave.'

'I'm afraid you misunderstood me Harry,' said Dumbledore calmly 'What I'm offering isn't written in a book or can't be simply told, it has to be learned.'

Harry burst out in demeaning laughter. 'Are you actually telling me you want to teach me? That I have to try and endure your presence?'

'That is indeed what I am saying,' said Dumbledore with a stony face.

Harry sobered up and looked at Dumbledore's serious expression. He looked back at his men and his comrades. He couldn't stand the

thought of how many had been lost today. He would get to hear the exact number later and didn't look forward to the moment. He couldn't let this opportunity pass by.

'I'll agree on one condition,' said Harry.

Dumbledore inclined his head.

'We go right now and get this over with. The sooner the better and afterwards you never show your face to me again unless I call for you or there is absolutely no other way.'

'Right now?' asked Dumbledore surprised 'But Diagon Alley...'

'I'm sure your skilled members and my forces can handle it on their own. They are not alone,' said Harry and looked at the smoke-filled sky.

Dumbledore followed his gaze. Through the thick smoke blanket blue flashes could be seen.

'The dragons are at work containing the fire,' explained Harry 'It won't spread far.'

Dumbledore nodded in understanding, 'Very well.'

Harry stepped towards Dumbledore and grasped his hand roughly. 'Let's go old man,' said Harry curtly 'Severus, Neville, clean up here. Get Draco to Insania. I'll explain when I come back.'

They both nodded.

'Minerva,' said Dumbledore 'Assist them where you can. I'll be back as soon as I can.'

McGonagall nodded and a moment later they were gone.

The two opposing forces didn't move they simply stared at each other, McGonagall and Severus at the front. There was tension in the air.

Severus turned away first. 'Alright men, get to work. This fire has to be stopped!'

Minerva turned around and motioned the order to do the same. Everyone was spurred into action. People spread out, wands working their hardest to dose the unholy black flame that was consuming everything.

A few minutes later the wounded began streaming into the hospital wing in Dragons' Keep. Tom McGuire was one of the first to arrive escorting Draco by his side. He spotted Luna and Hermione sitting on the floor, their backs against the wall. He wasn't surprised to see them at the arrival point, news hadn't reached Insania yet.

They jumped up as soon as they spotted him. He was prepared for a bombardment of questions but they stopped short when they noticed Draco lying very still on the stretcher. He had scrapes and bruises all over him but nothing that looked serious.

Hermione was the first to ask. 'What happened?'

Tom didn't even have time to form a reply before Luna noticed something. 'Oh my god, he's not breathing.'

Hermione rushed to Draco's side. She searched for a pulse but found none. She whipped out her wand, the incantation to restart a person's heart on her lips but Tom grabbed her hand firmly and pushed it down. He shook his head.

'I've already tried that a dozen times,' he said 'but his heart won't start.'

'Is he really dead?' asked Hermione with tears in her eyes.

'I have no idea,' said Tom seriously.

Both looked at him confused. Luna looked at Draco and back at Tom.

'Don't ask me, I don't know the details either. Harry's the one with all the answers. But I can tell you a couple of things. While his heart is

not beating and his breathing has stopped the signs of rigor mortis haven't appeared yet. I've run some scans on him and there is no sign of the usual deterioration after death. On the other hand, there is no activity in his brain whatsoever. He might look dead but I think Harry has a different explanation.'

'Where is Harry?' Hermione asked her primary concern reborn 'Did it go well? Did we win?'

Tom sighed. 'Even more questions I don't know all the answers for,' he said with a shake of his head.

They looked at him with a questioning look. 'We didn't lose, Harry's alive and uninjured but we lost a lot of men and Diagon Alley is reduced to rubble and ashes.'

'What happened to Voldemort?' Luna asked with a glint of hope in her eyes.

'He got away and from what I heard Harry wasn't the victor this time.'

They looked even more confused than before.

'Listen,' said Tom a little annoyed 'I'm just as confused. You'll have to wait for Harry to return and explain everything.'

They both nodded a little reluctantly. Tom waved his wand and the stretcher followed him as he started walking out of the room towards the hospital wing.

'Where is Harry by the way?' asked Hermione after a few moments.

'I have no idea,' said Tom with a shake of his head and the two trailing behind him sent off an aura of annoyance 'but I can tell you who's with him...'

Amy was outside on the training grounds. She brandished her sword, going through the moves Draco had taught her. She knew them by heart by now but during times like this, when everyone was out fighting, putting their lives on the line with her stuck here on Insania,

going through the routine helped her clear her mind and pass the time productively. She still wasn't all that good, Draco could still beat her with ease but sometimes she managed to land a lucky blow. But he might have let her get through his defences too. He was like that. A harsh master but letting her win to bolster her confidence.

She stopped for a moment and looked at the blue sky. The summers sure were hot here. But the closeness of the ocean kept it bearable. It was quiet around her. The barracks were empty; all the men were sitting in the Great Hall, ready to intercept an invasion should it come.

It was so peaceful around here while somewhere else a battle between two powerful forces is being fought right now. She couldn't imagine it how it was possible. How could one place be so peaceful while in another blood was being spilled. She prayed a silent prayer for her loved ones out on the battlefield, asking for their safe return.

Her cell phone rang and she snatched it out her pocket in the blink of an eye. A few moments later she was sprinting towards the castle, her sword flying through the air.

It was hard and exhausting work but over the next couple of hours the fires were getting under control and slowly disappearing. They had somehow managed to keep it confined to Diagon Alley and the surrounding smaller streets. It had almost reached London proper, something which had most likely been Voldemort's intention but the city was in chaos none the less. The demons hadn't just dropped in the magical district. Hundreds of defenceless muggles were dead. Minerva and Severus had seen the carnage first hand as they sat on the doorstep of the Leaky Cauldron. The tavern had been spared from the worst of it. The roof on the back was gone but that was it. A bottle of Ogden's firewhiskey stood between them as they watched ambulances, fire trucks and police cars race through the streets to restore order in the city.

'This isn't war anymore,' said McGonagall in a sad tone. She looked exhausted.

'Neither was it the first time,' said Severus, taking a swig from the bottle and placing it back.

'It was nothing like this,' she muttered, staring blankly ahead.

'No it wasn't, back then they killed for fun and they did it themselves. They tortured their victims for hours. Daughters were raped, sons were Imperiused into to doing it, fathers were made to kill them both under the same curse while the mother watched, and then they put a noose around her neck and made her stand on the father's shoulders and then they removed the Imperius. When he got too tired and collapsed he got to see his wife strangled by his own weakness before being killed without a second thought with the killing curse because the fun was over. There was no more misery to give him except having to live on but they couldn't leave a muggle or a 'mudblood' or a traitor alive,' said Severus in a dead voice as the old images while he was a spy resurfaced.

McGonagall looked shocked, she had known it was bad but never had she known that he had seen stuff like this first hand.

'Don't look so surprised,' said Severus as he got up on wobbly feet 'It's not something you like to talk about, especially if you might have to do it again the next day. People tend to look at you in a different way and not a better one.'

'I'm sorry Severus,' said McGonagall 'I truly didn't know.'

'It's over and done with; I've chosen a different path. At least these people's deaths were swift. They didn't suffer their worst nightmare for the final moments of their lives in a war that they had nothing to do with.'

That didn't make McGonagall feel any better but she looked at him and asked what she really needed to know. 'Do you really believe Harry can win this?'

'Yes Minerva,' he said with absolute certainty and determined eyes as he looked at something only he could see 'I do believe that Harry will defeat the Dark Lord. If I didn't I wouldn't be at his side.'

'I hope you're right Severus.'

'So do I Minerva, so do I,' he said as he walked halfway towards the street. He saluted her and dissapparated.

Minerva looked at the empty spot. 'What a different road we have all taken from that boring teacher's job we once possessed. If only the time would've stood still five years ago.'

Two days passed but Harry didn't return. A tense atmosphere had settled over the island of Insania. Something had happened but nobody knew what. The troops' leader was rumoured to be dead, a hundred and twelve people were missing, not a single body was found. Six more had died of injuries in the hospital wing. Dozens more were scarred for life or were missing limbs. Their leader, the strong pillar that was the foothold of their power, the only one capable of withstanding whatever the enemy could throw at Insania was nowhere to be found and nobody knew where he was. The Iron Council, always open and honest with the people, was strangely quiet. There was too much uncertainty. Muggle newspapers had reported over five hundred casualties in an event that no one could explain. Never before had something so strange and terrible struck Britain. Corpses ripped to shreds, maimed until they didn't even look human anymore. In the uncertainty after the battle the island remained under complete lockdown. All wards were up. It made people uneasy and on edge. And while the people of Insania wondered about it all, so did the inhabitants of Dragons' Keep.

'I don't understand this at all,' muttered Luna as she put down the muggle newspaper 'Why are muggles finding corpses by the hundred while we didn't even find a severed limb.'

'Mind games is all it is,' said Severus from the other side of the table. The War Room was empty except for them and Hermione. Severus looked tired and pale.

'What mind games?' said a frustrated Hermione as she stopped pacing for a moment and looked at Severus. He remained quiet. She balled her fists and began pacing again.

'It's easy,' said Luna with her characteristic dreamy look 'When you have a corpse you're certain the person has died, you can grieve over them and get it over with. Without the physical proof there is still hope, however small it may be, that the person is still alive.'

'And Draco lying in the hospital wing dead and yet not dead isn't helping,' added Severus.

'Well, you're not either!' snapped Hermione at him.

'Well I'm sorry for being a mere survivor!' snapped Severus in return, jumping up from his chair.

'Cut it out you two, you're acting like children,' said Luna in a calm voice. Both Severus and Hermione's head snapped to the side, aiming a glare at Luna that promised nothing good. Luna looked back at them unfazed.

Severus harrumphed and sat back down while Hermione kept glaring at Luna.

'We're all frustrated at the moment,' said Luna with a weary sigh 'Just don't let it get to you.'

'How?' demanded Hermione 'I'm crawling up the wall here from frustration and worry. For all we know Harry could be dead or locked away somewhere by Dumbledore.'

'I'm pretty sure he's still alive,' offered Severus.

'And how would you know that?' snapped Hermione at him. Severus took the pistol from its holster and upon seeing the slowly pulsing crystal her expression turned apologetic.

'Sorry, slipped my mind,' she mumbled.

'Besides,' said Luna 'I'm pretty sure Dumbledore can't handle Harry anymore.'

'He handled Ginny all the way from England even after she started to show those disturbing signs of Harry's power,' she said with disdain in her voice, thinking of the incident.

'Ginny was never anywhere near as adept at using magic,' countered Luna.

'Dumbledore used her to construct a weapon powerful enough to shoot Zeus out of the sky!' yelled Hermione, turning towards Luna.

'And it didn't work!' countered Luna again, her body tensing.

'Screw you!' yelled Hermione. Luna was shocked into silence for a moment, not expecting Hermione to just start swearing in an argument. But she recovered soon enough. She jumped up while at the same time Hermione closed the distance and they stood face to face,

'Oh yeah?' Well screw you too!' she yelled back.

Severus, despite the situation, found this quite funny. The two great and mad scientists in Insania yelling at each other like children. He decided to put his own two pennies worth in.

'Why don't you both wait until Harry gets back and then screw him to vent your frustrations,' he said casually, saying it just loud enough so that both would hear it over their arguing.

They both stopped short, turning their heads very slowly to regard him. Even Severus couldn't stop a drop of sweat forming when he saw their expression. He sat very still, almost not even daring to breathe for fear of imminent death.

'Why you...' Hermione opened her mouth to start yelling at Severus but what Luna said next made the words die in her throat.

'That's actually not such a bad idea,' Luna said.

'Luna!' yelled Hermione a little shocked.

'What?' asked Luna a little mystified before it hit her 'Oh, I didn't mean about the screwing part. But he's right Hermione, instead of frustrating the hell out of each other why don't we just wait until he gets back and hear what actually happened.'

'It took you this long to figure that out?' asked Severus a little arrogantly.

'Not really,' said Luna 'it just didn't get through until now I guess. This is the first time he hasn't come back, unconscious or not, after a fight. It's...unnerving.'

'So you're saying we should just sit here and do nothing until he gets back?' asked Hermione a little unbelieving.

'I didn't say do nothing,' said Luna 'Just don't fret about it anymore and keep yourself busy until he returns. There are no witnesses that can tell us what happened so what choice do we have?'

'I don't know about that,' said Hermione. She looked like she was contemplating something.

'What are you talking about? There was no else there but Draco,' said Luna.

'You're right,' said Hermione.

'Draco is...well, he's not able to tell us what happened,' said Luna exasperated.

'Maybe he can't tell us, but his brain can,' said Hermione with a glint in her eyes.

'I don't think you can use Legillimency on a person whose brain isn't working,' said Severus 'And I do know something about the subject.'

'I'm not talking about reading his mind,' said Hermione with a roll of her eyes. They both looked at her. 'What?' she asked awkwardly 'The answer is not that hard.'

Both Luna and Severus raised an eyebrow at her.

'Oh alright, I'll explain,' said Hermione when it really didn't occur to the other two 'Draco's not really dead, his body isn't decomposing. He just...stopped living somewhere in the battle. That means that whatever he endured right until his mind stopped working is still stored there. All I need to do is find out how I can get the information out of his brain.'

'Soooo, what you're suggesting is you try to do what scientists and witches and wizards have been trying to do for a long time just because you can't wait until Harry gets back and figure out the human mind and all its intricacies of storing data?' asked Luna a little unbelieving.

'Exactly!' said Hermione ecstatic.

'You do realise that might actually take longer than to just wait right?' asked Luna a little unsure of Hermione's sanity.

'I do but it will help kill time and it sounds interesting actually.'

'It does sound interesting,' said Luna, putting one finger against her chin, looking thoughtful.

'Great, I'll get right on it,' said Hermione happily. She left the room looking up at something only she could see while muttering theories under her breath.

Luna contemplated what she was going to do to kill time.

'I guess I'll go think of ways to use this new invention of Hermione for my own purposes,' she said in her usual dreamy tone and casually strolled out of the room humming a children's song.

Severus gave himself a facepalm. 'I'm surrounded by some very strange people and way too much pheromones.' He looked up and contemplated what he was going to do. He briefly considered trying to invent some new mind potion that could contribute to the other two's research before he had to shudder at the thought.

'I've been spending too much time around these people,' he muttered. Deciding a drink might just be the thing right now he stood up and walked towards the door. He looked back at the empty room and the doors the other two had disappeared through. How he wished he still had their youthfulness. At least they weren't plagued by old sins while they slept. He left the room and the light turned off behind him, casting the room in darkness.

The air was crisp and cool in Scotland. Dew covered the grass. The foot of the mountains was covered in early morning fog. The sky was still a very dark blue, just a little paler over the mountains. Here, in the Scottish highlands, had once stood a beautiful castle. It had survived through the ages with nary a scratch. Next to this castle had been a great lake filled with strange creatures not many had ever seen. And accompanying these two had been an ancient forest filled with even more strange and mysterious creatures, even some mythical ones. But all that was gone now, only a giant crater with an abandoned village next to it remained. Instead of the cool lake water that kept the temperatures bearable in the summer and turned into ice for having fun on in the winter there was green stagnant water filling the hole till about halfway. Its murky look and stagnant smell weren't very appealing. Dumbledore stood on the rim of this fairly recently formed hole. Sadness filled his eyes.

'Now even the last part of Hogwarts has been lost. It may have only been a small construct deep down in the earth but it was still a reminder of it,' said Dumbledore in a melancholy voice, thinking back to the good years he was Headmaster 'Hogwarts will fade out of people's memories and be forgotten forever. All that will remain is this vile pit.'

'Time only moves forward Dumbledore,' said Harry from the rock he was sitting on. The rock looked odd and out of place. Harry figured it might've been a piece that had fallen off when he'd moved Hogwarts. He jumped off his stone perch and stood beside Dumbledore looking down at the vile water. 'In time it will be completely full, a river will start flowing and the mountains will supply fresh and clear water. It won't take long before this place is full of life once more.'

'Perhaps,' said Dumbledore, unable to even show a hint of happiness at the prospect 'But it will never even come close to the beauty of Hogwarts. It truly was a magical place.'

'It was,' said Harry as he relived some memories of living in the castle.

'Then why Harry?' asked Dumbledore once more.

'Why did you take Ginny?' asked Harry in return.

'To hit your weakness?' said Dumbledore with uncertainty.

'To make a statement,' said Harry simply, 'you struck me at the core and so did I. We did it to show each other we could.'

A silence descended over them.

'Dumbledore,' said Harry into the quiet 'You won't hear me say this more than once so listen closely.'

Dumbledore looked at him curiously.

'What I did here is nothing I'm proud of, not anymore. I took away something I shouldn't have,' said Harry and Dumbledore could tell he meant it.

'Then why not undo it?' asked Dumbledore hopefully.

'Sorry Dumbledore, but I can't,' said Harry resolutely.

Dumbledore sighed and looked more tired than ever. 'Neither can I,' he said 'I guess in the end we're all sinners.'

They remained silent again, staring down into the green muck.

It was Harry who broke the silence once more.

'There's one thing I'd like to ask of you,' said Harry, not looking at Dumbledore but continuing to gaze into the depths of his own mind.

'Ask and I might oblige,' said Dumbledore solemnly.

'Don't interfere with the final battle,' it sounded more like an order than a request.

Dumbledore's voice turned harsh. 'You can honestly expect me not to be there Harry. I want to see Tom go down more than anything.'

Harry narrowed his eyes. 'Let bygones be bygones Dumbledore. Your mistakes did not make him what he is now. He's my problem now.'

'Harry, I can't...'

Harry balled his hand, determination burning in his eyes. 'I'm already forming plans in my mind. I'll deal with him. But everything will need to be planned out perfectly. The margin of success will be small so I can't have you and the Order interfere. It'll only cause casualties on both our sides. I don't want...well, it won't exactly be friendly fire but you get the point.' He smiled wryly at Dumbledore.

Dumbledore mulled it over, still hesitating.

'He's confident Albus, way too confident. The way he made it sound...it sounded like he was going to eliminate all his enemies in one decisive swoop. Your talents and forces may be more useful somewhere else.'

'I see,' said Dumbledore simply 'I can't say I approve but I'll stay away as long as I can. But if I even get the slightest notion that things are taking a turn for the worst I won't hesitate to step in and do whatever I can.'

Harry smirked but his tone was mirthless. 'It won't make a difference and you know it.'

'Desperate people can make the impossible possible,' said Dumbledore, a twinkle in his eyes 'you are living proof of that.'

Harry gave a small but real smile this time. 'We can't always trust on fate or love Dumbledore; those things have ruined more than one person.'

'Indeed,' agreed Dumbledore, regaining some of his youthfulness as he secretly admitted to himself he was actually proud of Harry 'Now on your feet, you still haven't mastered what we came for.'

'Bring it on old man,' said Harry with arrogant defiance.

In the castle of Azkaban the two Ministers were sitting in high-backed chairs. Their listless eyes gazed into the crackling frame. It was the only sound in the room. An empty bottle of brandy and two glasses stood on the small table between them, one still half-full, and the other empty.

They looked beaten and broken. These two once ruled a nation, now they had very little to say. For Fudge there was hardly a nation left to rule, all was in the hands of Harry Potter, He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named and Albus Dumbledore. The people listened, feared and praised these three. Only those who had opted to stay on the barren rock jutting from the sea called Azkaban were still loyal to him. Jonathan, the once unfaltering leader of the American magical community fared a little better but his continuous streak of defeats by one little boy and his armies had stripped him of the respect he had once had from the public. The treasury was empty, all the money spent to fund the war machine. Had they succeeded, the technology harvested from Insania's carcass would've made it burst from the seams but alas, there was no treasure to pillage. Only ship wrecks to salvage more repair bills, and families to compensate.

'What a miserable world we live in,' muttered Jonathan as he flicked his wand and the bottle of brandy filled itself to the brim in an instant. He was feeling fairly drunk but not as bad as his associate who, despite his bulky frame, couldn't handle liquor all that well.

'The world isn't fair,' slurred Fudge 'How can we, who have done so much, worked so hard...how can the people dismiss us so easily.'

Jonathan looked at the broken man. He didn't know how self-delusional you could get and on second thought, he didn't care. Whatever kept you sane.

'But by god I swear that brat hasn't heard the last of me!' yelled Fudge in his drunken state, taking the offered glass of brandy 'nor has that meddling fossil, I'll deal with him too once this is all over.' He tipped glass back, emptying it in one go before throwing it against the burning logs in the hearth. The last droplets of the alcohol ignited in a small flash.

'Keep your voice down Oswald,' said Jonathan, getting annoyed at the man for his loud exclamations 'If word of this gets out they'll lynch us like in the old days.'

'Oh I know,' grumbled Fudge a little put-out 'I just can't wait for the day I...I mean we'll show them all we can't be cast away that easily.'

'Oh yes, and what a glorious day it will be,' agreed Jonathan.

There was a knock at the door, startling them both. The door opened without waiting for permission. A man dressed completely in black entered, closing the door securely behind him and casting several spells on it to ensure privacy.

Jonathan looked eagerly at the bulky briefcase the man was carrying. 'Did you get it?' he asked. He stood up and followed the man who walked straight past them to Fudge's desk. A slight nod was his only reply.

The briefcase was deposited on the desk with a solid thunk.

'Careful now,' whispered Fudge almost reverently as he regarded the leather wrapped case.

'Did you get all the necessary information?' asked Jonathan as he raised himself to his full height. A failure to get everything needed wasn't an option right now.

The man didn't reply he merely handed over a slip of paper.

'Good, very good,' said Jonathan, snatching the slip from the man's hands 'Did you erase the required minds?'

The man nodded again.

Jonathan grabbed the man's hand and shook it resolutely while he put his other on the man's shoulder. 'Very good, you've done your country a great service.' A moment later a green flash enveloped the man briefly. He dropped to the ground. Jonathan's hand that had rested on the poor soul's shoulder still hung in the air, wand sticking out between two fingers.

'Was that really necessary?' asked Fudge with wide eyes, looking at the corpse.

'There will never be a greater sin than what we are about to do. This can never, ever even have a chance of leaking out,' said Jonathan as he regarded the cooling corpse of one of his men with blank eyes.

Amy wandered through the castle. She had been sitting by Draco's side for a long time now and no matter how much she cared for him just sitting there doing nothing but watching him lying on a hospital bed like a statue became a little unbearable. She wouldn't have minded if she had some company but everyone was busy with something. With Harry not around everyone was aimless and frustrated. And even worse, they weren't trying to hide it. For her it wasn't just Harry but without Draco to talk to she felt a little lost herself. She started wandering through the castle, not knowing of anything better to do. The castle was full of interesting things after all. Some sword practice would've been nice too but looking out one of the panoramic windows showed her it wasn't an option. A heavy downpour had started on the morning of the third day after the battle. She could practice inside but that simply didn't feel the same. She walked through the quiet halls a little longer, wishing there was a place in the castle where she could feel outside. And then it hit her: the room of requirement! Running down hallways and jumping down stairs she reached the blank stretch of wall that gave access to the most mysterious room in the world. Not wasting a second she started walking back and forth.

'Think of the thing you want, concentrate on it. Just like Harry told you,' she thought and concentrated on being outside in the sun. But after the first pass of the wall the confusion of the past few days broke her concentration. Other thoughts entered her mind, about Harry still missing, about Draco in the hospital wing, about feeling lonely and confused. Before she knew it she had walked back and forth three times and the door had appeared. Not really knowing for sure what exactly would be behind it she hesitated, shuffling her feet. Harry had warned her about entering if you weren't sure what was behind the door. But on the other hand she was curious. How bad could it be? Draco and Harry were in her thoughts too, along with everyone else, although not all were happy thoughts. She made up her mind. She approached the door with outside confidence but she couldn't help but feel anxious. Her hand reached out for the doorknob, shaking a little. 'Maybe all will still be well in there,' she said nervously.

She turned the knob, giving the door a gentle push. The door creaked on its hinges. She closed her eyes, fear getting the better of her before curiosity took over. She cracked one eye open, taking a peek at whatever the chamber had turned into. Through the door the chamber was dark and unrevealing of its contents. This made her even more anxious. But as often is the case, the curiosity was even greater. Inching toward the door slowly she squinted her eyes, trying to discern anything inside. She could only see some vague differences in the shadows. Her foot crossed the threshold. A light flared to life, blinding her. She held up her hand, shielding her eyes until they adjusted. Sneaking a peek while the light still stung her hand dropped to her side. She couldn't believe it.

'What in Merlin's name was I thinking,' she asked herself confused. She had entered a room with a high ceiling supported by dozens of arches. Inside the room stood row upon row of glass cases of all sizes. Amy shrugged. Draco had once told her the room sometimes had a mind of its own. She walked to the closest display. It was a small one with a data crystal lying in it. There was a plaque in the case.

'Data crystal containing first official mission data,' read Amy out loud. She wandered over to another case. This one contained the very first

working modified assault rifle. In a giant case further down the row lay two MAG guns with missing barrels, the one lying over the other. 'The two weapons that helped drive the Dark Lord from Insania.' Overhead hung a massive cannon barrel. 'The last remaining piece of the Missouri,' whispered Amy as she looked up at it. She had seen it being carried away after the fight. There were hundreds more of these artefacts displayed. Amy wandered around the massive room for a long time, looking at all the stuff this nation had invented and treasured. She wondered who put it all here. She had never heard Harry or Draco speak about it. Near the back of the room was an ornate desk with a red book on it. Above it a small plaque was suspended in the air. It said: 'Registry'.

Amy decided to take a peek in the book, who knew what kind of interesting things were put on display in this strange room. Sitting down on the wooden chair behind the desk she pulled the book over and flipped open the cover. On the first page was a small text written in very neat handwriting.

Over the course of history many wars have been won and lost.

Many inventions and legendary artefacts were either lost in them

or destroyed by the victor or the loser.

This museum is a place where the bloody history in which Insania was founded

will not be lost to the decay of time or the whims of man.

Here rests the history of Insania, for now and forever.

Signed,

Hermione Granger

'Typical Hermione,' said Amy with a small smile. She flipped the page. The second page was blank; the third contained an alphabetical index of all the different types of items stored in the museum. The first entry was Airship. Just to see what airship was in this place she

flipped to the correct page with a frown. She couldn't imagine an actual airship being in here. At the top of the page the title was written in ornate lettering.

The Potter, the first airborne vessel of Insania. While designed like a ship its massive wing span and lift capability combined with its powerful flight engines allow this three hulled ship to take to the sky. Fast and agile for its size, it's a dangerous and powerful weapon on the battlefield. Its mix of offensive and defensive capabilities makes it a versatile weapons platform. During construction...

The text went on and on with an illustration here and there. Amy wasn't really interested in knowing all the details about it. It was a magnificent vessel that was for sure. What did interest her was the display case about the ship. So far she had seen objects lying in here. The Potter was outside flying in the sky patrolling the island. What could possibly be in here?

She stood up and looked around, hoping to spot the display in question but amidst the hundreds it was impossible to just find it like that. She looked back at the book and rifled through the pages of information. She didn't have to look far to find what she was looking for.

'...for more detailed information see stand 18/IFS2...' she read out loud. Looking up she spotted the signs hanging from the ceiling, telling the number of each aisle. The desk was in front of aisle twenty-seven so it wasn't very far. She walked to number eighteen and then down the length. The rows on each side seemed more focused on the naval part of Insania. Inside the cases were scale models of every kind of ship in Insania's fleet; from the small TSF to the flagship Ekliptica. 'Is this it?' she wondered. She was a little disappointed. Just some scale models...she had hoped for something more interesting. She stopped in front of the display containing the model of the three hulled ship. It was right next to the Ekliptica, of which the stand had the designation IFS1. She bent forward to look more closely at the miniature version floating around inside its glass box. She was here now anyway so why not take a closer look? After some scrutinizing she had to say it: the model looked very real. The model had such fine detail it seemed impossible that it was man made, even with

magic. Even the barrels of the Gatling guns were hollow inside. A toothpick was twice if not thrice as wide as one of the barrels! She wished she could get a closer look at it but the glass...

'Eeck!' she yelped startled as the barrel seemed to shoot towards her. She jumped backwards in surprise only to trip over her own foot and land painfully on her behind. 'Ow, that hurt,' she muttered with a pained voice. She got on her knees and glared at the cause of her now painful buttocks. Her eyes widened in shock when she saw the 'model' of the Potter. Instead of the entire, model a 3D image of the Gatling gun barrels now floated in the case.

'Amazing,' breathed Amy with her face now pressed against the glass. The image looked so real and solid. The only thing that gave it away was the haziness at the back of the barrels where they faded out of view. 'Is it possible to see inside the ship too?' she asked hesitantly. The image blurred as it shifted. The floating image expanded until it filled the entire case and then it stopped. Inside the case was the steering module, the central part of any bridge. On the three glass sides away from Amy the rest of the bridge was projected. It looked a little odd and confusing when she had to step sideways to see the left side of the bridge and a part between the left side and the front was missing. The panes only showed what you would see if you stood in the same spot. The display cases were really something. Impressive pieces of technology but they still had their limits.

'Well,' said Amy with a shrug 'I've been on the bridge plenty of times. If I want to see it again I'll just ask Harry or Draco...' But then it hit her again...they weren't around. Her discovery of the museum had taken her mind of the current situation for a while but now it hit her again. Tears started to flow, sobs wracking her lithe frame. She tried to wipe them away with both hands but they wouldn't stop coming. 'What I wouldn't do to have one of them take me there right now,' she whimpered.

The image in the case blurred again. The image grew smaller, shrinking back in on itself. All signs of the Potter were gone, only black blocky letters floated in the case now. She looked up through tear-filled eyes at the message:

FOR MORE DETAILED VIEW,

SEE VISUALISATION

ROOM

She looked at it with a lost expression, her mind in too much chaos to think about it. Her sobs started anew, her entire body shaking as she sank down to her knees.

The air crackled and twisted. A distortion appeared in the hallway. The walls trembled slightly as something powerful but still invisible clashed. A loud ripping sound echoed in the empty stone corridor. In the hazy distorted air a small shadow appeared. It continued to grow, taking on a vague human shape. Once it reached human size there was another loud crack and all the strange phenomena disappeared into thin air with it. A body fell to the hard floor, face down, with a dull oomph. It remained unmoving. Just when one would start to think it was a corpse laying there a dry chuckle escaped its lips.

It lifted both arms and then planted its palms firmly on the ground, hoisting itself up with some effort. Beneath a mop of black hair emerald green eyes were revealed as he lifted up his head and looked at the place he had landed.

Harry sounded tired but happy as he congratulated himself. 'It's always nice to have a backdoor through your own wards,' he said. 'Too bad it's such a pain to actually use it.'

He fell sideways, holding himself up with one hand and landed sitting with his back against the wall. 'Any second now,' he muttered. And sure enough a couple of seconds later alarms started blaring. He chuckled again. Of course he wasn't going to get past the wards without being detected. The fluctuations would've been too great to pass unnoticed. He got up with some effort and figured he might as well start walking. If he didn't get up to the war room or someplace else he could inform the troops it was a false alarm, the entire island would be in uproar.

The thought of using his cell phone never even occurred to his tired mind.

Walking as fast as his legs could still carry him, which was just a little slower than normal walking speed, he made his way through the corridors of Dragons' Keep's dungeons.

Just before turning a corner he heard footsteps and he halted. He listened intently. He only heard one set of footsteps but it sounded like whoever it was, was more staggering than actually walking. He rounded the corner and his eyes went as wide as saucers. Before him stood the tall and imposing form of Severus Snape. His cloak billowing out behind him to his left, hiding his right arm in its folds. His eyes narrowed as he regarded Harry before him. There was something off about Severus but Harry couldn't put his finger on it. The man's gaze reminded him of the days they really couldn't stand one another back at Hogwarts.

'Ah Mr. Potter,' sneered Severus' old persona, the notorious Potion Master of Hogwarts, professor Snape.

'Potter?' thought Harry a little surprised, 'Been a long time since he called me that.'

'Out of bounds after hours again I see,' drawled the older man. 'It appears that the Potters still think rules don't apply to them.'

'Yep, there's definitely something not right here...'

'A million points from Gryffindor!' thundered Snape, his voice sounding ten times louder in the confined space. He lifted his right arm, making his cloak now billowing free. Harry reacted instantly, drawing back a little, magic making his palms itch as he readied himself. For a moment he thought Severus was going to draw his wand on him but then he spotted the bottle in the man's hand. Severus held it out in front of him, saluting Harry with it. He then put the bottle to his lips, tipped his head back and the bottle up. He took a couple of great gulps, his Adams apple bobbing up and down. When about a third of it had disappeared he swung forward, separating the bottle from his mouth. A deep gratified breath followed by a loud

belch completed this truly terrifying scene. Harry was so shocked he didn't dare utter a sound. Snape looked at him with that loathing expression once more. The bottle was held loosely in his hand, his right arm dangling by his side.

'Now off with you,' he commanded with an exaggerated gesture of his left arm. He sneered again: 'Next Time it'll be a whole year of detention, scrubbing cauldrons until they have bottoms no more!'

He staggered to the right and walked past Harry, going down the corridor while muttering to himself about insolent brats. Harry turned around slowly, not daring to make any sudden movements. Any moment now the heavens would burst into flame and come crashing down onto Earth, he was sure of it. He watched Severus' retreating back and only when the man was out of sight did he react to one of the most bizarre things he had ever endured.

'What the bloody hell has happened to this place while I was gone?'

The sobs had stopped but the pain of feeling lost hadn't disappeared. However, sitting here crying on the floor wouldn't do any good either. She realised that. Whatever the situation was, there was no way Harry or Draco would just lie down and die like that. There was simply no way something like that could happen. They were simply too strong for that. Even if she didn't know them that long, she knew they were tougher than anyone else. They would weather the storm and come out of it victorious, like they always did. She pulled herself together and got up, determination growing stronger. They weren't here to be strong for her so she would have to be on her own for a while. She looked at the message displayed in the case. She briefly wondered what it meant but then decided not to think further on it. She had enough of this place for now. She should get back to the hospital wing and check up on Draco. She started walking toward the exit but remembered she had left the book open. There was enough room between the cases to walk through so she decided to walk between them instead of going back to the end of the aisle first. She crossed to adjacent aisle and then the next before something caught her eye. She didn't know why she had to spot that particular item but it made her halt. There, in the case next to her, lying on red velvet was the broken sword of Godric Gryffindor. A shiver ran down her

spine as she remembered the last time she had touched it. Still, it somehow drew her near. Her palm touched the cool glass separating the sword from the world. Her gaze was drawn to the glinting metal. Even broken it still looked like a magnificent sword. The thought entered her mind without wanting it. Somehow the sword beckoned her. She tried to resist it. She tried to take her palm off the glass. But she couldn't. Whatever possessed her she couldn't tell but there was something inside her that told her to reach out to the cursed sword. Warmth glowed in her palm, blocking out the coldness of the glass. A faint light reflected on the metal of the sword, coming from her palm. She didn't bother taking her hand away to look at it. All she wanted to do was keep looking at the sword and keep her hand where it was. She faintly noticed a weird smell but didn't pay it any heed. Before she knew it her hand made its way through the melted hole in the glass. Her fingertips brushed the metal. Now she knew what she had to do. Taking first the upper part and then the hilt out of the case she now stood there with both pieces in her hands. Still not having a clue why she had stolen the broken pieces of a sword belonging to a sworn enemy from the display. And yet the thought didn't repulse her now that she had it. It belonged to her. She could simply feel it.

But what was she supposed to do with it now?

As he ventured further up and closed in on the War Room, the uneasiness and confusion he had felt since his encounter with Severus hadn't abated. Troops were running to and fro without any purpose, people were shouting orders which no one really followed and none of them had even recognized him. The alarms were still blaring and the entire castle was in chaos. No one was taking charge of the crisis.

He sped up his pace, the tiredness fading upon seeing the mayhem. He was not amused, if this had been a serious crisis they would've been done for. He entered the War Room only to find that the chaos had apparently spread here as well. Dozens of people were talking into headsets, giving orders while others seemed confused or unsure of what to do. Harry's mood didn't improve. He had only been gone for three bloody days and anarchy ruled over his nation. He strode up to the giant table at the centre of the room and pressed on a panel. It

slid open and he took one of the spare headsets from the compartment. With a touch he activated all channels.

'Everyone FREEZE!' he yelled with unquestionable authority. Everyone did. Those in the War Room looked utterly surprised to see him there. They promptly stood up and saluted him. He paid them no attention. 'The crisis has been averted, everyone stand down and return to your regular schedule.' No one reacted. No one understood what was happening. One moment they were under attack, the next they were all dismissed?

'NOW!' yelled Harry. Everyone scrambled. Only those in the War Room remained as they were on duty. Harry looked around the room with ice-cold eyes and all had to avert his gaze. 'Where are the members of the Iron Council? Who is in charge here?'

No one looked really eager to reply as they looked at one another, wondering the same thing. Harry pinched the bridge of his nose.

Finally one of the communication officers spoke up; a witch a year older than him who used to be in Ravenclaw if he recalled correctly.

'I'm sorry sir,' she said. While her posture spoke humbleness her tone was clear and strong. 'So far I haven't been able to reach Mr. Snape, Miss Lovegood or Miss Granger. Commander Andrew had the fleet move out and patrol the island, so far he hasn't reported anything irregular.'

'What about Neville?' demanded Harry.

'Commander Neville was given a relief from duty to give him some rest and allow his wound to heal. Weapons development supervisor McGuire authorised it, he is currently working in the hospital wing.'

Not quite what he wanted to hear but at least he had an answer now. 'Alright, get those three unreachable up here ASAP; I need to have a word with them. The rest of you can take a break until further notice; I will take over your duties until then.'

At this they didn't hesitate, leaving the room with haste. As soon as they were gone Harry let the façade drop. He let himself fall into a chair, utterly exhausted. 'What a mess I'm in,' he muttered in a hollow tone. Voldemort was a clever bastard alright. The last battle had rattled them all more than Harry liked to admit. Even Severus seemed affected by the ordeal. The man was a loner and he had his issues but Harry had never seen anything like Severus drunk, especially not at such times. He absolutely hated to admit it but Voldemort had them right where he wanted them. Draco was out of the loop and Neville was in the hospital. That meant there was really no one that could lead the troops. Andrew had his obligations to the navy and they needed him there. Besides, the man had no real experience in land tactics. Severus was by far the most experienced but even he was more used to one-on-one confrontations or with small groups. Neville wasn't too bad but Harry had other plans for Neville. Truth be told, he needed every member he had right now but he was one person short, a crucial part of the plan. The girls weren't an option either. Hermione was no military leader. He loved her for her compassionate side and her morals, not to mention her mind. She was a truly clever one. But she lacked the ruthlessness needed on the battlefield. She would never order her soldiers to slay the enemy by whatever means. Even though she knew what the things she designed would be used for she had never seen the carnage of war up close. The blood spurting from the wound of an enemy, your sword glinting red at the end of the slash. The crimson droplets flying through the air and dripping from the blade, the smell of burning flesh as your target's skin sizzled and melted under spells and gunfire. He hoped that Hermione never experienced something like it. She was too kind for it. She didn't deserve to carry those kinds of sins. Luna was different in that regard. She could be ruthless. She would kill the enemy without hesitating. If she had to she would slice their throats one by one in their sleep. She had strategic insight on a greater scale. The way her inventions could work together was clear evidence of that. And that's why he needed her not on the frontlines but at the back, where she could see that their entire available arsenal was put to the best of use. They sure as hell were going to need all the firepower they could get used in the most devastating ways. And something told him to protect her too. He didn't want to see her on the frontlines. Stereotypes aside, he had to protect her and keep her safe, he had to keep both of them safe. He did not think of them as weak or frail. But he knew they would

both risk their lives for him and there lay the problem. He was sure they would risk their lives to protect him and he couldn't stand the thought of losing someone else like that. Too many people had already died on his behalf. He remembered the young wizard who had sacrificed himself in the ministry, taking a bolt of lightning to the chest to protect him. Harry was shamed to admit he couldn't remember the person's name but so much had happened since then. He thought of Dean and his heroic sacrifice. Other faces flashed before his eyes. The image of Ginny fighting dragons to protect him bubbled up.

'No matter how long that old fart had her under his control, that she did because she loved me,' grumbled Harry. His voice was hard without a shred of doubt.

He got his thoughts back on track. He was running out of options. Tom McGuire may have been an option but Harry didn't feel like the man had what it took to lead an army. He was more of a researcher and a doctor. And there would be plenty of people needed to take care of the injured too. Sarah Brown was never an option to start with. The woman was a brilliant naval engineer but that was about it. She was a nice person, too nice for the final battle. She would remain on the island as the last one of the Iron Council to keep the fort safe. With Voldemort and his demon army occupied with whatever, Harry had no real fears for Insania. Whatever force would attack it with the major players occupied would never breach the defences.

Of course there was himself. He knew the men would follow him to the pits of hell and kill the devil himself if he commanded them. They believed in him so they fought with true conviction. Alas, he would most likely not be available to command them. Voldemort would occupy him entirely and any kind of distraction would mean death and failure, for him or for someone else. If he didn't have Voldemort's full attention it was certain to stray elsewhere. Harry shuddered to think what would happen if he even set his sights on someone else than him for a moment.

'What a mess we're in,' muttered Harry as he went limp, his arms dangling uselessly over the armrests. While he was utterly convinced he would defeat Voldemort no matter what, the task was a daunting

prospect. As he imagined what the outcome would be, nothing really pleasant or good came to mind. All his visions revolved around a world in flames with his friends suffering horrible fates.

'Even if it damns me for eternity, I will defeat him. I will kill him with my bare hands, burn the corpse and scatter the ashes to the corners of the earth. If I must I will take whatever remains of his soul and deliver it to Hell myself,' said Harry. His posture was slumped, drained of all energy. But his voice was still hard as steel. His eyes cold as they stared at the ceiling where his mind projected the horrible death of Voldemort. 'Die you bastard,' whispered Harry to the empty room. 'Die and suffer forever.'

Amy was walking across the grass meadows west of the castle and the village. In the blistering sun the white marble fortress shone in the distance. She sat down from exhaustion. The sun was really getting to her. Around her the land was eerily quiet. There wasn't even a slight breeze to bring some relief from the warmth. The leaves on a nearby tree were deathly still. Not even a single straw of grass swayed. There were no animal sounds either. It was as if the land had stopped breathing. Only the relentless sun burned bright in the sky. Even the ocean in the distance was calm. Its surface was undisturbed. It was as blue as the sky. The sea was so calm it was a giant mirror turned skyward. You couldn't even see where the horizon ended and the sky began. It gave the impression that the entire island was flying high up in the air in a sea of light blue. If she wasn't so distraught and a little aimless she might've enjoyed the spectacle. It looked like a scene from a fairy tale.

She looked down at the object she still clutched in her hands. The broken sword of Gryffindor shone like a beacon as it reflected sunlight into her eyes. It hurt but she didn't squint. She merely looked at the shiny metal, wondering why she was still holding it. She wondered what had driven her to steal it. She wondered why she was out here in the scalding heat. She yelled out her frustration. She didn't yell anything specific; it was more screeching her lungs out until she had no breath left. It didn't make her feel any better afterwards. Why couldn't she be strong like Harry? Wherever he was she was sure he was being strong and being too stubborn to give up. She felt so useless at the moment. Everyone was probably of doing

something to aide in the upcoming battle and here she was, in the middle of nature moping. She wasn't even by Draco's side to be there when he woke up. She looked at the sword disgustedly. It had drawn her to it at first and then drove her out here but now she felt no interest for it anymore. She threw it away in the grass where it landed with a clang as the two pieces hit each other. The tears started flowing again as she collapsed in a miserable heap on the soil. The sun beat down on her relentlessly but she didn't care. All she wanted was for Draco or Harry to come and comfort her.

A shadow passed over her. It was close and big. The grass stirred in its wake. She looked up at the sky but the world was blurry through her tears. She could see something moving in the air. It was getting closer again. It was blue, darker than the sky and big. It came right at her. Fear welled up. She hastily wiped her tears away and looked again. It was very close now. With her vision clear she could finally see the dragon coming straight at her. It didn't matter if it was one of the four that guarded Insania, the fact didn't register right now. She screamed. She desperately tried to scramble away on all fours but against a flying beast escape wasn't an option. Behind her the dragon reared up and flapped its mighty wings. It hovered above her now, creating gusts of wind that made her robes billow around her. She screamed even louder as she dropped to the ground and covered her head with her hands. She squeezed her eyes shut, tears escaping them. The gusts quieted down a little. She gathered some courage and cracked her right eye open. She turned her head and looked back. The dragon was landing. With some lackadaisical flaps its hind legs touched the ground gently. It folded its wings before the forelegs touched the ground. It looked at her with its emerald gaze. She shuddered and turned away. She could sense the animal moving behind her. It moved to her left but she didn't dare look. Above them the sun still shone relentlessly.

She could hear its claws scraping over the ground next to her as it moved. The sound was close. She could even hear it breathing through its nostrils. That sound was getting really loud. Trembling with fear she opened her left eye just enough to get a hazy picture. But even then she saw the head was only a foot away from her face. She scrambled to the right, falling on her side. Her eyes were now

wide open. The beast's right wing unfolded again. It hovered above her, blocking out the sun.

'No please,' she sniffled 'Don't hurt me.'

'Easy little one,' said a male voice in her mind. 'I won't hurt you but I believe the sun is getting to you.'

The voice startled her. Her panic didn't ease with it. She looked up at the beast with very wide eyes before realisation finally settled in. 'You're one of the guardians,' she said in a tiny voice.

'I'm glad you finally realise,' said the voice. 'I didn't mean to startle you.'

'But...but...you're speaking to me!' she said baffled. 'Harry always said he was the only one that could.'

'Evidently not any more' said the voice a little snappishly.

'But how?' she asked amazed.

'That I do not know,' said the voice. 'I can only tell you that I felt a connection between us open up today for reasons unknown. It told me you were in distress so I came to see what is bothering you.'

'Why?'

'If a person has a bond with us and they are in distress or require our aid it is only normal for us to help them. It is in our nature,' the ancient being said, averting its gaze to the sky.

'But...'

'Enough questions,' it said a bit irritated as its gaze snapped to her once more. She swallowed. 'I came here to give you purpose once more.' Without further explaining itself it turned around and approached the broken sword on the grass. It lowered its head and gazed at the object with a penetrating emerald look. Before Amy could ask what it was doing the dragon's snake-like tongue reached

out and grabbed hold of the sword, dragging it into its beak. The dragon closed his eyes, his body stiffened.

'No!' screamed Amy heatedly 'What are you doing? You can't ruin it! It's...'

'A cursed blade trying to return to its master,' said the dragon loudly with some pain in the mental voice 'But I will not stand for it. I have sworn to never let its master triumph over anything again if I can help it.'

Amy heard the dragon swallow. It let out a low painful roar. 'But isn't Harry its master now?' asked Amy loud enough to be heard 'He defeated Gryffindor didn't he?'

'Yes, but that doesn't matter. The sword has always wanted to return. Harry suppressed its influence all those months until you touched it. It never disappeared. It cannot be allowed a continued existence.'

'So you ate it?' asked Amy, her voice unbelieving of the absurd situation.

'Patience little one,' said the dragon, its voice strained 'I am merely destroying the presence inside.'

'Oh,' said Amy baffled 'and what happens after that?'

'Now,' said the dragon, its pained voice gaining strength 'I will forge it anew.' Its eyes snapped up to the sky, it reared its head while spreading its wings. They went up and down once. The dragon stood almost straight up on its hind legs now. Smoke escaped its nostrils; its eyes flashed brilliant green. Its beak opened slowly. White and blue smoke billowed out. It hissed angrily. The cloud it formed expanded rapidly and even blocked out the blazing sun. Amy felt her mind connect to the creature and looked at it with awe. The presence she was connected with felt old, wise and powerful. The Dragon's scales faintly glowed. The dragon stood unmoving, as still as a statue. Smoke kept spewing forth. Amy just kept on looking at the spectacle before her, forgetting everything else for now. She wasn't prepared when the smoke spewing out erupted into flames in a burst that made

her turn away and shield her eyes. Instead of hissing a roar like a furnace now rumbled. Amy looked at the dragon again. The smoke had now been replaced by a great inferno in the air. The flames were coloured dark blue at the base, turning lighter a little higher until they finally turned bright gold. In the centre of this giant flame shaped inferno was a dark orange spot. It was small with tiny droplets of lighter orange shooting up from the dragon and attaching themselves to the darker one. The darker spot slowly took shape, becoming thinner, longer and pointing upward. The droplets became less frequent and with it the flame stack slowly died down. Amy was grateful for it. The air had been unbearably hot before but now it was scorching. The grass around them had turned yellow. The more the flames died down and the more shape the object took the dragon's body sagged as if it was carrying a great load that was too heavy and slowly crushing him. The dragon gave a final roar and the flames extinguished like a stove being turned off. The sun hit Amy's eyes, blinding her for a moment. The dragon finally lost its strength and fell sideways while the object in the air fell to the earth. Everything was quiet once more.

Amy looked back once more and saw the fallen form of the dragon lying on the ground. She crouched before its head. 'Are you alright?' she asked quietly.

'I am fine,' it said with some straining 'it is quite an exhausting task to perform. Tell me young one, did it work? I need a moment to recover my strength before I can look myself.'

Amy looked around but didn't spot whatever the dragon was talking about. She stood up and walked around its body. There, near its tail, was a sword embedded in the ground. It was long and broad, its blade pale gold. The handle the colour of platinum with the pommel shaped like a dragon's head. One side of the hilt had lines on it that looked like scales. The cross-guard was shaped like draconian wings with the fuller engraved to look like a dragon's tale. The entirety was surrounded by a faint golden halo.

'Did it work?' asked the dragon again when after a while Amy still hadn't said a word.

'It's beautiful,' she near whispered as she looked at the sword in awe.

The dragon finally managed to lift its head and look at its creation. 'I am glad it pleases you for it is yours now.'

'What?' yelled Amy startled.

'It is your sword. This is what I came here for, to give you purpose. That sword will give it to you. I will grant you that which you want most, to be strong and fight like the ones you admire.'

'I can't accept this!' said Amy, 'It's too much. It looks too beautiful to be used.'

'Take it young one,' said the dragon with some strictness 'It would be a shame to refuse it. It is made for a purpose and will serve no one else but you. I suggest you use it.'

Amy nodded dumbly and as if in trance, with her eyes firmly locked on the sword like they had been since she saw it, she took one step, then another and slowly approached. When she stood before it she realised it was a lot bigger than she thought it was. Even with the tip buried in the soil the cross-guard reached her navel. 'I can't use this,' she said 'it's too big for me to use.'

'Wait and see before you make up your mind,' said the dragon, getting impatient 'It cannot be too big or heavy for you since it was made for you and only you.'

Amy looked at the dragon and seeing its gaze she swallowed and looked back at the sword. Hesitantly reaching out she grabbed the hilt with one hand. The metal felt smooth and a little cool to the touch but not unpleasant. She tightened her grip and prepared to yank it out of the ground. Instead of having to use a lot of effort the sword lifted up without any resistance from the soil and was much lighter than it looked. Her hard pull send it straight up and almost over her head before she grabbed it with her second hand, turned it around and held it properly in front of her. The halo surrounding it faded away. She had to admit, the thing felt really right to hold. It didn't feel

awkward at all to hold such a big sword. She felt...empowered. Before she realised it she made a couple of swings, testing its feel and handling. Going through the movements she had practised all those months had never felt so right.

'Is it to your satisfaction?' asked the dragon, a faint hint of amusement in his voice as he watched her expression.

'Oh yes,' she said a little breathless 'It feels fantastic to wield. I've never held such an amazing sword.'

'I can imagine,' chuckled the dragon 'Would you like to know it's name?'

'It has a name?' asked Amy in wonder.

'Of course it does,' said the dragon with such obviousness it made her feel a little ashamed although she couldn't tell why. 'All true swords have a name.'

'Harry's doesn't. Or at least he's never told me about it,' said Amy, trying to remember if Harry had ever said anything about it.

'Perhaps Harry still needs to learn what it is. Not everything is revealed from the beginning,' said the dragon sagely.

'I guess,' said Amy a little confused before getting back on track. 'So what is its name?'

'Dragonslayer,'

Amy was appalled. 'You mean this thing is for...'

'Heavens no young one,' said the dragon with a snort 'It is called that because...well, you will most likely experience it soon but I don't mind spoiling this one. It is a sword created by me, a dragon, from a sword who's master enslaved dragons. It is a blade fitting for quenching one's thirst for revenge. Much like we would avenge any wrongdoings towards our masters. For the purpose of defeating your enemies it is

infused with our powers. To the enemy it will look like a slaying dragon out for revenge. That thought will enter their mind.'

Amy didn't know how to respond to that so she remained quiet.

'I see I've finally managed to talk you into silence. What a surprise,' said the dragon in a serious tone 'I will take my leave now and rest some.'

It rolled itself onto all fours and stood up. It stretched its wing and took off. Amy finally gathered her wits again. 'Wait!' she yelled after it 'You didn't even tell me your name!'

'It's Garanor,' it replied in her mind.

'How can I ever thank you for this?' she yelled as its form quickly grew smaller.

'By simply using it as it was meant to be used,' was the reply before the bond she had felt form earlier disappeared and she knew it could no longer hear her.

'...and that's what happened,' said Harry at last to the three people sitting in front of him. Hermione and Luna looked like they could start crying any moment while Severus was just looking at the table sulking. His robes were still wet from the very cold shower Harry had generously given him after he had been dragged into the room. At the time he had been somewhere between completely smashed and comatose. Harry had yelled at them for a good fifteen minutes first. Even in his still slightly befuddled state Severus grudgingly admitted that the state in the castle had been something to be ashamed of. After that he had explained in detail what had happened at Diagon Alley and after.

'So things have finally gotten past serious and straight to deadly,' said Luna in an almost whisper.

'It has always been a deadly game we've been playing but this is it. It's the end, our final stand. We either come out victorious or get swept away by defeat,' said Harry very seriously.

'So what now?' asked Hermione 'Do, we face him head-on or do we scheme something?'

'Neither,' said Harry. Seeing their confused looks he continued. 'We will prepare for this battle as best as we can, use the tactics we can come up with and stand firm against the storm he will unleash upon us. We will show him the true light of Insania. In this fight there are no holds barred. Any and all equipment we have available is to be used and needs to be used to the limit. We will not just defeat him; we will crush him once and for all. We will show the world that he never stood a chance against us. He wants to prove that we were never stood a chance against him and now we will prove the exact opposite.'

'You've got a plan,' stated Severus, his calculating gaze boring into Harry's eyes.

'I have the vague outline of one. We'll need to refine it in the time we have but I have the basics at least. First of all, we have nothing to lose so we don't need to hold back. All of our assets will be used. By that I mean the fleet, the soldiers, and the technology. If we combine them properly we'll be one tough nut to crack no matter what the circumstances.'

'Are you saying...' began Hermione, starting to get a little afraid.

'No, Zeus isn't an option,' said Harry firmly 'While I would like nothing better than to simply use it to blow the bastard to kingdom come it won't do the trick. The devastation wouldn't be worth it. Zeus is our last resort. If we fail and we lose we will use it. We'll simply blast wherever the battle is and turn everything into ash. Hopefully it will at least hurt old Tom long enough for someone else to come up with a plan. While I hope it won't come to that there's another reason why I told Dumbledore he shouldn't show up. If we are defeated he's the only one who still has a chance to succeed. Even Voldemort isn't untouchable. Even if it doesn't kill him Zeus should reduce him to a pile of ash. His spirit or whatever may still make it and he could be reborn but that would take time.'

Luna opened her mouth but Harry beat her to it. 'Project H isn't an option either,' said Harry firmly. Luna was about to protest but Harry pressed on. 'I've seen the timetable. It either won't be finished or will still be in its final phases. It either has to work perfectly or not at all.'

'But Harry,' Luna finally managed to butt in 'it will work. Its capabilities would be tremendous on the battlefield. It would be a great help...'

'No it won't Luna,' he said harshly and seeing her hurt expression he softened his voice a little. 'I believe in your capabilities, I believe in you.' She perked up at that 'But it's not just that I don't believe it wouldn't be finished in time. I know you might just make it. I need you to work on the other efforts too. If we do the things I have planned we'll need everyone to work on them. It will be a race against time and I can't afford to let anyone not put their all in it at this point.'

'I understand,' said Luna 'I don't like it but I'll agree. You know what needs to be done to kill the bastard so I'll believe in you.'

'Thank you,' said Harry sincerely.

'So what is this great plan of yours?' asked Hermione curiously.

'Alright,' said Harry as he stood up and started pacing 'First of all Luna, your efforts won't be for naught.' Luna looked up at him. 'The weapons on Project H are a devastating piece of work and will be useful.'

'But if the project isn't finished then how?' asked Luna 'The power requirements...'

'Can be met in other ways,' said Harry resolutely 'That's where the Potter comes in. I've already called it in. It's being prepared for a major overhaul as we speak. Hermione, you and Sarah will be mostly responsible for that.' Hermione nodded. 'Seeing the enemy we're about to face we'll need air support and a lot. The Potter is to be stripped of its fast flight capabilities and transformed into a hovering fortress. We'll add extra cores and whatever else it needs. Its defence systems will be tripled...

And so started one of the longest meetings they had ever had.

Several hours had passed and sheets of paper with notes on them were strewn all across the table. Hermione and Luna were running over them at frightening speed, exchanging ideas and discussing theories faster than Harry could imagine possible.

'Well Potter...Harry,' said Severus, correcting himself. Apparently his short return to Snape hadn't completely faded yet. 'Your plan sounds interesting and in my opinion even has a chance of success. Or at least you make it sound that way. But I still don't get why I am here.'

'Well,' said Harry with a hint of a mischievousness. 'First of all you deserved it to be here and get bored enough to start thinking on your own while tuning me out and second of all, I wanted you to grasp the size of this operation.'

Severus grumbled at being caught but nodded nonetheless.

'If we win this we'll need a lot of medical supplies so that's where you come in. And also, I kept this meeting small to keep everyone's attention as best as I could. You're one of the best informed people on the island right now so you'll help me with the organisation and informing others on what needs to be done.'

'Just great,' muttered Severus.

'Severus, people listen to you when you tell them something. I'll need someone like that.'

'I understand, but I don't like it,' said Severus.

'It doesn't matter. As I said, everyone will have to push their limits in order to succeed,' said Harry.

'Yes sir.'

'Good, we're all understood then. You're dismissed. Get to work,' said Harry. All three sprung up from their chairs, nodded once and started making their way out of the room.

'Hermione,' Harry called before she was out the door 'Could you stay a little longer please.'

'Sure Harry,' said Hermione and made her way back to the table where she sat down. The others left without looking back. Once the door was closed Harry sat down too. He looked nervous. 'What's the matter?' asked Hermione, seeing his discomfort.

'Well, I'm in a bit of a tough spot here,' said Harry, not meeting her gaze.

'We are on the brink of the one of the greatest battles in magical history Harry. I kind of suspected that might be a bit of a tough spot to be in,' said Hermione with a smile.

'This isn't about me Hermione,' said Harry seriously, still not meeting her gaze. 'It's about you.'

'About me?' she asked surprised. Then a look of understanding crossed her face. 'Is this about me staying away from danger again?'

'No, not really,' said Harry. He was starting to feel really uncomfortable.

'Then out with it! You're fidgeting is getting me curious and I'm not in the mood to guess until I get it right,' she said impatiently.

'Well, you see...' he scratched his head, trying to find the right words to explain this. He sighed. There was no easy way to put this. 'It's like this. With Draco out of the picture we have a big problem. There's no one to lead the men in the battle. I could give the job to someone else but there's no one I really trust with this job, not at this point.'

'Yeah, I see why that might be a problem,' said Hermione a little hesitantly. 'But why are you talking to me...' She stopped and looked at him with wide eyes. 'You're not telling me I should do it?'

'No!' he said immediately and upon seeing her horrified expression he made it very clear he didn't want that. 'Nonononono, no. I wouldn't want you to lead them.'

'Hmm, now you sound more like you really don't want me to do it,' she said and looked a little angry. 'Don't you trust me?'

'I do,' he responded without hesitating. 'I trust you with my life and I know you would be capable of making the right decisions but...please don't take this the wrong way Hermione but I don't think the men will listen to you like they should. You just don't have that kind of authority in you.'

'Oh really?' she asked with a dangerous edge to her tone. Harry cringed. That hadn't sounded all that good. 'So I'm not capable?'

'Please Hermione, don't be mad,' said Harry, looking at her sideways. The look on her face was frightening. 'It's just that there's not enough time to get you familiar enough with the troops and you'll be busy enough with everything else that needs to happen.'

'Well,' she said as she thought it over, her anger fading a little 'you do have a point there. But why did you call me here then?'

'It's because of the person I'm going to ask to take on the job,' said Harry as he averted his gaze again.

That got her curious. Her eyebrows rose but she remained silent, waiting for him to continue.

'It's someone we both know rather well,' he started slowly 'He's not all that smart and I don't trust him either but he's proven to be good at tactics. But if I tell him my offer he won't refuse and he'll be loyal as long as it's necessary.'

Hermione's expression had slowly changed to a mixture of confusion, dread and anger. 'Harry, you're not thinking of asking...'

'Yes Hermione, the only one I see as an option right now is Ron.'

'Hell no!' she yelled vehemently, jumping up from her chair. The chair toppled over and clattered on the floor. 'How could you even think of asking that...that...twerp! Let him rot on that island, it's what he deserves! Are you seriously going to give a position like that to the enemy?'

Harry had his hands in front of his face, shielding it in case she started throwing stuff at him. He deserved it of course but losing an eye right now wouldn't be very beneficial to the battle. 'I'm sorry Hermione, I really am,' he said pleadingly 'But there's no one else...'

'The hell there is!' she yelled, planting both palms firmly on the table and leaning over it towards him. Her eyes were furious. She lowered her voice some but the tone still told Harry to be very careful. Or even better, turn tail and run. 'Are you really going to tell me there's not a single person on this island that's qualified for the job?'

'He has the skills we need Hermione,' said Harry pleadingly.

Hermione would have none of it. 'And you think the men will listen to him?'

Harry was resolute in his belief. 'They will, they'll have to. They can learn.'

'Harry,' said Hermione, trying to make him see reason 'Voldemort might call us out tomorrow. He might call us out next week. There's no time for him.'

'There will be,' said Harry.

'How can you be so sure?' she asked sceptically.

'Because if there isn't we're doomed,' he said simply. That stopped her short. He continued. 'If Voldemort decides to have our battle tomorrow we lose. We need time to prepare and he'll give us that. If he wasn't planning on it he would've killed me in Diagon Alley.'

Hermione saw reasoning in that. 'Ok, so you might be right about that,' she admitted, albeit grudgingly. 'I still don't believe Ron is the

best option for this. There has to be a better person,' she said with finality 'I won't give you permission to bring him into our homeland. If you do I'll press charges against him for attempted rape. Or even better, I'll ask Severus to help me kill him.'

'Hermione,' said Harry with some sadness at hearing her say such things 'you wouldn't do that. And I don't like it that I'm the cause of you saying things like that. But my mind's made up. Ron has proven to be a tough opponent. He'll be useful to us. Don't think I like doing this. Once this is over I'll banish him. He's done things that are unforgivable and they won't be forgiven. All I'm suggesting is that we use his abilities.'

Hermione was still angry but some sadness entered her voice. 'I don't like you putting it like that either. I'd like revenge against him and it sounds fitting but using someone and then casting them aside...makes us sound like the people we've been fighting against. It's not right.'

Harry shrugged. 'I don't care at this point. We've been loyal to our ideals long enough. In this fight all bets are off. We'll be fighting to kill as many as we can. The blood might even flow in rivers and we'll have to bear the sin. That's what it's come down to.'

'I guess you're right,' said Hermione. It didn't make her feel better.

'I'm actually kind of relieved Voldemort has those demons now,' said Harry. 'It means we won't be killing as many people. There's enough blood on our hands already. Mine especially.' He looked to a spot on the wall, in the general direction of the graveyard. 'This war has cost so many lives and I'm responsible for a big part of them. I'm sick of it.'

'The pressure is building,' said Hermione. She took a moment to calm herself down. She looked at Harry and saw how he hated doing this to her. 'We're all doing things we don't like,' she said with some bitterness. 'Zeus is one of those things.'

'I know,' said Harry. 'It'll never be used if I can help it. I promise.'

'It still bothers me that we've created such a thing Harry,' she said frustrated. 'It's a monstrosity. If it ever falls into the wrong hands...'

'It won't,' interrupted Harry. 'You know what we've built into it. It can never be used without all the necessary steps. Not a lot of people know them, even less know how to do them.'

'Still,' said Hermione 'if it's ever used, no matter what the reason or the target, I'll never be able to forgive myself.'

'Hermione,' he said as he stood up, he walked around the table towards her. 'Zeus is not just a weapon. It's a last resort. It's our escape route in case everything else fails. That was its primary goal. The weapon is a self defence measure, nothing more.' He stopped beside her chair. She looked up at him. He stood tall and strong, his determination and belief in doing the right thing was something she admired greatly. She didn't know how he could remain strong like that with all the burdens in his shoulders. Only a few almost made her buckle under the strain. She felt small and young in comparison to him right now. She honestly believed she wouldn't be able to make the same decisions as him were she in his shoes. It made her admit, silently, that he might be right about Ron.

'Hermione,' he said 'I'll have much to repent for once this is over; both towards the dead and the living, and to you and the rest of you whom I've dragged into this. I'll do everything I can to repay you for your efforts.' He said it with such conviction, self-hatred and regret that it made her want to cry.

'Oh Harry,' she said as she rose up and threw her arms around him, tears flowing now. 'Why are you so harsh on yourself? This isn't your fault. It never was. You were dragged into it while you were still a baby. You could've just turned away and say it has nothing to do with you but you didn't. You took the roughest path, that's all.'

'One must choose between what is right and what is easy,' said Harry as he hugged her back, drawing strength from her belief in him. 'But I can't help but wonder if there wasn't another road to take. A better one.'

'Whether this was the best or not, it will prove to be a right one in the end.' She said her voice slightly muffled as she pressed her face against his shoulder, trying to hide her tears.

'We'll only know if we win this. If we lose it was the wrong decision that I made,' he said, resting his chin on her hair.

'It is the right one,' she said. 'Win or lose, we did the right thing.'

'I hope from the bottom of my heart you're right,' he said as a single tear escaped his eye. Merlin I hope you're right.'

They remained standing there for quite some time.

In the distance the INIS Potter was making its way into the lake. The three hulled ship disturbed the flat surface of the lake. The heat still hadn't abated. The sun still shone relentlessly. The sun was slowly making its way down to the horizon. The sky was still blue but near the horizon some clouds could be seen. They were high up and slowly but surely drifting towards the island on a wind too high up to be felt on the surface. It promised some cooler weather in the coming days but Amy didn't care about that. She was breathing heavily. Her eyes stung from the droplets of sweat running down from her forehead. Her palms were sweaty but her grip on the sword was as firm as it should be. She felt invigorated despite the near crippling temperatures. A thrust forward, a sideways sweep, block from above. She went through the motions faster than she could keep track of them. It all felt so natural. The sword became a blur. She continued until eventually she miscalculated one step. Her sword swung wide. Too wide, and she lost her balance. She stumbled two steps before regaining her footing. She growled at her own failure. She looked sideways at the men sitting on the benches. The practice yard of the barracks was the spot she and Draco had always practiced. There had always been some of the troops watching them. Usually when she made a mistake they would crack a joke or cheer for her. It was all in good nature and she had never minded. But today, without Draco here, she felt somewhat self-conscious. But today they didn't do anything. They all sat there, watching her in silence. She didn't know what to make of it. But she could think about that later. Right now she had to practice and stop making these mistakes. She was so

concentrated she didn't even notice another person arriving, staring at her for some time and then taking a seat on one of the benches next to the men.

'So what's going on?' Harry asked the guy sitting next to him. The soldier had been staring at Amy, his mouth slightly agape and was startled to be spoken to. He was even more startled when he saw the person suddenly sitting next to him.

'Commander Potter sir,' said the soldier as he sprung up from his seat and saluted Harry. 'I'm very sorry, I didn't see you there.'

'Be quiet and sit back down,' said Harry in a hushed voice. He looked at the other men; none of them had noticed anything.

'Yes sir,' said the man and he sat back down immediately.

'Let's not disturb her. She looks very concentrated,' said Harry as he too looked at Amy.

'Yes sir,' said the soldier.

'So explain to me, what's going on here?' asked Harry.

'I don't know myself sir,' said the soldier, a hint of wonder in his voice. 'I mean, we've always known she was pretty good with a sword. Commander Draco taught her after all and she could stand toe to toe with him at times. That was impressive on its own. She never beat him but still.' The man remained silent for a few moments as he looked at Amy again. 'I've never seen her move like this. It's incredible how she moves, especially with that big sword. You wouldn't think a girl like her would handle it well.'

'Yes, that sword...', said Harry, his tone telling that he found it suspicious. He eyed the sword with great interest. He had never seen anything like it. It was big and heavy looking. It looked more like a weapon for a giant who used brute force than a girl like Amy who looked more like someone who would rely on agility and speed. There was something special about it that was for sure. Harry could simply feel it. There was something dangerous about it. He kept on

watching it instead of Amy. It sometimes reflected sunlight right into his eyes but he didn't even blink. He followed its every move. The motions of the sword became faster and faster. Harry even let himself slip partly into drone-mode without realising it in order to continue keeping track of the movements. When he finally realised he was doing it, it happened. A particularly strong flash reflected off the blade, slightly blinding him and in that flash a fiery image of a dragon with its maw spread wide open flying straight at him flashed through his mind. There was a flash of flames rushing at him and steel claws glinting. And then it was gone again and there was only Amy swinging her sword around with deadly precision. Harry shook his head. He let his drone-mode slip, returning to normal. He didn't know what had just happened but it had certainly piqued his interest. She continued for a while without any mistakes but in the end she lost her balance again and stumbled once more. She still didn't notice him. The men remained silent but Harry stood up and clapped.

She was startled at the intrusion and looked up at the person causing it. When she recognized Harry a smile lit up on her face. She ran to him as fast as her legs could carry her and nearly barrelled him over.

'Oh sweet Merlin,' she yelled ecstatic 'I'm so glad you're back.'

'Apparently,' he said with a smile. 'You never expected anything different I hope?'

'Of course not,' she said with a shake of her head 'But I was just so worried and with everything going on I just...' She couldn't continue and simply tried to squeeze the life out of him.

'It's alright,' he said with a smile and happiness as he hugged her back. 'But would you mind being careful with that sword there. You're scaring me a little.'

'Oh sorry,' she said a little embarrassed and released him 'I forgot I was holding it.'

Harry looked at the sword again. 'Seems kind of hard to forget,' he remarked.

'Oh but it's not,' she said with excitement. 'It simply feels so natural to wield it,' she said and made a couple of slashes. Harry fought the urge to take a step back. The slashes were too close to him for comfort. 'It's like it's a part of me,' she said happily.

'Right,' said Harry a little sceptically. 'Mind if I ask where you got it?'

Her smile vanished. She stopped in mid twirl. The sword lowered to the ground and she looked at him with wide eyes.

'Like a deer caught in the headlights,' Harry couldn't help but think.

She remained silent, her mouth opening and closing but no sound came out.

'Where did you get it?' Harry asked again. The friendliness gone from his voice. Amy still couldn't form a reply. Harry could feel emotions rising up. A sword appearing out of nowhere was suspicious, especially considering what happened with another certain sword. He couldn't let something like that happen again.

'Relax Harry,' said the soothing voice of Arakir inside his mind. 'The sword poses no threat to her or to anyone on this island.'

'Not that I mind you butting in right now Arakir, I trust your judgement,' answered Harry silently. 'But exactly why are you butting in and how can you be sure?'

'Because the sword was a gift from us, the dragonkin,' said Arakir, 'or more precisely, from Garanor,'

'From Garanor? Now there's a surprise,' said Harry.

'He is only honouring his duty Harry. I know he's not the social type but he is loyal to you, and in extension, those bound to you.'

'Alright, I'll take your word on the sword,' said Harry, his earlier panic and anger ebbing away. 'But if it's this innocent then why is she acting like that?'

Amy was still standing in front of him, silent and scared. He was still looking at her with that penetrating gaze. She didn't know he was distracted by Arakir. The troops stood silently to the side, waiting to see what would happen next.

Arakir answered hesitantly. 'The base materials for it might be a little...disconcerting.'

'How so?' asked Harry curiously.

'Well,' began Arakir awkwardly 'it's made from another sword. A sword you know very well.'

'So this feeling...'

'Yes, your connection to it isn't severed completely. There is still a faint bond between you,' explained Arakir.

The anger rose up again. He wanted nothing more than to take the sword and destroy it to its very core. The people around him could feel the magic gathering. They all took an involuntary step back.

'Harry!' boomed Arakir's voice in his mind 'calm down. I told you there is nothing to fear. Garanor has assured me it has been purged of its first master. There is not a single shred of Godric Gryffindor's influence left in this new sword. The skills it grants come from you, it's power from us, and its capabilities are awakened by its user.'

'How can you be sure?' asked Harry angrily.

'Because that's how it is!' said Arakir a little irritated, 'Stop being so suspicious about everything Harry. Garanor only did what needed to be done. He destroyed the sword of Gryffindor and has given an ally of yours a powerful weapon instead. Be grateful for the things you get. You will need them soon.'

'I guess you're right,' said Harry, making himself relax again. 'Just give me your word you're telling me the truth, if only for my peace of mind.'

'I swear it on my life Master. I cannot lie to you about these things even if I wanted to.'

'Thank you friend, that's all I needed to know,' said Harry, relief evident in his tone.

'You're welcome Harry, as always.'

'I know. But still, thank you,' said Harry gratefully. He received the mental equivalent of an understanding nod and the conversation ended.

'I see,' said Harry out loud. Amy was still looking a little scared at him. 'It's alright,' he said 'I understand. A friend of mine told me what happened.' He tapped his temple with his finger, reassuring with a smile and a wink. She breathed a sigh of relief. The tension left the air. The troops around them relaxed too. 'However,' continued Harry. He stretched his arm out, palm open. His own sword appeared and he closed his hand around it. He drew it back towards him and entered an attack stance. 'I must admit I'm curious about it. Why don't we have a little match?' he asked with a dangerous glint in his eyes. 'I could use some stress relief right about now and a sparring match seems like just the thing right now.'

Amy gulped audibly. 'Harry,' she stammered 'you can't be serious. I'm not nearly as good as you,'

'Maybe but if what my friend told me is true you might be surprised,' said Harry with a smirk. 'And that makes me the most curious of all. Shall we see what you are capable of?' He was challenging her. The people around them were a little anxious. There was a dangerous atmosphere around the two now. The sword in Amy's hand pulsed in response to the challenge. Amy steeled her resolve. She was curious herself to see what she could do. And there was not a better challenge around than Harry.

'Alright,' she said, taking a stance of her own, 'Terms?'

Harry grinned wickedly, his own sword glinting dangerously in the sunlight, 'First blood.'

A shiver ran up and down Amy's spine when she heard the words, thought she couldn't tell if it was from excitement or fear. She didn't respond. Instead her stance sharpened, ready to strike. The troops all had the good sense to create some distance between them and the two combatants.

They stood there, both waiting for the other to make the first move, Cold steel opposing glowing platinum.

'Just one more thing,' said Harry, still with the smirk on his face.

'What?' asked Amy, some nervousness seeping into her voice,

'Don't hold back,' said Harry deadly and quietly but Amy heard him nonetheless.

Before she could reply he took off. He shot toward her like a bullet, blade ready to slash diagonally from her shoulder to her hip. She responded just in time and blocked his attack. Harry's sword met Dragonslayer for the first time. Sparks erupted from the contact, a sound ringing across the grounds so high and loud it hurt.

'Very nice,' said Harry. 'Response was a little slow though.'

Amy growled and pushed back. Harry jumped away, sword held straight in front of him with both hands. She drew her sword back, holding it to the side with the tip pointed behind her. She charged, taking off almost as fast as Harry. She swung her sword with all her might. Harry stepped sideways and let the big blade miss him by inches. It glanced his sword lightly, just enough to bring it off course towards the ground. Amy realised her mistake but instead of trying to regain her balance she dived forward, twisted her body around. Her sword narrowly missed the ground but now it was heading for Harry again. This move did surprise him and this time he blocked it head-on. Amy was lying on the ground, sword held above her while Harry pushed down at her with his. He had the advantage here. But she wouldn't be beaten so easily. Instead of trying to hold him back she stopped resisting. In one instant she pulled her blade from underneath Harry's, rolled sideways and as he fell forward from the

sudden lack of resistance she hit him hard in the back with the pommel. Harry rolled sideways too; he managed to end up kneeling on the grass, same as her. Their swords held in front of them, aimed at the other.

'That hurt,' said Harry between two pained gasps.

'I'm so...'

This time she was too late to block it well. The blow hit her sword and sent her rolling across the grass.

'That was a compliment,' said Harry, still looking pained but with a sadistic hint. 'Don't let the enemy distract you.'

As the last syllable left his lips he had to block an attack. She had come in low, swinging her sword up with one hand, using her other to keep her balance.

'Good,' said Harry 'You're remembering your training.'

'I haven't even begun,' Amy ground out from between clenched teeth. There was a fire in her eyes that made Harry proud.

'Then show me what you can truly do.'

In a flash Amy had spun around and tried to slash at Harry from the side. Harry blocked it without effort. She went for him again, this time from the other side. He blocked it too. A slash from above met the same fate but made him take a step back. Her blows were powerful and fast. He tried to swipe at her legs but she avoided it. She blocked his next two attacks but had to step back now. She saw an opportunity and swung wide, a slash aimed to slice open his abdomen. He jumped back fast enough to avoid it with time to spare. But before he could retaliate, that image of a charging dragon flashed before his eyes again. A faint yellow mist hung in the air between them, shaped like flames in the sword's wake. It distracted him just long enough for Amy to start another attack. Her sword swung up diagonally from his left hip to his right shoulder. He blocked it just in time, holding his sword with one hand. His sloppy block had his

sword flying up and his left arm with it. He was completely exposed now. If she was fast enough she had him. She pushed forward, meaning to just nick his side. But instead Harry used the momentum of the failed block. His foot lifted up and landed a straight kick in her face. She staggered backwards and fell over. She lay sprawled on the grass with Harry looming over her, his sword aimed down at her.

'Hey commander,' yelled one of the men, interfering in the suddenly way too serious fight 'don't you think that's enough...'

He held his hand up to quiet him. He obeyed.

'Yield?' he asked with a raised eyebrow.

For a moment she looked like she might and Harry was already lowering his sword away. 'Not yet!' she yelled and swiped his left foot from under him. She continued her twist, getting on her feet. She didn't give him time to recover, swinging her sword up high and then down at Harry. Harry had just enough time to block it, holding his sword above him. She held her hilt with both hands, using all her might to push down while he held the hilt with one hand, the other near the tip, palm against the back of the blade. Harry bared his teeth at the blade bearing down on him; the image of a glinting dragon swiping at him somehow appearing before him.

'Nice move,' he growled. 'I hadn't expected it.'

'That was the point,' said Amy with a victorious grin before the wind was knocked out of her by a vicious kick to the stomach from Harry. She managed to hold her footing, skidding over the ground but never losing sight of her target. Her sword stayed aimed at him. He hopped back up on his feet, sword held horizontally at shoulder height. The tip aimed straight at her and held loosely between three fingers. She looked at him stoically, not showing her pain. She couldn't keep it up. She started coughing, her abused lungs protesting. But her stance didn't waver.

'Time to get serious then?' asked Harry with an arched eyebrow.

'You're on,' croaked Amy. She swung her sword to the side and charged. He bent his knees, leaned forward a little and took off. Those watching were having trouble keeping track of her movements. She was gaining confidence, and speed. But Harry was near impossible to keep track of now. But she'd been prepared for that. At only a quarter of the way her sword started moving. She swiped upward, her sword slanted so that it would knock Harry's upward. The blades clanged against each other. Harry's was pushed upward. She continued her swing over his head, moved to the left, down again and to the right. If it had hit, Harry's side would've been cleaved open. But just before it hit, Dragonslayer met its opponent again. With both arms over one shoulder, sword held behind his back, Harry had blocked the swing just in time. Around them something like fine mist hung in the air, sparkling in the sun. There were two kinds, two colours. Each following the exact path the two blades had made through the air. Cold and pale blue for Harry's, Gold mingled with spots of silver for Amy's. There were no words this time. Harry pushed, pulling his sword back over his shoulder. The sound of a metal edge sliding over another made you have goose bumps all over your skin. Amy's sword was pushed outward and away but Amy kept pressure on it. Harry's sword broke free. A two handed slash straight down at Amy's neck. But at the same time as Harry's sword didn't push against Amy's anymore it was back on track of cleaving deep into Harry's side. She twisted sideways, out of the path of the impossibly sharp edge, by doing so bending her arms and bringing the sword closer to her. Harry twisted sideways slightly. Harry cleanly missed Amy and he quickly created some distance. He had definitely felt her sword touch his clothes and sure enough, he could feel the sun shining in a small spot on his belly. They were getting close now. They charged at each other again. Swords glanced off one another, punches and kicks were dealt with accuracy. They both swung at the same time. Their swords connected straight in the middle, forming an X between the two combatants. They locked eyes, challenging the other with their awakened thirst for battle. They jumped back and started again. A block to the right, a swing to the left. A swipe from below, a powerful slash from above. A kick to the ribs, an elbow to the back. With a final mighty clash of the two swords both Amy and Harry took some steps back and stopped. Their breathing was heavy and their brows sweaty. But they both had slight smiles on their faces.

'Last one,' said Harry between gulps of air. Amy nodded. She took her stance. Blade held to the side, tip aiming at the sky and behind her. Harry held his horizontally with the tip held between three fingers. A slight breeze finally brought some fresh and cool air to the island. The only sound was the grass rustling around them. The men waited with baited breath for the final move.

When they finally moved both moved too fast for the eye to see. There was just a flash of swords moving and the next moment Amy had switched spots with Harry and vice versa, their back to the other. Harry stood still in his finished pose, sword held straight ahead of him with one hand, arm outstretched, leaning on one leg, the other leg extended behind him. Amy was kneeling on one leg, sword held in one hand above her head and to the side. Neither showed a sign of injury or pain. They relaxed and stood straight. Both turned around to face the other. When they turned the men sitting on the benches gasped. There was a faint line of red blood on Amy's neck. But she wasn't alone in her injury. There was a gap in Harry's clothes, on the side of his chest. And sure enough, a moment later a droplet of blood trickled out.

'A draw?' whispered one of the troops in awe.

'You're insane, you know that?' said Amy neutrally as she looked at Harry with a stoic expression. He looked back at her with same expression

'Insanity and geniality are not that far apart,' he replied in the same tone.

She laughed briefly, 'Perhaps not.' She became serious again, eyes slightly narrowed. Her voice was softer than usual. 'If I hadn't dodged it I would've been killed.'

'The same for me,' said Harry, deadly serious.

'Please tell me you planned that,' said Amy. Her voice quivered a little.

'Yes,' said Harry, keeping the exact same tone.

'Thank Merlin,' whispered Amy, her knees buckling. The excitement and adrenalin rush left her body and mind. The way too fast attack catching up with her, she fell sideways. But Harry was faster and in the blink of an eye he was there to keep her from hitting the ground. Everyone that had previously been watching started cheering and running towards them.

As the crowd ran towards him there was a single thought on Harry's mind. 'But I hadn't planned on you actually getting me.'

When Amy woke up she was in the hospital wing. She was disoriented at the sudden change of scenery but when she saw Hermione sitting next to her, scribbling furiously in a notebook, she relaxed.

'I heard you put on quite a show,' remarked Hermione dryly, not looking up from her writing.

'That actually happened?' whispered Amy, looking at the ceiling but seeing the fight once more.

'Oh it did,' said Hermione, sounding none too pleased with it. 'Truly, what's he thinking? That idiot, doing something as dangerous as having a real match with you! You could've both been lying here with the other's sword through your neck!'

'I'm sorry,' said Amy, sounding like it. 'But Harry challenged me and for some reason I really didn't want to resist.'

'Your desire to prove yourself and that,' said Hermione, pointing to Dragonslayer which was still held firmly in one hand and lying next to her on the bed 'might have something to do with it.'

Amy just looked curiously at the sword.

'Even unconscious you would not let the sword go. Harry tried but decided against forcibly doing it. He told everyone to leave it like this.'

'I see,' said Amy as she lifted the sword up from the sheets and looking at it admiringly once more. It had almost made her capable of

defeating Harry. She was no longer useless now. That last thought alone brought a smile to her face.

'If you even think of waving that thing around in here I'll have you grounded and scrubbing the castle until Voldemort is dead and buried,' said Hermione sternly, noisily shutting her notebook and putting it away. Hermione looked at the sword too now. 'Harry explained to me, very shortly I might add, how you got it. I have to say, this island never ceases to amaze me. There is always one surprise or another waiting for us to discover.'

Amy nodded excitedly. She looked around for a moment but didn't spot what she was looking for. 'So where is Harry?'

Hermione contemplated telling the truth for a moment but decided this wasn't the time for details. 'He's out getting someone to help us with something. He'll be back soon.'

'I see,' said Amy a little suspicious at the vague reply but didn't question any further.

'So what are you going to do with it now?' asked Hermione a little curious.

'What do you mean?' asked Amy.

'You're not going to keep carrying it around are you?' asked Hermione, amused at the silliness of the image.

'I don't know, it's pretty big to carry around like this,' said Amy contemplatively.

Hermione was shocked by the casual reply. 'I didn't ask how you were going to carry it. I was asking where you were going to put it, away and safe preferably.'

'Why would I?' asked Amy. 'It's bonded to me. It belongs to me. Like Harry's sword never leaves his side.'

'I see,' said Hermione curtly. 'Not what I had expected as a reply but Harry seems to agree. I was hoping I could talk sense into you before he did the opposite.'

'Sorry Hermione, but I don't think you can grasp what the feeling is like. It truly feels like a part of yourself. To take it away would be almost unbearable.'

'Maybe not if it's done willingly,' reasoned Hermione.

'I don't even want to try Hermione,' said Amy, still a happy smile on her face but set in her decision.

'Alright then,' said Hermione, grudgingly agreeing with Harry's opinion now. 'Then I suggest you find a way to carry it around.'

'Well,' said Amy, thinking of a way 'Harry wears his as a ring right?' Hermione nodded 'How did he make it do that?'

'I have no clue how, same as with almost everything about him that's not ordinary,' she said a little exasperated 'but you might as well try to see it before you or ask it.'

'Ask it?' asked Amy dumbfounded.

'Yeah,' said Hermione like it was as obvious as ice being frozen water. 'Swords like Harry's are almost something like semi-sentient things. They truly respond to their master's will.'

'I wonder how that happens actually,' muttered Hermione as an afterthought.

Amy opened her mouth to do as Hermione said but the other girl stopped her. 'You might want to do it quietly, preferably in your mind. Remember how it gave us the creeps when Harry started talking to thin air all of a sudden?'

'Yeah, it was funny sometimes,' said Amy with a giggle.

'But more creepy than fun,' said Hermione in a getting-back-to-the-point tone. 'And it's not such a good idea to suddenly say 'please appear sword' when facing an opponent.'

'Okay,' said Amy and looked intently at the sword again. Hermione could almost hear the internal conversation as the possibilities of what Amy could be saying ran through her mind. Amy gasped and before Hermione's eyes the sword turned liquid in Amy's hands. The metal ran down the blade in one thick rivulet, the tip of the blade dissolving as it made its way down. When the running metal touched Amy's skin she gasped. Hermione looked at her looking like she wanted to ask.

'Feels a little weird and warm,' explained Amy. Hermione nodded.

It continued to slither over her hand and towards her lower arm where it began winding its way around her wrist and then further up. When the entire blade was now doing laps around her arm it solidified into a wide and heavy looking armband. Kind of what you would see an ancient Egyptian wearing. On its shiny golden surface, in very faint lines, a dragon was etched.

'Impressive,' said Hermione.

'It is,' said Amy. A sudden thought occurred to her. 'Did Harry tell you what happened to Draco?'

'Yes he did,' said Hermione with a sigh. The next part was going to be difficult.

'Is he...?' asked Amy hopefully.

Hermione shook her head. 'It's a bit more complicated than you might expect but before I tell you there's some people here that are quite worried about you. They've been sitting around Draco's bed waiting for my signal.'

Amy looked towards Draco's bed. Around it stood a dozen men and some women, all in military uniform. Hermione waved them over and as one they all started moving toward her.

'I'll be back in ten minutes to throw them out,' said Hermione as she stood up and left for now.

She was barraged with questions if she was alright, congratulated on her fight and told tales of how awesome it was. She never knew these people cared so much about her and she voiced that thought.

'Of course we care,' said one of the higher ranks 'You've been at the commander's side almost every day for a while now. You're as good as a part of us,'

For some reason that really meant a lot to her.

On a tropical island somewhere in the Pacific Ocean Harry stood gazing at the sea. He was humming a song, hands clasped behind his back. His pose was relaxed and his attitude carefree. But his expression wasn't. His face looked made of stone, his eyes cold and distant. There was something to be done here, someone to be found. But he was in no hurry. His prey would come to him. There was no doubt.

'Not much longer,' he said softly.

The bushes behind him rustled. He stopped humming and cocked his head. He listened intently for any other sounds and sure enough, very faintly he could hear someone else humming. The same song he had been humming. Footsteps on soft soil followed soon after as the steps got louder. Harry turned back to the ocean. He felt a little nervous but the past wouldn't get in the way. He had a bargain and it wouldn't be refused.

The humming turned to whistling. It was close now and a moment later a person appeared from the forest. He was thoroughly tanned, his red hair even brighter. He was still lanky but with some muscle now from the outdoor life. When the person spotted Harry standing on the beach he stopped short, mouth wide open in surprise. Harry turned around slowly.

'Hello Ron,' he said in a neutral tone, his expression hard. 'How are you doing?'

Enraged at the casual attitude Ron drew his wand. He snarled a spell at Harry. Harry merely stood there and batted the orange tinged curse aside like it was nothing. Two more spells followed. One was sidestepped, another stopped by a glimmering gold shield.

'If you're just about done,' said Harry 'I'd like to talk.'

Seeing that his spells weren't going to do it Ron tossed his wand aside and charged Harry with his bare hands, yelling like a madman. He might've stood a chance. He was taller, broader, and stronger physically. But of course when you were dealing with someone who could greatly amplify his own physical abilities by a mere thought it was pretty useless. When Ron's fist was only an inch from his nose Harry's head snapped to the side. He turned his body, grabbed Ron by his shirt and dealt him a vicious punch to the stomach. Ron was lifted of his feet, somersaulted over Harry and landed face up on the sand. Ron growled, getting ready to jump up and go again but the sudden appearance of glinting metal made him stop. He looked at the cursed blade that had stolen his freedom from him. He growled again but the energy left him and he lay beaten on the hot sand.

'What do you want?' asked Ron in a sour tone.

'Glad you're listening at least,' said Harry, looking down at him with those penetrating emerald orbs.

'Hurry up and spit it out,' snarled Ron. 'I don't intend to listen very long.'

'I'm here to offer you a way out of this place,' said Harry simply.

Ron was shocked but then his expression turned angry, 'If you're here to make fun of me then just go ahead and kill me. I didn't choose to survive her to be an amusement for you.'

'You're not,' said Harry, his tone deadly serious. 'I am here to offer you a way out, under some conditions of course.'

'Are you serious?' asked Ron flabbergasted. Harry's tone making him at least consider Harry was speaking the truth.

'Of course,' said Harry and put away his sword. He offered Ron his hand to pull him up and after a moment of hesitation the other took it, grasping it firmly. Ron pulled as hard as Harry and was yanked up from the beach. His face was only inches away from Harry's now.

'If this is a trick of yours I'll swear I'll get my revenge on you, somehow.'

'It's not,' said Harry. 'Come, let's talk.' Harry started walking and Ron followed him. They merely walked along the beach, no saying anything. It was Ron who broke the silence.

'You were waiting for me.' He stated. Harry nodded. 'How did you know I was going to be there?'

'Did you really think I wouldn't keep an eye on you and the others?' said Harry.

'I thought you were but I've tried some stuff to get away and you never showed up to stop me,' muttered Ron.

'It didn't work did it?' asked Harry.

'Well, I'm still here...'

'Exactly,' said Harry shortly. 'Thus there was no reason for me to come.'

'I see,' said Ron. 'You're that confident I can't get off this island?'

'Of course,' said Harry, looking at Ron from the corner of his eye. Ron gulped when he saw the promise of punishment should he ever escape. All in that single emerald orb. Harry looked ahead again.

'So why offer me a way out now?' asked Ron confused.

'Sadly I'm short of some qualified people and I have something big coming up soon. I'll be honest with you. If I had a choice I wouldn't be here but I don't have one,' Harry stopped and turned, facing Ron. 'I need your help with something.'

'You need my help?' asked Ron incredulous. Harry nodded shortly. Ron laughed. 'Harry Potter needs me? Me? The inconsequential pawn tossed away on an island, left to rot.' He looked at Harry and seeing his dead serious expression gave another bark of laughter, 'my, what a surprise. It's pretty funny.'

Harry growled. 'Don't push your luck Weasley. I can cope without you if I have to. I could let you wither away on this island until the end of your days. It wouldn't bother me a bit.'

The threat was evident and real. Ron knew that. He restrained himself. 'What is this thing you need me for?' he asked seriously.

'Does it matter?' asked Harry with some challenge. 'All that matters is a way out of here right?'

'Maybe, depends. If you need me for something suicidal then I'll pass,' said Ron. 'No matter how crappy it is here I'd rather live a life here than die for you.'

'It's not suicidal but I won't deny it's dangerous. Death isn't that far to seek. We're still at war in case you've forgotten.'

'I haven't,' growled Ron, 'There isn't a day I don't pray to be set free from this place and pick up the fight against you again.'

'At least your spirit hasn't left you,' said Harry with narrowed eyes. 'I'll tell you the terms of your release and you'll tell me if you agree or not. The job doesn't matter but I'll tell you one thing: if you help me now you will be directly responsible for Voldemort's defeat. You'll even get the credit you deserve for it. You'll be saving your family and the rest of the world. You'll be famous like me.'

Ron laughed again. 'That trick won't work on me anymore Harry,' said Ron with a shake of his head. 'Your fame is nothing I want. Infamous is more what you are, the boy rebel ruling a nation of his own.'

Harry was surprised by the answer and angered too. 'It seems people can truly change then. But my title is something to be proud of, no matter what it is. At least I stood up and took the fight back to where it belonged.'

'Being here has taught me a lot of things. I appreciate life more now, I think. And because of that I wouldn't like to be hated by so many people.'

'No pain, no gain,' said Harry with belief. 'You want to hear the terms or not?'

'Sure,' said Ron. 'Being a part of killing Voldemort doesn't sound too bad.'

'Good,' said Harry. 'Now listen closely. The terms are simple: you help me with whatever I need you for. It should be a couple of months. Three at the most. Voldemort should be dead by then. When he is, you're free to go wherever you want.' Ron tried to say something but Harry snapped his finger and Ron found he couldn't speak. Harry continued. 'Except you'll never be allowed to set foot on Insania again or any part of our nation. If you do, today won't be the last time you see this place. While you're on the island you're not allowed to walk around without an escort. If you try to escape I kill you personally. If you try to sabotage anything you'll never see the light of day again. And, if you ever, ever, harm a hair on anyone's head that I care about I'll rip you apart, piece by piece, only to put you back together and wrench your soul from the deepest pit of hell back to life so I can kill you again. You will listen to what I say and you will listen to anything anyone else has to say. Orders are to be followed strictly and punishment will be severe if you don't.'

Ron swallowed hard. There was no doubt in his mind that Harry would keep every one of those threats.

'The details you'll hear later, like living arrangements and such,' said Harry with a dismissive wave of his hand. 'Do you agree?'

Ron remained silent for a moment longer. His reply was a little shaky but determined. 'I don't have much choice. It's either you or this island for the rest of my life.'

'Good,' said Harry, sticking out his hand. Ron took it after a moment of hesitation and shook it firmly. 'Then from now on you'll be in charge of leading the army of Insania.'

Ron couldn't even guess if it was a joke or not. He just looked shocked at Harry before shaking his head and forgetting about it. Whether Harry was serious or not he would see soon enough.

'How's my family doing?' asked Harry as he released Ron's hand, the distaste for his relatives evident.

'Fine I guess. They stopped moaning and nagging my ears off about getting off this island eventually. We've been living on different sides of the island since then so I don't know how they're coping really. I only see them once a day for food on top of that hill. Usually only your cousin, they can have whatever I'm not going to eat. I usually manage to find it too much for just me. Being able to use magic does have its advantages. I guess I should say thank you for at least granting me that.'

Harry inclined his head, accepting the gratitude. His tone was suspicious now. 'They don't look any fitter or at least have lost some weight?'

'Not that I've seen,' said Ron with a shrug. 'I don't understand how they do it.'

'It's not hard to understand,' said Harry. 'They simply haven't told you about the food baskets they get every day.'

'Say what?' asked Ron, not sure if he had heard that right.

'They've been getting food baskets ever since you started living on other sides of the island,' said Harry again.

Ron whirled around, looking at the hill where he always met up with them to give the food. 'Those bastards,' he whispered as realisation dawned on him. 'Those bloody bastards,' he yelled disbelieving. 'I'll kill them!' he yelled and took two steps toward the hill. He blinked and Harry stood before him. He stopped.

'It's no use Ron,' said Harry. 'What's done is done.'

'Easy for you to say,' said Ron angrily. 'You didn't have to hunt your own food everyday and feel compassionate enough to hunt for others who can't use magic. Only to find out they didn't need it! And you!' he yelled at Harry. 'You were giving them food but not me?'

'Like you said, you can use magic,' said Harry. 'But that's not the only reason why I did it. If they'd shared it with you I would've let them off this island already. But now they'll stay here until they die.'

'You mean if they had only shared you would have set them free and let me stay here?' yelled Ron even angrier.

'Of course,' said Harry as if it was of no concern. 'They're not a threat to me. This is merely punishment. It's punishment for you too but an enemy less for me.'

Ron was fuming but when he thought about it he could see the reasoning and grudgingly admit he would've done the same. 'I understand,' he said. 'But do me one favour now and get me out of here.'

'Agreed,' said Harry, sticking out his hand once more. Ron grasped it without hesitation this time. Before he could react, Harry had slammed his other hand against his lower arm. A black metal bracelet snapped closed around his arm.

Ron looked at Harry a little scared.

'Precautions,' said Harry simply and they disappeared from the sunny paradise.

They arrived back on Insania in a small room, the stone walls completely bare with only a lamp above them.

'Come,' said Harry and he opened the door. They stepped out into one of the castle corridors. Ron trailed behind Harry briskly walking down the hallway. Ron looked around amazed at the white marble walls and ceiling and the dark floors. Through the windows Ron could see the magnificence of the island in the summer, the green sloping grasslands, the forests and the town at the base of the castle. A dragon lazily flapped its wings, flying freely over the houses.

'This place is amazing,' whispered Ron in awe.

'I know,' said Harry. Even he was faintly amused the Ron's reaction. 'It's worth defending isn't it?' Ron nodded dumbly.

They turned a corner and again at the end of that hallway.. Ron was a little disappointed that the view was gone but now he was focused.

After a couple of hallways Ron's curiosity got the better of him. 'So where are we going?' he asked friendly. The lack of people didn't make him feel comfortable.

'To a very special meeting arranged just for you,' said Harry, hid voice neutral.

'Sounds fun,' said Ron in a false cheery tone.

'That depends solely on you,' said Harry cryptically. Ron really didn't like the sound of that.

'So when...'

'Now,' said Harry firmly as he stopped in front of a set of double doors. 'Welcome to our command centre,' said Harry as he pushed both doors open and entered. Ron followed. 'And say hello to the Iron Council, the ruling body of this nation in its time of war,' he continued

as he waved his hand in the direction of the people already seated. 'Plus Amy, whose presence here will soon be explained.'

Amy looked a little nervous. She had never been allowed to a meeting of this kind. Which didn't really bother her, she heard enough outside of these meetings. But now it was mandatory for her. But her nervousness was nothing compared to Ron's. His had skyrocketed the moment he got a good look at exactly who was in the room. Four people he knew and none of them seemed happy to see him.

'Hello,' said Ron, his voice higher than usual. 'It's a pleasure to meet you all,' he coughed to clear his throat, his voice sounded a bit more normal after. He looked at four people in particular. 'Professor Snape, Neville, Loo...Luna,' he had to swallow hard for the next one. 'H...Hermione.'

'Hello Ron,' she said, cold as ice. 'How have you been?'

'Could be worse,' he said, forcing himself to remain calm and polite.

'Shame,' she said and looked away.

Ron opened his mouth but Harry stopped him.

'Sort it out later if you want,' said Harry. 'If the other person is willing of course. I'll introduce the ones you don't know. We have Tom McGuire, a head of one of our divisions. Sarah Brown, Lavender Brown's mother, she runs the shipyards. Andrew Waldfeld, captain of the INIS Ekliptika. And we have Amy. She will be your commander and supervisor.'

Half the room was shocked into silence while the others, including Ron, yelled: 'What?'

The entire room recovered at around the same time except Amy, who looked too shocked to even breathe. Everyone started talking at the same time. Ron about how ridiculous it was for such a little girl to be his commander to Hermione, who found it irresponsible,

'Silence!' Harry ordered and everyone shut their mouth with a snap. 'Let me explain first,' he said calmly. He stood straight now, shoulders squared. He was in command and everyone knew it. 'Amy,' he said, turning to her. 'I'm sorry to spring it on you like this but we're short on time.'

'Ok,' she said calmly and quietly, as if afraid to speak up, 'But why me?'

'For a number of reasons,' said Harry immediately. 'One: I'm sorry to say, but you're the only one I trust enough to keep an eye on him. Two: you're the only one I can spare for the job.' She didn't look happy with his reasoning so far. 'And three: because you are the only logical choice for leading the military.'

Amy was dumbstruck. 'But...why?'

Harry smirked proudly at her, 'Because to the men you are their leader.' Nobody responded but they all looked interested in his reasoning. 'It's simple. They adore you. I've seen it today. They were cheering for you out there, not for me. They were worried about you when you passed out. They respect Draco and because you are his apprentice, in a way, they respect you. They respect you because you are a kind leader too. I've heard a rumour that you even manage to convince Draco to take it easy on the men from time to time. They appreciate that. Where he was the iron fist, you were the honey. It's a perfect combination. But it's only good as a combination. Therefore,' Harry aimed at Ron. Hermione and Severus nodded in understanding. The others remained silent. Harry turned to Ron. 'You are going to be the one that trains them until they can't go on anymore. You will make yourself familiar with the troops, go through drills and tactics with them and prepare them for the final fight. You'll get all the information you need to prepare. The weapons we have, the forces we're going to use, everything you need will be taken care of. But don't forget, Amy is, not matter what, your superior. You will listen to her and you will have me to deal with. Is that understood?'

Ron nodded dumbly. 'That's a lot of responsibility and power you're giving me,' he said dazed.

'All in the name of victory,' said Harry with conviction.

'Just one thing,' said Ron. 'Did you have to compare me with the ferret?'

There was a second of silence before a loud crack broke it. Ron's eyes were wide and unfocused; behind him stood Amy, her sword out. Her expression was stormy, her eyes wild and alive with inner fire.

'Don't you ever dare to insult Draco,' she hissed threateningly.

Ron's eyes rolled back into his skull and he collapsed on the floor.

'The next point would've been control and punishment but I see we've touched the subject already,' said Harry with a faint grin. Amy relaxed and put her sword away. She started staring down at Ron disdainfully.

'So we're allowed to do that?' asked Hermione a little too quickly.

'Not really,' said Harry. 'We need him in one piece until the battle.' Hermione looked disappointed. 'But I have given him that bracelet. It prevents apparation and use of Portkeys. It can also be used to punish him.' Harry produced a small remote from his pocket with a single button on it. 'This is the control. If you press it he will suffer crippling pain for a short moment.'

'Very nice,' commented Hermione.

'Why thank you,' said Luna. 'It was fun making it.'

'Only Amy, me and the people guarding him through the day get one,' explained Harry. Hermione pouted. 'But, should it ever happen, and he causes trouble, just take your phone and dial 83472. He'll be knocked unconscious instantly. There's a tracker in there too so we can always find him.'

'It appears you've thought of everything,' said Severus. 'But I still don't like it.'

'Relax Severus. He won't try anything. And if he does...well, it's open season for all of you then.' Some of them grinned wickedly.

'Alright, back to business,' said Harry clapping his hands and they all focused on him again. 'Amy, take your seat please. Somebody call the hospital wing and ask them to come and get our prisoner and then we'll start the meeting on how we're going to handle Voldemort. I'm sure all of you have had some time now to think about it. Any ideas...'

Several hours passed before the meeting ended. A lot had been discussed but they had a coherent plan now. All except Harry and Amy were getting up to leave. Amy looked a little dazed. She wasn't used to these things and the magnitude of the things discussed made her feel inconsequent.

There wasn't a lot being said. The atmosphere was grim. Luna lingered behind as the rest exited the room.

'Harry?' she called. Harry put his thoughts on hold and looked at her with raised eyebrows. 'Could you stop by later, I have an experiment for you.'

Harry nodded and she left without another word. Only he and Amy remained now.

'So I guess you're curious about what happened to Draco,' said Harry, opening the conversation. Amy nodded fast.

Harry explained the events again and Amy took it all in with dawning horror.

'So you mean he won't wake up?' she asked, afraid of the answer.

'Not unless we get his soul back,' confirmed Harry.

'So we need to kill Voldemort,' said Amy.

Harry nodded. 'If we kill him Draco's soul will be released.'

Amy stood up, her pose rigid and professional. 'Very well,' she said, looking down at Harry. Her eyes were hard and cold. There was determination in her tone. 'Mission accepted sir, if you'll excuse me.'

Harry was surprised by this sudden turn of events. 'Say what?'

'I accept the mission of defeating Voldemort sir,' said Amy like a trained soldier. 'So if you'll excuse me sir, I have a prisoner to pick up and men to train.'

'At ease Amy,' said Harry in a calming tone 'Don't push yourself too hard.'

'I won't Harry. But it's as you said, we're on a tight schedule here.'

'I see,' said Harry a little unsure. 'Are you that adamant about saving Draco?'

'Of course I am!' she yelled passionately.

'Good. Then I suggest you calm down, pull yourself together and then I'll go with you to pick up Ron. I want to be there beside you when you address the soldiers. They'll most likely listen to you without much protest but with me enforcing you it might go smoother.'

'Thank you Harry,' she whispered, her head bowed to hide the tears.

'I should thank you,' he said as he cupped her chin and lifted her head up so she would look him in the eye. 'Thank you for doing this.'

Her eyes were teary but that same hard and determined look still lingered in them. 'I'd do anything to save him, or you.'

'I realise that,' said Harry with a sad smile. 'But don't forget it's not worth your own life, nor that of others.' She was going to protest but he shushed her. 'It sounds hard Amy, but I wouldn't be happy if you died so I could live. Neither would Draco. If he wakes up and you don't come back, he won't forgive you. He would only want you to try your best and keep as many people alive as possible.'

Tears flowed down her cheeks. She looked very sadly at him. 'I understand,' she said.

'We will bring him down Amy,' said Harry with certainty. 'And when he goes down, Draco will wake up. So don't try to save Draco, try to defeat Voldemort. It's what we all want, including Draco.'

There was a spark of understanding in her eyes. They hardened once more, the tears drying up. 'I see,' she said, taking a step back from Harry. She held out her arm, Dragonslayer coming into existence in her hand. 'Then I'll pledge my soul to that cause. He will taste defeat, even if I have to cut him down myself.'

Harry grinned with satisfaction, bringing his own sword into his hand and crossing it with Amy's. 'So say you, so say I.'

Up in space a tremble ran through Zeus as one of the colonies made contact with the outer ring. The gargantuan oval habitat measuring six kilometres in length and three at its widest was a nerve wracking job to get into place. With a margin of scant centimetres and an object that responded very slow it was a record breaking feat. With an acceleration/deceleration rate of half a centimetre per second even the slightest error took hours to correct. The crew cheered and congratulated each other for job very nicely done. But the joy was over soon enough. The new part still had to be hooked up to all the systems. There were dozens of tests to be performed. Crews got to work on checking the pressure seals, looking for any air leaks. Others were eagerly waiting to get to work on the inside of the new section. A lot had to be done. Already hundreds of containers were being sent up through the teleportation chambers to equip the inside with all it needed, for the colony was almost completely bare internally. Since it was launched standing up vertically instead of lying horizontally it was impossible to install everything while it was still on Earth. The first thousand shipments to the station actually contained everyday soil. In order to feed everyone a lot of it was needed. With some technological help Zeus and its four attached colonies would become a completely self-sustained country in the sky, capable of growing its own food and producing whatever else was needed. Magic still was a big helping factor in all this and the close distance to Earth still gave access to other resources. But in a couple of years Zeus might very

well be at the stage where it could go anywhere it wanted in the universe and not have to worry about a homeport to get supplies from.

The crew kept on working as in a couple of hours the second colony would be launched and had to be docked to the station too in order to keep it balanced. While a balanced station, with its centre of gravity actually in the centre, was not necessary in space it did make some things, like high speed manoeuvring a little easier. Not that something with a total length of twelve kilometres would be doing any high speed manoeuvring but as Hermione and Luna always said when asked questions about this: better to be safe than sorry.

All would agree that life in space is hard. Between supplies, solar storms, asteroids and tons of other dangers an accident could be lurking around every corner. But all that worked there also agreed that it was worth it. Between the clarity of the stars outside and planet Earth below them there was always something magical in the air. It was like living in a science-fiction movie. The people here felt like pioneers and they loved it. And perhaps someday, after this war was over, they would just take the station out of its orbit and start exploring the universe. Back on Earth these peaceful dreams were still far from reality.

They would never be reality if a certain someone had anything to say about it.

Somewhere in the United Kingdom, deep below the earth Lord Voldemort stood on an outcropping of stone. Below him lay an endless abyss of churning black shadows. The place reeked of evil. His blood-red eyes were calculating as he regarded this strange phenomenon. He had never been truly scared of anything but this cave certainly made him feel...uncomfortable. This place was truly a gateway straight into hell. And he had created it. In here he had sacrificed hundreds of people, done rituals so horrific Jack the Ripper would be declared a saint in comparison. He had sold his soul to the devil before but here, here he had done it a hundred times over. A high price had to be paid to gain control over the powers he could wield now. A price from which there was no escape but that was none of his concern. If he defeated Potter he would pay it three times over. He didn't care how many lives it would take. Another hundred or a

thousand lives, it would be worth it. But the price of failure would be infinitely higher. If he couldn't meet the terms of the agreement there would be hell to pay. That thought did make him shudder in fear. Once you deal with World Enders, fear gets a whole new dimension. But he wouldn't fail. He couldn't fail. He was Lord Voldemort after all, the most powerful wizard of all time. The Potter Boy was no match for him. He had proven it in Diagon Alley. Voldemort contemplated if he should've killed Harry back then. He almost regretted not doing it but now victory would be even sweeter. In one swoop he would destroy the boy and his entire army. There would be no one left to stand against him after the defeat of Insania and Harry Potter.

He laughed madly into the demon storm below.

'My lord?' asked Wormtail from behind Voldemort. 'You called for me?' He sounded scared to death and clung to the wall for dear life, not daring to approach the edge and looking down into the abyss. Feelings of despair and fear had almost made him jump into it last time he had dared look.

'Ah yes,' said Voldemort with a definitely pleased tone as he whirled around and looked disdainfully at the trembling form of Wormtail. 'My loyal servant,' he said 'while I don't really like to admit it you have served me well. You have proven yourself to me Peter and therefore I will give you a very special task.'

'A reward my lord?' asked Wormtail hopefully.

'As close to a reward as you will ever get Wormtail,' hissed Voldemort dangerously. 'Have you sent the letter?'

'Of course my lord, just as you ordered.'

'Very well,' said Voldemort. 'Then from here on you are in charge until I return, which will be the day of the attack.'

'In charge milord?' asked Wormtail confused.

'Yes Peter. Until I return you are to lead the Death Eaters. I hope the task is not too great for you,' hissed the Dark Lord dangerously.

'Of course not Master,' simpered Wormtail.

'Good, I expect the ranks to have swelled by then. If there is even one less Death Eater when I return your days will be few and filled with pain and agony,' said Voldemort with a malicious grin. It always pleased him to see Wormtail cowering in fear. It was something like killing muggles: way too easy but always amusing.

'But might I ask a question Master?' asked Wormtail, shielding his face with his arms as soon as he had spoken.

'Go ahead and amuse me,' said Voldemort.

Wormtail lowered his arms, surprised that he wasn't screaming in pain for his curiosity. 'Where would you be going at a time like this?'

Voldemort actually smiled. Something so terrifying Wormtail peed his pants. The Dark Lord turned around and stared into the depths once more. 'To a place no man has gone before and lived to tell the tale,' whispered Voldemort, awe in his voice. He looked back at Wormtail from the corner of his eye. 'Don't forget your orders Wormtail or my return will not be pleasant for you.' And with that Lord Voldemort took a step forward, over the edge, and fell down into insanity.

'Yes Master,' whimpered Wormtail as he dared take a look at the swirling shadows beneath before quickly making his way out.

A couple of days later:

Outside the stars twinkled in the sky, the full moon bathing the landscape in its light. While it was already late at night there was still a lot of activity on the island that housed the nation of Insania. In the shipyards bright welding flashes reflected on the lake's surface. From the training grounds of the barracks yells, grunts and cries were disturbing the night creatures' songs. In the distance were the mountains with its many mines. While no activity could be seen on the surface, below the surface men and women worked harder than ever before.

But deep down in the bowels of the castle was a large room, with white painted walls and ceiling, Rooms of fluorescent lights making it very bright. Along the walls stood large pieces of machinery, all humming as they worked hard. Gauges moved erratically. Lights blinked on and off everywhere. It almost looked like a Frankenstein laboratory, but cleaner. In the centre of this room stood a sturdy surgical table and on this table lay a panting Harry. His arms and legs were restrained by strong stainless steel clamps. He was sweating profusely, his shirt was completely soaked. He looked pained. His face was contorted from exertion. He was breathing heavily. His back arched up as whatever was happening to him briefly spiked.

'Oh god Luna,' he moaned, his voice strained. 'Don't do it so hard.'

'You can do it Harry,' said Luna, encouraging him. 'We're almost there.'

'I don't think I can hold it much longer,' he croaked. His body tensed up even more, his eyes scrunched close in concentration.

'Come on Harry, don't give up now,' she pleaded with puppy eyes. He couldn't see but redoubled his efforts.

'That's it Harry,' cheered Luna. 'We're close now.'

'Please Luna,' begged Harry, his eyes snapping open and looking at her with pleading eyes. 'I'll die if you push me any further.'

'You can take it,' said Luna with an encouraging smile. Her eyes were alert as she regarded. He wasn't losing consciousness yet so he could take more, 'Just a little bit more and you'll have outperformed yourself again.' She said, urging him on.

'I...can't...take...anymore,' he ground out with a lot of effort.

She bowed down, so that her mouth was close to his ear. 'Let go then,' she said happily. 'I'm satisfied now.'

His body instantly relaxed, a blissful expression on his face. Around them the machines went silent.

'Very good Harry,' she praised as she stood up straight again.

He looked at her standing next to the table with tired eyes. 'Glad you're happy. Can you release the restraints now?'

'Of course,' she said, moving around the table. She unclasped the restraints and moved away towards one of the machines which was printing readings non-stop.

'So how did I do?' he asked with a yawn as he swung his legs over the side of the table, he stretched his arms and rolled his head around a few times. He could hear his joints pop and feel his muscles burn.

She plopped down in a chair, running over the readings. 'Another three per cent increase in total delivered magic and a three and a half percent increase in average amount of magic per second,' she said with raised eyebrows. 'Very impressive,' she said, looking at him now with a strange look in her eyes.

'It's tiring and painful though, these sessions of yours,' he said as he massaged his left shoulder which felt more painful.

'Maybe, but they're necessary,' said Luna, standing up from her chair and walking over to him. She motioned for him to sit sideways. He did and she sat behind him on the table, starting to massage his back. He sighed in relief. 'It's proven that a person's magic is like a muscle. The more it's pushed to its limits, the stronger it gets,' she explained. 'Don't tell me you don't feel more energetic lately?'

'I do,' he admitted. He looked down at his hands, he stretched his fingers out and then balled his hands into fists. 'I feel stronger too. Even now I can already feel my energy rebuilding. When I wake up in the morning I feel like I can take on the world. And I don't feel as tired as the first night anymore either. In an hour or so I feel good now.' He winced as she hit a tender spot. 'But right now I feel pretty tender.'

'That will pass,' said Luna. 'And with all this magic you're producing we're simply bulging with power to produce ammo and charge cores. At this rate we'll have met your quota in two weeks.'

'That's good to hear,' he said. Luna's massaging was getting his muscles to relax and feel better. He relaxed into the treatment. 'How are the rest of the preparations coming along?'

'Not as fast as I'd like,' she said.

'It's never fast enough for you,' said Harry with a smirk.

'That's not true,' she said in a low voice, bringing her mouth a little closer to his ear. 'Some things are allowed to take a long time.'

He gulped. There was something about the way she said that. She drew back again. 'Things are on schedule. Hermione is overseeing the start-up of the colonies. They're both docked now but it'll take at least another week just to get all the necessary materials up there. Even with three transportation chambers up and running now it's still slow going but we're getting there. She's been very eager about that. The first colony has been up there for a couple of weeks. I'm surprised at how fast it is going to be honest.'

Harry sounded pleased about the fact. 'Well, the first one didn't take as long as we thought. Apparently Zeus was a great project to get experience from. The construction methods have improved. And once the first one was done the second went even faster as it was the same structure. I'm hoping the third and the fourth will go up just as fast.'

'So that means that our escape route will be close to being finished by the time of the battle?' asked Luna with a hint of bitterness in her tone.

'That's what I'm hoping for,' said Harry. 'You sound like you don't agree.'

'I don't to be honest,' she said, deflating at being found out so easily. 'It makes me feel like we expect to lose, putting so much effort into

this project now,' she said. She was heating up on the subject. 'With the manpower dedicated to Zeus we could overhaul the Ekliptika too. Maybe we could even finish some of my other projects. We might even complete the Hune...'

Harry turned around and put a finger on her lips. 'Don't push yourself too hard Luna. I'm merely being cautious, that's all. There's no need to do any more. If we finish what we have planned it will be more than enough. We're doing all we can and that's all that's needed.'

'We can always do more. And I'm not pushing myself too hard,' she mumbled, somewhat ashamed of herself at getting carried away.

'Luna, I've already told you. Project H won't be complete on time. Even you can't do it. But I believe in it. Once it's finished it will be our ultimate weapon should anything ever threaten us again. But I said it to Amy and now I'll say it to you again. Don't push yourself. You won't get anything done if you burn yourself out.'

'I know,' said Luna, admitting it grudgingly. 'So how is Amy doing?'

'I'm not sure,' said Harry a little troubled. 'On one hand she's doing a wonderful job of leading the men. She got Ron accepted without much trouble and she was firm enough to make them listen to her but that was more the reason which she used to convince them.'

'Which was?'

'Saving their commander of course, all of them want to go for that one. If getting Draco back means to need to take down Voldemort and stand toe to toe with his army they'll put their all into it. It's quite extraordinary to see that kind of loyalty.'

'But...?'

'I'm worried about her personally. She's taking this way too seriously,' he said with a sigh.

'Of course she is,' said Luna with a roll of her eyes. 'She's doing this for someone she loves. It's only natural. You can't deny you haven't

done anything as stupid as pushing yourself too far for the same goal.'

'I guess I can't,' said Harry with a smirk. He jumped off the table and stretched once more. 'Well I feel much better now and I still have work to do, so I'll be on my way now.'

'Same time tomorrow,' said Luna strictly. 'But you might want to grab a shower before you go anywhere.'

Harry sniffed himself and had to admit that might be for the best.

'I could scrub your back,' offered Luna, getting up from the table herself and stepping close to him.

'I think I've had my workout for today,' he said with a wink and walked away.

'Tease,' she muttered as the door closed behind him.

After his shower he was making his way over to the shipyards to have a meeting with Sarah Brown on the progress of the fleet when someone came running down the corridor towards him yelling 'Commander Potter' over and over again almost frantically.

'What's the emergency,' asked Harry worried as the man skidded to a halt before him. He was so out of breath he couldn't even speak. He merely held out a piece of paper with the dark mark on it.

Harry read the note and his features hardened.

'Make sure everyone is listening to the wireless in an hour. I'll make an official statement then,' ordered Harry.

'Yes sir,' said the man, still out of breath. 'But just out of curiosity, what does it say? I couldn't read it.'

'We face Lord Voldemort on August the twenty-fourth at sunrise.'

Author: Phew, now that was a big one. I hope you're all still there to see the end of this. I'm sorry it took this long but see here: a chapter three times longer than usual! I hope you're all satisfied with it for the moment because next up is the moment we've all been waiting for: 'Good' Vs. Evil. Reviews are still very, very welcome (chapter times three=reviews times three?)(just kidding). My yahoo group is still open to anyone who wants to join. Feel free to check out the polls, artwork I made myself, or leave a message on the board and start an endless discussion. The link is on my biopage. That said I wish you all a great summer and I sincerely hope the weather's better wherever you are than here in rainy Belgium. 'Till next chapter.

Review responses:

Nxkris: If I say anything right now I'll give away something I don't want to.

TJeanetteT: Where there is a will, there is a way. Or like we say on WoW: Nuke faster!

Pouyan: If I could I'd end it tomorrow. I mean that. But alas I can't and I'm determined to see this through to the end.

john1234: Well, thanks for sticking with me all these years; it's an honour on its own. How are your stories coming along anyway? I'm sorry I haven't checked them out yet but I'm simply busy with too many things at the same time.

Play4ever: Yeah, he's getting good at it and soon, we'll see why. As for him sparing Harry; he simply wants to show the world he is undefeatable. If he can defeat Harry fully prepared the morale will simply crumble and the world will be his oyster.

jdboss1: Space bombardment is fun but too bad your targets don't last long so the fun is gone pretty soon (too bad that). As for the Luna part, I hope this chapter gave you some of that hope back. The Diagon Alley battle was perhaps a little on the low side in terms of weaponry but that was just the calm before the storm. Next chapter it's Insania Unleashed, Unlimited.

Teufel1987: Draco's not dead. He's just...very close to it. As for the gauntlet. Well, not a bad idea but bit too late to implement it now. If Harry had learned a counter it would be no fun :p.

Dracomancer1: Well, that one was out of character, even for this story. But allow me my spot of fun. I can't help but imagine him saying that. People would run for the hills and claim the world is ending.

Zyanadryn: Glad to please, as always.

Thanks to everyone else that has reviewed:

Quetzalcoatl5, fisherd80, flame55, superharryfan, VIRUS452

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